A THEATRE AT HOME

COLUMBIA
VICTOR
EDISON

WE SELL ALL MAKES

Seven days' free trial if desired.

In beautiful modern cabinet with largest sound box latest aluminum scientific tone arm and revolving horn, exactly as shown. No crane, stand forrubber tubing required. So simple, no attachments. Plays all makes and sizes of disc records. The disc style reigns supreme.

$35 Only freight paid, including 16 large selections —8 double discs—of your own choice.

PAY $6.50 DOWN

AND $4.00 Monthly

Our prices are lower than other houses. When buying from us you do not pay for extravagant advertising, nor do we send you second-hand "tried over" goods. Easy payments, from $2.50 monthly. No C.O.D. Return if not as represented and money refunded. Satisfaction guaranteed. A straight business offer; no mysterious philanthropic ad.

Here are some of our specials :

Columbia 10 inch Double Discs (2 different selections), **85c.**, new velvet finish, fit any machine, last for ever, all languages. Hear George Lashwood, funnier than Lauder. Imported British records now ready.

Gold Moulded Cylinder Records, Edison Bell and Columbia, new, **25c.**, were 40c. Four minute **50c.**

Columbia Indestructible Cylinder Records, 45c., beautiful tone, cannot break, fit any machine. Mailing charge 4c. each only. Indestructible 4 minute records 65c.

Edison Gem Phonograph and 12 selections, **$19.50.** Brand new.

Edison Fireside, with 6 genuine gold moulded two minute and 6 four minute records, **$33.10.**

Victor Disc Gramophone, with 16 large selections, **$26.40** and upwards. Second-hand machines at bargain prices. Old machines taken in trade; 40 styles of talking machines; 30,000 records; 40 styles of pianos.

Our Piano Specials $290.00 and $350.00

Three fall payments arranged.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO.

295 PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG.

Biggest Piano and Phonograph house in Canada. Wholesale and retail.

Write for Interesting Graphophone History and Free Booklet, No. 43.

Send us $6.95

Receive this beautiful fall and winter style Tailored suit. The skirt is cut 9 gore and made in the new side pleated style just as pictured. The coat is cut semifitting with a shawl collar covered with watered silk, and braid trimmed. The whole suit is elaborately trimmed with silk buttons just as pictured. The material is heavy all wool French Panama in black, navy, dark green, dark brown and dark red. If preferred we can supply same suit in same colors in a wide ridge heavy serge $2.50 extra. The regular price of these suits is about double what we ask. On account of the backward season we have cut them to the low price of $6.95 for the Panama suits. Give number of inches around the largest part of the bust and smallest part of the waist also around largest part of hips, sleeve length and length of skirt from belt to desired length. Order a suit to-day you will be more than pleased with our bargain. Order suit No. 57.

Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Canada.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XI. Published Monthly No. 12.

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is 75 cents per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is $1.25 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts or a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers.

The Publishers of the Western Home Monthly cordially wish its many thousands of readers a Very Happy Christmas Season, and take advantage of this occasion to warmly thank them for the support given this magazine during the year now closing, as well as the past years of its existence. It will be the constant aim of the Western Home Monthly to do its best to contribute to the pleasure and well-being of its subscribers, and for the coming year it will continue, and on a larger scale, to give its readers the benefit of expert knowledge in all its departments. The hope is that the Monthly will, in the future, meet all the healthy tastes that the home can devise, that even the children can become absorbed in its pages. The Publishers have very special pleasure in submitting the following table of contents for the December issue. Writers of distinction and widely known as authorities on matters affectng the welfare of the Canadian West have contrbuted to its columns, and we venture to think that few, if any, Christmas numbers will be found more instructive and interesting. We heartily commend its special Christmas Messages to our readers. We are sure they wll be widely read and heartily appreciated. Indeed, you could do your frend no better service than remember him in the form of a year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly, commencing with the December issue. It is a healthy western magazine, edited and planned for the healthy Western Home.

CONTENTS.

THE CONSERVATION OF ANCESTORS. By Rev. C. W. Gordon, (Ralph Connor), Winnipeg.

THE NORTH-WEST OF FORTY YEARS AGO. By James J. Hill, St. Paul.

A MESSAGE TO WESTERN HOME MONTHLY READERS... By Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., London.

CANADA AND ITS FUTURE. By Dr. Neil McPhatter, President, Canadian Club, New York.

A CHRISTMAS WISH FOR EDUCATORS. By W. A. McIntyyre, Principal, Normal School, Winnipeg.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM. By Rev. J. L. Gordon, Winnipeg.

THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM. By Mrs. Pearl Richmond Hamilton, Winnipeg.

MANITOBA TROUT. By James Auld, Barrister, Winnipeg.

THE TRAILS AND WATERWAYS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA. By Bonnycastle Dale, Victoria, B.C.

THE HUDSON'S BAY ROUTE. By W. Beach.

SCOTCH COLUMN. By Rev. W. Wye-Smith, Toronto.

DEPARTMENTS.

Christmas Stories.
Answers to Correspondents.
Temperance Talk.
Sunday Reading.
Woman's Quiet Hour.
Music
General Information.
The Philosopher.
What to Wear and how to Wear it.
Original Building Plans.
Fashions and Patterns.
Woman's Realm.
The Farm.
The Home Doctor.
Household Suggestions.
Round the Evening Lamp.
The Young People.
The Children
Correspondence.

A Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year

Henry Birks & Sons, Limited

The facilities of the firm's Correspondence Department place at the disposal of out-of-town patrons a service approximating in promptness and effiency that accorded to those making purchases in person.

Upon knowing requirements, the firm will send photographs, descriptions and prices of what their stock affords.

Selections of articles will be sent on approval to persons known to the firm, or to those sending satisfactory reference.

The firm's illustrated Catalogue, sent upon request, will be helpful to those who cannot visit their store in person, and more particularly to those who, at this season, are seeking suggestions for appropriate Christmas Gifts.

Cor., Portage Ave., and Smith St.

WINNIPEG

Also Stores in

OTTAWA, MONTREAL,

VANCOUVER

Cure Catarrh at Home

A Practical Remedy So Simple and Pleasant That Even a Child Can Use It.

A neglected cold lays the foundation for catarrh; neglected catarrh lays the foundation for consumption. Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy will break up the cold, or cure the catarrh and prevent consumption.

The symptoms of a catarrh are a discharge, which is either blown from he nose or runs back and drops into the throat; a dull headache; a stopped-up feeling in the nose and head; extreme liability to take cold, etc. These conditions often lead to noises in the head, deafness, sore throat, bronchitis, asthma, indigestion and consumption.

If you suffer from any of the above troubles you should begin the proper treatment at once.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh remedy is the best Remedy known to medical science for these diseases. It cures 95 out of every 100 cases.

Samples Mailed Free.

In order to demonstrate its virtues, a five days' trial treatment will be mailed absolutely free to any interested sufferer. The price of the Remedy is $1.00 per box (one month's treatment), sent postpaid. Address Dr. J. W. Blosser, 151 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada.

50c Package Free

Remarkable New Flesh-Builder, Protone, Builds Up Flesh Fast and Makes You Plump and Strong.

Protone Keeps You Nice and Plump

Thin people suffer a good deal of embarrassment and ridicule. As people poke fun at a bony horse, so are bony people the target for many humiliating "flings." The plump, well-formed man or woman is a magnet; Protone makes you plump, strong, well-formed, normal, puts color in your cheeks, a happy twinkle in your eye, and a fine poise to your whole body. It keeps you that way. It is the most scientific and effective flesh and strength builder so far known, barring none.

FREE PROTONE COUPON

It will cost you nothing to prove the remarkable effects of this treatment. The Protone Company will send to anyone a free 50c package of Protone if they will fill out this coupon and enclose 10c in stamps or silver to help cover postage. They will also send with it full instructions and their book on "Why Are You Thin." THE PROTONE COMPANY, 3084 Protone Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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Street .....

City ..... State .....

ANTI-NICOTINE PIPE

"Get the Pleasure Without the Poison" (TRADE MARK REG.)

40c Three for $1.00

The pipe they let you smoke at home

Looks and colors like meerschaum. Absorbs the nicotine and keeps on tasting sweet. You never had such an enjoyable smoke. Sent prepaid anywhere. Money back if not satisfactory.

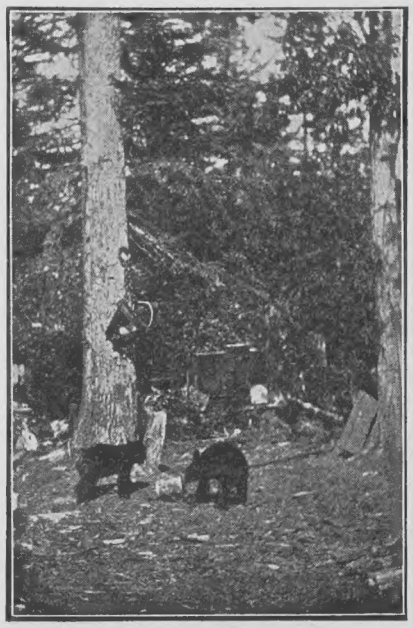
Order 3 or More Today

H. MENGES, The Smokers' Friend
410 Menges Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

dant is your mother-in-law!" "Perhaps you'd better hear the whole story," returned the client. "You see, a year ago we lived together, my son and I. In a house across the way lived a widow, Mrs. Foster, and her daughter, Mary. Well, I married Mary, and my son married the widow. Now perhaps you can tell me whether my son's wife is my mother-in-law or my daughter-in-law." But the lawyer could not.

How It is Done in America.

Mr. John Burns tells the following story of his visit to the United States. After a busy day the democratic member for Battersea went to bed at his hotel and was just falling asleep when the electric light was suddenly turned up and he heard the boots say—"Mr. Burns, here's a reporter to see you." The reporter, who had entered the room, explained—"My editor has laid me on to have a talk with you. The press is waiting, and I'd like you to fire off two 'sticks' about your views of the States and the Union Hall meeting." "If you don't clear out," replied Mr. Burns angrily, "I'll fire my boots at your head!"—and he looked over the side of the bed for those specimens of the shoemaker's art. "That will do for me," exclaimed the journalist—"a 'shirt-tail' interview! Good night!"—and he went. The next day his paper published a column in which, among many other passages relevant and irrelevant to Mr. Burns, was this one—"The British labor leader reached for his boot with a brawny arm and a huge fist that might have felled Hercules. I went!"



Bears Squaring Up with the Hunter

What Amused Him.

The attendant at a boys' club noticed that a small negro who was a regular visitor at the reading-room always asked for the same book, and always turned to the same place, at which he would look eagerly and then laugh heartily.

The attendant's curiosity was aroused by a performance so many times repeated, so he followed the little fellow one night, and, looking over his shoulder, saw that he had opened the book to a picture of a bull chasing a terrified negro across a field. He was just about to ask what the joke was, for the laugh had again come rippling up to him, when the boy looked around, grinning:

"Golly, he ain't kotched him yit!"

She Won her Uncle.

Uncle Harry was a bachelor and not fond of babies. Even winsome four-year-old Helen failed to win his heart. Every one made too much fuss over the youngster, Uncle Harry declared.

One day Helen's mother was called downstairs and with fear and trembling asked Uncle Harry, who was stretched out on a sofa, if he would keep his eye on Helen. Uncle Harry grunted "Yes," but never stirred from his position—in truth his eyes were tight shut.

By-and-by wee Helen tiptoed over to the sofa and leaning over Uncle Harry softly inquired:

"Feepy?"

"No," growled Uncle Harry.

"Tired?" ventured Helen.

"No," said her uncle.

"Sick?" further inquired Helen, with real sympathy in her voice.

"No," still insisted Uncle Harry.

"Dus' feel bum, hey?"

And that won the uncle.

Couldn't Fool the Boy.

A physician was annoyed by a small newsboy, who would run into his office and yell "Evening papers?" in a way to startle the patients. Thinking to break him of the habit the doctor stretched a wire across the room, arranging it so that a skeleton hanging in a closet would slide out by pulling a string.

The next day, when the boy appeared in his usual noisy way, the skeleton danced out in front of him, shaking its bones in a most terrifying manner. The boy gave one yell and disappeared down the stairs. Thinking that the trick might have been rather too severe, the doctor went down to the street to reassure the boy, whom he found hiding behind a tree. He called to him to come back, but the boy shook his head.

"No, you don't," he yelled. "I know you if you have got your clothes on."

Navigable Soup.

Captain Charles Gerolomich, the millionaire skipper of the Martha Washington, said one night in the steamer's saloon, as he ate some very rich and fragrant tcrtle soup:

"This soup reminds me of something that happened to my old friend, Capt. Jeremiah Gotschalk, of the brig Scud.

"Capt. Gotschalk and his first mate were doing London. On a fine summer morning tney walked in the Row and saw the fashionable horsebacking; they strolled in Picadilly, where all the great clubs are: they looked over the guns and men's things in Bond Street; and lastly they got hungry.

"For lunch they entered a smart-looking restaurant. A maid in a white cap took their order. The things in the little restaurant were rather cheaper than they had expected. Still, that was all the better, provided the quality was good.

"In a few minutes the maid put two plates of thin, transparent fluid with a somewhat salty taste before Capt. Gotschalk and his mate.

"The mate tasted it and coughed.

"'Put a name to this, Cap'n, will ye?' said he.

"Capt. Gotschalk tried a spoonful, and then beckoned the waitress to him.

"'What might ye call this here, my lass?' says he, lifting up a spoonful, and letting it fall back into the plate.

"'Soup, sir,' said the waitress.

"'Soup!' cried Capt. Gotschalk.

"'Yes, ignorance,' the waitress answered, flushing up.

"The captain turned to the mate.

"'Soup! he said. 'Soup! By tar, Bill, just think o' that! Here's you and me been sailin' on soup all our lives and never knowed it till now.'"—Washington Star.

Anything to Oblige.

President Eliot, of Harvard, is not a believer in spelling reform. Not long ago there was a student who was a candidate for the degree of doctor of philosophy. This student had adopted spelling reform as his particular line of work, and as commencement day drew near he went to President Eliot with a request. "You know, Mr. President," he said, "that you are proposing to make me a Ph. D. Now I have made a specialty of spelling reform and I always spell philosophy with an 'f.' I therefore called to ask you if you could not make my degree F. D., instead of Ph. D."

"Certainly," replied the President. "In fact, if you insist, we shall make it a D. F."

A BAD COLD

Developed Into

BRONCHITIS.

Neglected Bronchitis is very often the direct cause of Consumption, and on the first symptom appearing Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup should be used and the Bronchitis cured.

The symptoms are, tightness across the chest, sharp pains and a difficulty in breathing, a secretion of thick phlegm, at first white, and later of a greenish or yellowish color, coming from the bronchial tubes when coughing, especially the first thing in the morning.

Mrs. Dan. J. McCormack, Cleveland, N.S., writes: "My little boy two years old caught a bad cold which developed into Bronchitis. He was so choked up he could hardly breathe. Reading about your wonderful medicine, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I decided to try a bottle and with such good result I got another which completely cured him, without having a doctor. I cannot say too much in its praise; I would not be without it in the house as I consider it a sure cure for Colds and Bronchitis."

The price of "Dr. Wood's" Norway Pine Syrup is 25c. It is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three pine trees is the trade mark. Be sure and accept no substitute for Dr. Wood's.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

ANNUAL

EASTERN CANADA EXCURSIONS

Low Round Trip Rates to

Ontario, Quebec and Maritime Provinces

Tickets on sale Dec. 1 to Dec. 31, inclusive, good to return within three months.

Tickets issued in connection with Atlantic Steamships will be on sale from Nov. 11 and limited to five months from date of issue.

Finest Equipment. Standard First Class and Tourist Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars on all Through Trains. Compartment — Library — Observation Car on "Imperial Limited."

3 Through Express Trains Daily 3

THE "TORONTO EXPRESS"

leaves Winnipeg daily at 22.10k, making connections at Toronto for all points East and West thereof.

The **"Imperial Limited"** leaves Winnipeg daily at 8.25k, and the **"Atlantic Express"** at 19.00k daily, making connections at Montreal for all points East thereof.

APPLY TO NEAREST C.P.R. AGENT FOR FULL INFORMATION

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

WHAT greater achievement can there be than the saving of a man who cannot save himself!

The purpose of this full page advertisement is:

- —To lighten hearts made heavy by another's helplessness.
- —To bring into darkened homes the sunshine of real hope.
- —To assist in reuniting loved ones estranged by that insidious foe of human happiness—over indulgence in strong drink.
- —To help save men.

We might write page after page about the genuine need for, and splendid work accomplished by the now celebrated Neal Cure; but the salient fact that will appeal strongly to those who have any member of the family afflicted with the uncontrollable appetite for intoxicating liquors is that it is possible in the short space of three days to perfectly cure the most obstinate drink-habit sufferer at a moderate cost. What glad tidings these words will convey to thousands of homes.

THE DRINK-HABIT CURED IN THREE DAYS
BY THE NEAL TREATMENT

The vast importance of the work that is being done by the Neal Institutes in every locality where they are established can be understood in part when it is known that at this institute the most pronounced cases of the Drink Habit are cured in three days' time; men that have been cured with the appetite for alcohol are cured just as easily as is the young fellow just starting out as a social tippler, while the inebriate and the man who takes an occasional "spree" are quickly and permanently cured as readily as the two other cases mentioned above.

Drinking men are not wanted in modern business and professional life. It is recognized and admitted, even by those who are not opposed to the use of liquor, that the man who is affiicted with the craving for strong drink or alcohol in any form cannot hope to compete with the man whose brain is clear—the man who does not drink liquor in any form. Naturally, the man who does not drink is fast outstripping the man who does, and self preservation is driving many a man to seek help from the awful craving and overwhelming appetite for alcohol.

The best and most intelligent treatment is at hand. The Neal Institute Co. now have fully authorized branches at Winnipeg, Brandon, Calgary and Regina, which will take charge of any case and give a guaranteed bond to cure to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned in the short period of three days. Read the enthusiastic endorsements of the Neal Treatment which are both authoritative and sincere.

FROM ATTORNEY GENERAL BYERS

Attorney General of Iowa says The Neal Three Day Drink Habit Cure makes a man strong physically, clear, bright and strong mentally:

To Whom It May Concern:

I had a friend in Des Moines who, because of his drink habit his business went to pieces and he became what might be termed a complete wreck and failure. About three months ago he took The Neal Cure and he seems to have fully recovered. He is not only strong again physically, but clear, bright and strong mentally.

H. W. BYERS.

W. E. COFFIN OF DES MOINES

President Iowa Loan & Trust Co., says The Neal Three Day Drink Habit Cure is successful.

Hon. James E. Bruce,
Atlantic, Iowa.

About three months ago a friend of mine took The Neal Cure. The treatment was very successful, indeed, in an incredible short time, as it seemed to us, he was attending to business in his usual prompt and efficient manner, with a clear eye and declaring that he never felt better in his life.

W. E. COFFIN.

Neal Institute, Winnipeg.

DRANK WHISKEY FOR 20 YEARS

Dead Drunk for 7 Weeks—Cured by The Neal Cure in 3 Days—A Patient's Convincing Statement.

Indianapolis, Ind., June 4, 1910.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that I, Charles E. Wheeler, after the constant use of whiskey for the last twenty years, and after being completely intoxicated for the last seven weeks, entered The Neal Institute while intoxicated and began treatment at 7 o'clock on the morning of June 2 and was dismissed at 7 o'clock June 4, in the evening, by the Institute's physician, the actual time consumed in my treatment being just three days. And furthermore, after leaving said Institute, I positively had no appetite, desire or craving for liquor of any kind, and that I have left the institution in a No. 1 physical condition and feel like a new man in every respect. I find the conditions of treating the patients exactly as advertised by The Neal Institute in every respect, and feeling that I might be the cause of saving the life of some poor unfortunate man who may be afflicted with the drink habit, I heartily and positively recommend The Neal Three Day Drink Cure. I am one who has been saved by The Neal Institute.

(Signed)

CHARLES E. WHEELER,
1027 Ashland Avenue,
Indianapolis, Ind.

(This testimonial published by the authority of the signer.)

A Prominent Iowa Banker Endorses Neal Cnre

Neal Institute, Brandon.

To all Bankers and all Interested:

About the first of December, 1909, I was instrumental in inducing a very close friend of mine to take the NEAL THREE DAY CURE and treatment for the drink habit. He took the cure at the Neal Institute, No. 802 Fifth Street, Des Moines, Iowa, commencing the treatment on Wednesday, Dec. 8th, 1909, and discharged as cured and returned home on the following Saturday evening, having been in the said Institute under treatment just three days. This man I personally know had been a hard drinker for several years—in fact, had reached a point where I am sure he could not control the appetite for liquor. Since taking this cure the man has greatly improved both physically and mentally, the habit and desire seems to be entirely eradicated, and I feel that a cure is permanent. His general health is good and nervous system wonderfully improved. I also know of four other very bad cases and the results of same publicly treated in this city at our Hospital in the early part of January this year by Dr. Neal, and they all seem to be perfectly cured, and are leading sober and industrious lives and supporting their families as they had not done before for years.

I gladly write this letter, and authorize the Neal Institute Company to use same in any way that they may desire, hoping that it may be the means of inducing some unfortunate man afflicted with this awful habit to try the Neal Cure.

Respectfully submitted, J. A. McWAID.

Neal Institute, Calgary.

Each of the handsome Neal Institutes has been selected for its home-like surroundings in general. There are handsome residences and fine drives close by. The rooms afford every comfort to the patients who enjoy the privacy of home, club or hotel. Each patient is always under the direct charge of a regular physician. Every Neal home is modern in every respect.

That the **NEAL** Treatment does cure alcoholism—and in **THREE** short days—no one will doubt after reasonable investigation. Testimony to the truth of every claim set forth is offered in abundance from every place where the **NEAL** Treatment has made clear the gospel of helpfulness to those who once required help. There are available thousands of testimonials from professional men, clergymen, business men, bankers and others who have witnessed the wonderful work of redemption in their own communities.

Names of guests are never divulged, and all communications are strictly confidentially treated. Phone, call or write for copy of descriptive book and contract to

A Guaranteed Bond to Cure in 3 Days

NEAL INSTITUTE COMPANY

Branches at WINNIPEG, BRANDON, CALGARY, REGINA

Write to the Branch nearest you

A Guaranteed Bond to Cure in 3 Days

Let "Blue Ribbon" Products Help Make Your Christmas Table a Delight

Christmas is especially a time when women like their baking to be good. They are then most anxious that the Christmas meals be all they could wish. One of the chief pleasures of a good housekeeper on that day is to hear her husband, the children, or her friends tell her "the dinner was just fine." Now to secure such a happy result you must have the best of everything. So we suggest that you get "Blue Ribbon Baking Powder" for your baking—that you serve "Blue Ribbon Tea" on the joyous occasion—and that you ask for "Blue Ribbon Spices," etc., when buying your Christmas supplies. Many thousands of present users of "Blue Ribbon" Products will do this. They wouldn't think of doing anything else because they know how good these Products are. But we want YOU to join these well pleased thousands.

THE BAKING POWDER

THE TEA

THE COOK BOOK

Here are three Blue Ribbon articles which should be in every Western Home in plenty of time for Christmas—Blue Ribbon Baking Powder—Blue Ribbon Tea—the Blue Ribbon Cook Book.

Blue Ribbon Baking Powder is now used in most of the homes of Western Canada. It is so generally used because it has shown these good Western cooks that they can always do better baking with it.

It is absolutely pure and perfectly prepared. Good results always attend its use.

It makes the biscuits or cakes light and flakey. Makes them look well besides tasting well.

You will be more than pleased this Christmas if you use Blue Ribbon Baking Powder. Your Grocer can supply it. Ask for Blue Ribbon Baking Powder.

Buy a packet of Blue Ribbon Tea and learn how good it is. Then you won't have any but Blue Ribbon Tea for Christmas or any other occasion.

Great numbers of new users of Blue Ribbon Tea have started because we say we will refund your money if you are not perfectly satisfied with it.

We believe it is a fair offer.

We want you to buy a packet on that basis.

It is so good, so rich and strong, that you will be delighted with it.

Get this Famous Cook Book Cheap

No matter what kind of a Cook Book you have you need a Blue Ribbon Cook Book.

We never sell single copies for less than 35 cents each, but you can get one for

25 cents

Send 25 cents and the Coupon in the corner, which is worth 10 cents, and we will deliver it free to your address, or you can have the Cook Book, and a year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly for 75 cents.

It is especially prepared for everyday use in Western homes and is practical and up-to-date. For instance, all ingredients are given by measure instead of weight, so you do not need scales. It tells briefly and simply just what to do, and what to avoid to obtain best results; how to get most nourishment from foods; how to combine and serve them attractively. Everything is so conveniently arranged and indexed that any information desired may be found.

Partial Table of Contents

Beef Tea

BEVERAGES
32 Recipes
Broths Butter to Cream

BISCUITS, BUNS, ROLLS, ETC
Biscuits—5 Recipes
Buns—2 Recipes
Doughnuts—8 Recipes
Fritters—12 Recipes
Griddle Cakes—11 Recipes
Muffins—10 Recipes
Rolls—8 Recipes
Rusks—Baking Powde
Wafers and Gems

BREADS
13 Recipes

CAKES
Hints on Making
Beating Stirring Folding
Fillings—21 Recipes
Frosting and Icings—12 Recipes
Layer Cakes—13 Recipes
Loaf Cakes—25 Recipes
Small Cakes—31 Recipes

CANDIES, HOME MADE
25 Recipes
Caramels, Preparing

CATSUPS
8 Recipes

CHAFING DISH RECIPES
Cheese and Pancakes
3 Recipes
Eggs—2 Recipes
Fish and Shell Fish—8 Recipes
Meats—11 Recipes
Vegetables—5 Recipes
Charlotte Russe

CHEESE, PREPARATIONS OF
7 Recipes
Chili Sauce Chow Chow Chutney
Cocoa Coffee Cold Desserts
Compotes Cooked Fruits
Creaming Butter Creams

CREAMS AND FRAPPES
17 Recipes
Custards

DESSERTS, COLD
52 Recipes

DUMPLINGS
5 Recipes

EGGS, METHODS OF COOKING
14 Recipes
Fillings for Cakes

FISH
31 Recipes
Frappes Fritters Frosting for Cakes
Fruit Juices
Fruit Juices, Substitute for Wine

FRUITS, COOKED
65 Recipes
Fruit, Spiced

GAME
Garnishes Old Game Tainted Meat to Restore Wild flavor to Overcome
Bear and Buffalo Cranes, Plovers, etc.
Pigeon Pie. Prairie Chicken or Grouse.
Venison Wild Duck
Gravies and Sauces
Griddle Cakes—Gruels
Cooking in High Altitudes Ice Cream
Icings for Cakes

INVALID COOKERY
Directions and Hints
Beverages—8 Recipes
Broths, etc.—8 Recipes
Gruels—10 Recipes
Meats, etc.
Jams Jellies Koumiss Lemonade
Lemon Peel, to grate Lobsters

MADE OVER DISHES
Marmalade

MEATS
Baking Basting Boiling Braising
Broiling Egg and Breadcrumb
Fricasseeing Frozen Meat, to Thaw
Frying Garnishing Grilling Roasting
Stewing and 32 Recipes
Muffins Oatmeal Drink Oysters

PICKLES
Sour—14 Recipes
Sweet—7 Recipes

PIES AND TARTS
28 Recipes

POULTRY
Drawing and Trussing Garnishes Old Fowls, to make Tender Strong Smell, to Overcome. Tainted Meat, to restore and 11 Recipes. (See also Game)
Preserves

PUDDINGS
38 Recipes
Raspberry Acid Rolls Rusks Sauces
Fruits

SAUCES AND GRAVIES
(For Fish and Meats)
16 Recipes

SAUCES FOR PUDDINGS
18 Recipes

SALADS
21 Recipes

SHELL FISH
Cooking for the Sick Spiced Fruit
Spices

SOUPS
21 Recipes
Soys

TABLES AND GENERAL INFORMATION
Apothecaries Measure Avoirdupois Weight
Dry Measure Liquid Measure Liquids
Cups Liquors, Intoxicating Avoided
Measuring Cups, etc. Medicinal Terms.
Methods of Cooking
Standards of Measure Table of Proportions Time to Bake, Broil, etc. Weights of Different Foods Taffy (See Candy)
Tarts Tea

VEGETABLES
26 Recipes
(See also Pickles and Cooked Fruits)
Vegetables to serve with different meats
Waffles Yeast

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

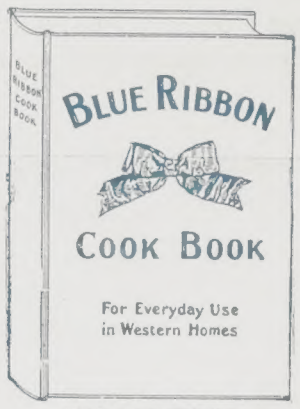
HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG. DECEMBER, 1910. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Let "Blue Ribbon" Products Help Make Your Christmas Table a Delight

Christmas is especially a time when women like their baking to be good. They are then most anxious that the Christmas meals be all they could wish. One of the chief pleasures of a good housekeeper on that day is to hear her husband, the children, or her friends tell her "the dinner was just fine." Now to secure such a happy result you must have the best of everything. So we suggest that you get "Blue Ribbon Baking Powder" for your baking—that you serve "Blue Ribbon Tea" on the joyous occasion—and that you ask for "Blue Ribbon Spices," etc., when buying your Christmas supplies. Many thousands of present users of "Blue Ribbon" Products will do this. They wouldn't think of doing anything else because they know how good these Products are. But we want YOU to join these well pleased thousands.

THE BAKING POWDER

THE TEA



THE COOK BOOK

Here are three Blue Ribbon articles which should be in every Western Home in plenty of time for Christmas—Blue Ribbon Baking Powder—Blue Ribbon Tea—the Blue Ribbon Cook Book.

Blue Ribbon Baking Powder is now used in most of the homes of Western Canada. It is so generally used because it has shown these good Western cooks that they can always do better baking with it.

It is absolutely pure and perfectly prepared. Good results always attend its use.

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No matter what kind of a Cook Book you have you need a Blue Ribbon Cook Book.

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25 cents

Send 25 cents and the Coupon in the corner, which is worth 10 cents, and we will deliver it free to your address, or you can have the Cook Book, and a year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly for 75 cents.

It is especially prepared for everyday use in Western homes and is practical and up-to-date. For instance, all ingredients are given by measure instead of weight, so you do not need scales. It tells briefly and simply just what to do, and what to avoid to obtain best results; how to get most nourishment from foods; how to combine and serve them attractively. Everything is so conveniently arranged and indexed that any information desired may be found.

Partial Table of Contents

Beef Tea

BEVERAGES
32 Recipes
Broths Butter to Cream

BISCUITS, BUNS, ROLLS, ETC
Biscuits—5 Recipes
Buns—2 Recipes
Doughnuts—8 Recipes
Fritters—12 Recipes
Griddle Cakes—11 Recipes
Muffins—10 Recipes
Rolls—8 Recipes
Rusks—Baking Powde
Wafers and Gems

BREADS
13 Recipes

CAKES
Hints on Making
Beating Stirring Folding
Fillings—21 Recipes
Frosting and Icings—12 Recipes
Layer Cakes—13 Recipes
Loaf Cakes—25 Recipes
Small Cakes—31 Recipes

CANDIES, HOME MADE
25 Recipes
Caramels, Preparing

CATSUPS
8 Recipes

CHAFING DISH RECIPES
Cheese and Pancakes
3 Recipes
Eggs—2 Recipes
Fish and Shell Fish—8 Recipes
Meats—11 Recipes
Vegetables—5 Recipes
Charlotte Russe

CHEESE, PREPARATIONS OF
7 Recipes
Chili Sauce Chow Chow Chutney
Cocoa Coffee Cold Desserts
Compotes Cooked Fruits
Creaming Butter Creams

CREAMS AND FRAPPES
17 Recipes
Custards

DESSERTS, COLD
52 Recipes

DUMPLINGS
5 Recipes

EGGS, METHODS OF COOKING
14 Recipes
Fillings for Cakes

FISH
31 Recipes
Frappes Fritters Frosting for Cakes
Fruit Juices
Fruit Juices, Substitute for Wine

FRUITS, COOKED
65 Recipes
Fruit, Spiced

GAME
Garnishes Old Game Tainted Meat to Restore Wild flavor to Overcome
Bear and Buffalo Cranes, Plovers, etc.
Pigeon Pie. Prairie Chicken or Grouse.
Venison Wild Duck
Gravies and Sauces
Griddle Cakes—Gruels
Cooking in High Altitudes Ice Cream
Icings for Cakes

INVALID COOKERY
Directions and Hints
Beverages—8 Recipes
Broths, etc.—8 Recipes
Gruels—10 Recipes
Meats, etc.
Jams Jellies Koumiss Lemonade
Lemon Peel, to grate Lobsters

MADE OVER DISHES
Marmalade

MEATS
Baking Basting Boiling Braising
Broiling Egg and Breadcrumb
Fricasseeing Frozen Meat, to Thaw
Frying Garnishing Grilling Roasting
Stewing and 32 Recipes
Muffins Oatmeal Drink Oysters

PICKLES
Sour—14 Recipes
Sweet—7 Recipes

PIES AND TARTS
28 Recipes

POULTRY
Drawing and Trussing Garnishes Old Fowls, to make Tender Strong Smell, to Overcome. Tainted Meat, to restore and 11 Recipes. (See also Game)
Preserves

PUDDINGS
38 Recipes
Raspberry Acid Roils Rusks Sauces
Fruits

SAUCES AND GRAVIES
(For Fish and Meats)
16 Recipes

SAUCES FOR PUDDINGS
18 Recipes

SALADS
21 Recipes

SHELL FISH
Cooking for the Sick Spiced Fruit
Spices

SOUPS
21 Recipes
Soys

TABLES AND GENERAL INFORMATION
Apothecaries Measure Avoirdupois Weight
Dry Measure Liquid Measure Liquids
Cups Liquors, Intoxicating Avoided
Measuring Cups, etc. Medicinal Terms.
Methods of Cooking
Standards of Measure Table of Proportions Time to Bake, Broil, etc. Weights of Different Foods Taffy (See Candy)
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Columbia Indestructible Cylinder Records, 45c., beautiful tone, cannot break, fit any machine. Mailing charge 4c. each only. Indestructible 4 minute records 65c.

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Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Canada.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XI. Published Monthly No. 12.
By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is 75 cents per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is $1.25 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts or a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers.

The Publishers of the Western Home Monthly cordially wish its many thousands of readers a Very Happy Christmas Season, and take advantage of this occasion to warmly thank them for the support given this magazine during the year now closing, as well as the past years of its existence. It will be the constant aim of the Western Home Monthly to do its best to contribute to the pleasure and well-being of its subscribers, and for the coming year it will continue, and on a larger scale, to give its readers the benefit of expert knowledge in all its departments. The hope is that the Monthly will, in the future, meet all the healthy tastes that the home can devise, that even the children can become absorbed in its pages. The Publishers have very special pleasure in submitting the following table of contents for the December issue. Writers of distinction and widely known as authorities on matters affectng the welfare of the Canadian West have contrbuted to its columns, and we venture to think that few, if any, Christmas numbers will be found more instructive and interesting. We heartily commend its special Christmas Messages to our readers. We are sure they wll be widely read and heartily appreciated. Indeed, you could do your frend no better service than remember him in the form of a year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly, commencing with the December issue. It is a healthy western magazine, edited and planned for the healthy Western Home.

CONTENTS.

THE CONSERVATION OF ANCESTORS. By Rev. C. W. Gordon, (Ralph Connor), Winnipeg.

THE NORTH-WEST OF FORTY YEARS AGO. By James J. Hill, St. Paul.

A MESSAGE TO WESTERN HOME MONTHLY READERS... By Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., London.

CANADA AND ITS FUTURE. By Dr. Neil McPhatter, President, Canadian Club, New York.

A CHRISTMAS WISH FOR EDUCATORS. By W. A. McIntyyre, Principal, Normal School, Winnipeg.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM. By Rev. J. L. Gordon, Winnipeg.

THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM. By Mrs. Pearl Richmond Hamilton, Winnipeg.

MANITOBA TROUT. By James Auld, Barrister, Winnipeg.

THE TRAILS AND WATERWAYS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA. By Bonnycastle Dale, Victoria, B.C.

THE HUDSON'S BAY ROUTE. By W. Beach.

SCOTCH COLUMN. By Rev. W. Wye-Smith, Toronto.

DEPARTMENTS.

Christmas Stories.
Answers to Correspondents.
Temperance Talk.
Sunday Reading.
Woman's Quiet Hour.
Music
General Information.
The Philosopher.
What to Wear and how to Wear it.
Original Building Plans.
Fashions and Patterns.
Woman's Realm.
The Farm.
The Home Doctor.
Household Suggestions.
Round the Evening Lamp.
The Young People.
The Children
Correspondence.

A Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year

Henry Birks & Sons, Limited

The facilities of the firm's Correspondence Department place at the disposal of out-of-town patrons a service approximating in promptness and effiency that accorded to those making purchases in person.

Upon knowing requirements, the firm will send photographs, descriptions and prices of what their stock affords.

Selections of articles will be sent on approval to persons known to the firm, or to those sending satisfactory reference.

The firm's illustrated Catalogue, sent upon request, will be helpful to those who cannot visit their store in person, and more particularly to those who, at this season, are seeking suggestions for appropriate Christmas Gifts.

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Lakeview Beach on Little Lake Manitou

The Carlsbad of America, Near Watrous

AGENTS' COUPON

THE WALCH LAND CO.,
Union Bank Building, Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen,—With a view to handling your Lakeview Beach property in this locality please send me full information regarding your property and terms to agents.—Yours truly

Name .....

Post Office ..... Province .....

(Cut this out and mail it to-day).

Is the spot on this famous lake that has been selected by the people of fashion and wealth as their special health resort. The first week that we placed Lakeview Beach on the market we sold over $10,000 worth of property to the best people in Winnipeg and Saskatoon, comprising prominent politicians, bank managers, doctors, wholesale men, druggists, and a great many retired professional and business men who expect to spend their summer holidays at Lakeview Beach. We know of no stronger endorsement for our property than the fact that these people selected it as the summer home for themselves and their families.

The waters of Little Lake Manitou are an absolute cure for rheumatism and skin diseases, and anyone suffering from these aliments should not neglect the chance to spend their holiday season on the shores of Little Lake Manitou. The following is an analysis made by Professor Horsey, of McGill University, Montreal, of Little Lake Manitou water :—

	Grains per Gallon		Grains per Gallon
Silica	0.69	Mag Sulphate	308.88
Oxide of Iron and Aluminum	0.28	Potassium Sulphate	116.62
Calcium Sulphate	104.96	Sodium Sulphate	50.92
Magnesium Bicarbonate	63.42	Sodium Chloride	1405.60

Hon. Mr. Pugsley, Minister of Public Works of Canada, visited the lake and spoke as follows regarding its waters :—

"I am not an authority on medical waters but I can say that the bathing is particularly pleasant in Lake Manitou. There is something in the water that imparts a feeling of relief which gives to Lake Manitou great assets. Inother countries the supplies come from small springs, but here in Manitou Lake the supply is large. I have been to England and to Banff and was much pleased that on my way back I stopped over a few days at Watrous. I am somewhat troubled with rheumatism and am quite certain that I have received beneficial effects from bathing in Manitou Lake."

The waters of Carlsbad in Germany do not possess the merit of the waters of Little Lake Manitou yet the summer population at Carlsbad exceeds 60,000 people. For a high-class summer home or for investment purposes there are few properties now being offered that can be favorably compared with Lakeview Beach.

Our lots range in price from $50.00 to $200 each, and are being offered on terms of ¼ cash and the balance in 6, 12 and 18 months at 5% interest. We have issued an attractive circular describing this property and will be pleased to mail it to anyone writing for it.

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Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen,—With a view to buying property in Lakeview Beach please send me full information with map and price list and oblige —Yours truly,

Name .....

Post Office and Province .....

(Cut this out and mail to-day).

The Walch Land Co., Union Bank Building Winnipeg, Man.

GLORY---PEACE---GOOD-WILL.

It is no accident that in the message of the angels these three words stand out so clearly, for in them are set forth the aim of every complete life, the condition under which it may be realized, and the nature of its many activities. No life can be fruitful which is self-centred, for the centre of creation and progress—the source of all beauty, truth and holiness—is God. The aim of existence is more than the exaltation of self, it is the worship and adoration of the Eternal—the All-perfect. It follows that the condition of a perfect life is union with Him in thought and wish and deed. Herein is peace. And when peace is translated into human action there is spelled out the story of good-will—the story that properly began when He of whom the angels sang went about doing good, the story that has been told so often since in consecrated lives and loving service.

THE WESTERN HOME.

This much for a sermon. Now for a little talk about ourselves. What about our Western homes? Are they to conform to this ideal? Shall we write over the doors the words Glory, Peace, and Good-will?

Reverence is no idle abstraction, but fundamental human feeling. If in looking about us we can discern a tendency among young and old to treat with levity all things sacred, and if we can observe a decrease in filial piety and in the regard for age and rightful authority we should well take heed. Every effect has its cause, and if there is a growing feeling of irreverence the cause is not difficult to seek. As a rule, people and institutions receive all the respect to which they are entitled. If parents are held in light esteem by their children it is because they are not worthy of honor. The man who spends all his evenings away from home, and the woman who gives all her afternoons to pink teas, or who is so engrossed in work as not to have a moment for sympathetic communion with her children, need expect nothing more than that the home will be characterized by irreverence.. So, too, will it be in the matter of peace and good-will. It is the parents who set the pace. If their first concern is the highest welfare of the children, and if this is shown in wise and loving deeds, there will be a sure return, for parental love is a seed which, cast upon the waters, is certain to yield in its time an abundant harvest.

CHRISTMAS GIVING.

For the home, this particular season has its special opportunities. Parents may win the hearts of their children by making the day one of real childish enjoyment. This is, after all, what the day should mean. And children, by giving to each other may learn the lesson that all true pleasure is in the giving. The question on Christmas morning is not "What did I get?" but "What was I able to give?" It is not a little thing on earth this good-will which expresses itself in giving—here, there and everywhere. It is the most royal custom in the whole world, and everybody proves his kingly instincts by his deeds at such a time as this. Custom has closed the gates to giving at other seasons of the year, but now, just for one day, no offence will be taken if heart speaks to heart. Nor is it necessary that a gift be either useless or extravagant. People always show their good sense by being practical. For some children a warm pair of mittens is better than a mechanical toy, for some parents, a ton of coal is better than a flimsy comforter. And even if there be no expenditure of money at all, there is nothing kinder and better than a little personal note expressing love and good-will. But whatever form an interchange of greetings may assume, the season should not pass without something being said or done to make life better, sweeter and more unselfish. May the spirit of giving get into every home in the West this year, so that none will be forgotten—and as the good-will is shown, may there come into hearts that peace which passeth knowledge, and which leads to the glorification of Him who gave His only Son on that first Christmas morn.

MECHANICAL GIVING.

In connection with this Christmas giving has grown up a practice that has become intolerable. It is the practice of reducing Christmas giving to a business. There is no giving at all unless the heart is in it—"Not what we give but what we share; for the gift without the giver is bare." Nothing is more unbearable than this—that we should write out a duty list and then rush to a departmental store and fill in the blanks in a busy half hour, and come forth with "There, thank goodness, I'm through with it!"

The mention of departmental stores and Christmas shopping calls forth the suggestion that a proper practice during this season would have some regard for the shop girls. Why not begin shopping, if shopping must be done, a month ahead of time, so that the holiday season may not mean the labor season for those who stand behind the counters?

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT IN BUSINESS.

But good-will must get into our business as well as into our homes. The only power that can ever finally adjust the difficulties between labor and capital, employer and employee, producer and consumer, plutocrat and common people, is the power of true, Christian conduct. Not preaching and not praying, but true Christian living will put things right in this old world. Does anyone think that if a magnate robs the people for three hundred and sixty-four days in the year—corrupting parliaments and constituencies—he can set matters right by a few cheap gifts to the office boys at Christmas? Does anyone think that an exchange of gifts—calendars on the one hand and cigars on the other—will make it right between employers and employees? Genuine good-will is based on love and justice. Without these there is no real Christianity. He was not one of the richest men in Winnipeg, but one of the noblest, who, when asked to join a merger, announced that he was living to serve his God, but that he was in business simply to pay expenses. He had got measurably close to the meaning of the angels' message. It is no wonder that he was of all public spirits first in peace and in good-will. After all, why should there be bitterness and animosity over that which is transient?

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT IN LEGISLATION.

But surely it is over our legislative halls that the words of the angels' song require to be written. Human law should be patterned after the divine, and should make for peace and good-will. There are signs which indicate that the end of gross misrule is approaching. We can never have peace and good-will so long as there is class legislation, so long as a favored few are living on the masses, so long as one young man can spend three hundred thousand dollars in a year, of money donated by the government, while thousands of souls, much more deserving, are living in absolute want. Such things were never intended in Christian civilization, and the civilization that will survive is that in which Christian models are adopted. So we must get into the habit of sending to parliament men who are imbued with the spirit of honesty and justice—men who know not fear, except the fear of doing wrong. It is not cleverness and acumen but good old-fashioned morality that is demanded. So we shall do well to look around in every constituency and find men who, in their personal lives and in their business associations are above reproach, men whom the lust of office will not kill, men who love the common good and who place right and honor above national gain. Then, and then only, shall we get laws worthy of a great people, and we shall become a great people only as we subscribe to worthy laws.

CHRISTMAS VISITING.

Some of our Western people are going East for vacation. May they have a pleasant and profitable time. There is one thing they should do while they are away. They should get to know our own East—the Canadian East. It is not the East of ten years ago, but it has grown because we have grown. It is part of ourselves, and to it we must look. That hundreds should come westward every year to spy the land is good. We are not ashamed to display our wares. The other half of the courtesy is equally important. We must visit the older provinces and know what they mean to us.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

The Dominion Commission on Technical Eduucation is visiting the West. They have an important work to perform. We require schools for general culture, but we require also vocational schools. The two can be combined and should be combined in secondary education,. There should be no vocational education at all during the elementary school period. The scholars are too ignorant, too miniature to profit by such instruction as they might receive. For them to learn a trade before fifteen would be to doom them to low-grade industry for life. In universities, technical schools should parallel the ordinary courses. A university is only half oganized which does not operate technical schools.

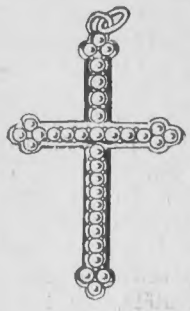
BI-LINGUAL SCHOOLS.

This Bishop Fallon incident may lead to some revision of our methods of doing things. It has been assumed that the best way to teach a foreign born child to speak English is to give him for teacher one who speaks his mother tongue. This is a mistake. The best thing possible is to give him an English teacher and to conduct all the exercises in English. If the idea is to teach the child to speak French, he should have a French teacher, if German, a German teacher. Now, it is evident that the language of Canada must be English. If some do not agree to this, then they had better get to know it as soon as possible. As for the West, there is only one feeling in the matter. Therefore it is the duty of all school administrators to encourage the appointment of English teachers in every district in the West, and to discourage the employment of those who are not skilled in the language. These words are spoken not on behalf of the English language but on behalf of the foreign-born children, or those who do not speak English, because they should suffer no handicap in the race of life Any attempt to perpetuate bilingual schools is an attempt to perpetuate divisions within the commonwealth. The sooner they go, the better for the state and the individuals chiefly concerned. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful if such schools were ever established on educational grounds. Their encouragement has been a piece of mistaken political diplomacy.

YOUR

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

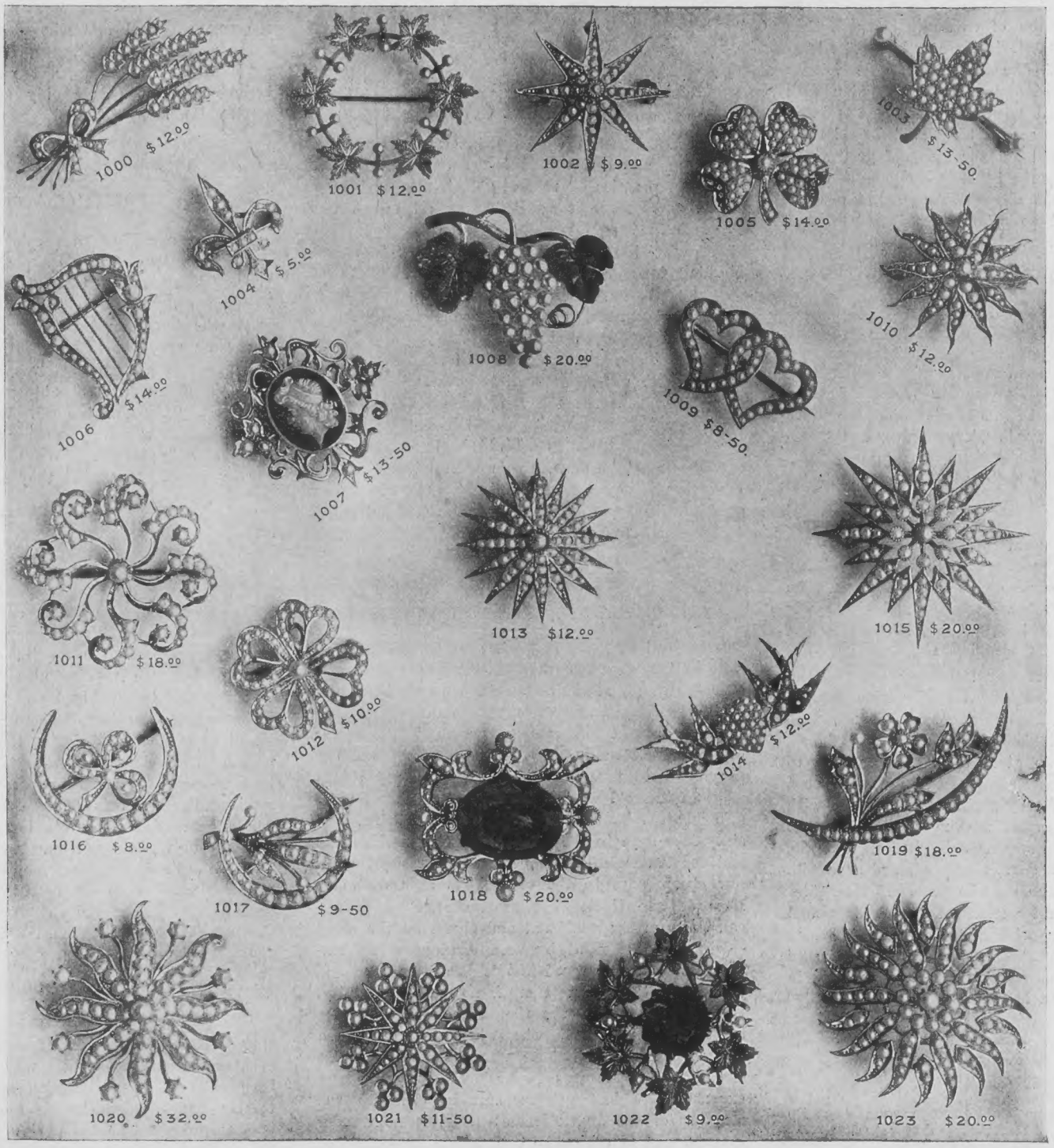
1242 Fine Pearl Brooch, 9k. gold....$3.50



1302 Fine Pear Cross, 14k. gold....$9.00

1116 Pearl Scarf Pin, 14k. gold $3.50

1275 14k. Signet Tie Pin, any initial, ...$2.00



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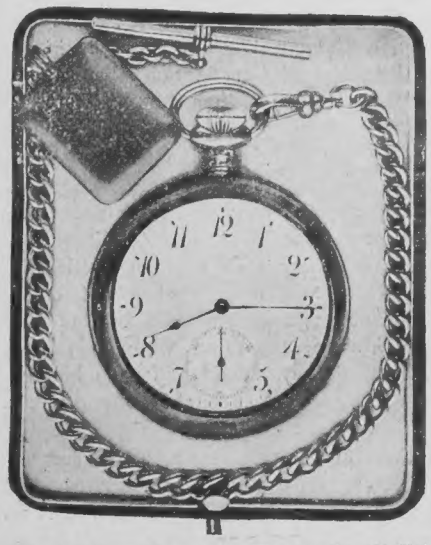

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WINNIPEG MAN.

The Conservation of Ancestors.

By Rev. C. W. Gordon, D.D. (Ralph Connor).

Ancestors determine destiny for men and for nations. Blood and Breeding build Empires. It is a people's primal duty to CONSERVE ITS ANCESTORS. The conservation of a single generation of ancestors would insure for Canada a race of world-conquerors.

REV. C. W. GORDON, D.D. (Ralph Connor)

For Canada offers an environment as yet untainted by the physical and moral putrescence of decadent civilizations. Our broad spaces of farm and forest land lie as yet unspoiled, a wholesome breeding ground for a great people, a clean, sweet garden for our children's homes. The open country is a place for homes, and homes are for Children. Homes and Children! These words hold the history of a race. Home, sweet and wholesome, where men and women of clean blood and high breeding nurse children of like blood and breeding, producing a people's ancestors.

For the ancestors of a people are a people's children and beyond all concerns, the supreme concern for Canada is that the ancestors of a coming nation should be rightly born and bred. In that supreme concern, the first consideration is that of Blood. And what a strain of rich red blood flows in the veins of the sons and daughters of Canada—the best of the world-conquering peoples of Northern and Western Europe, with the finest of the peoples of the South; the mighty mingled stream of Saxon and Celt, with that which flows from the sunny sons of the Gaul, toned and clarified with three centuries of aeration by the ozone blasts of the vigorous North Wind.

As yet, the stock is sound, the blood is strong; but what of the newer strains of Teuton and Slav? What of those lower breeds from lands of lazy airs and sensuous delights? But never fear. Give time and a fair field, and the Blood that has conquered in the world conflict so far, will win again.

Time and a fair field! And first, Time. Let us not haste too eagerly to grow in numbers. Rather let us prepare to absorb the host of strange peoples, the tramp of whose advance we already can hear, whose onward march we may hasten, but cannot retard. Canadians living now will see the day dawn when the Dominion census will register sixty millions of people. It took the United States only seven years of the last decade to roll up an Immigration list equal to that of the first seventy years of its existence, and the rate of growth for Canada will be that of the United States, not for the first, but for the last decade of its history. Already the Immigration into Canada equals that of a dozen years ago into the United States with all its mighty magnet of seventy millions of people, and never has the stream of Immigration into the Republic risen above 1½ per cent. of its population, while for the past five years the stream of Immigration into Canada has varied from 4 to 5 per cent.

Let us not be concerned to hurry the flow of this current of strange life, but rather to learn how to incorporate it into our present life stream without injury to the nation. Give us time.

And a fair field. Take off the handicaps. "Let us lay aside every weight." Let us provide for the nation's ancestors, not graves and monuments, but breeding places, Homes—Homes. Canada's foundation pillars rest not upon Wheat and Gold, not upon Coal and Lumber, not upon Railway and Industrial Stocks, but upon Homes. Homes where people are born and made; Homes first, Homes last, Homes all the time.

The national resources receive ultimate value from their contribution to the homes of the people. Farms are not for wheat, but are places for homes. Lumber is not for bank accounts, but for making homes. Coal mines are not for corporations, but for homes. Schools and colleges are not for the making of scholars and professional gentlemen, but for homes. Churches are not for creeds and congregations, but for homes. The value of each and every product of Canadian making is to be estimated by its value to the home. Whatever thing in Canada of natural wealth, of custom, or of institution that does not carry back its offering to the homes of our children to make them safer, sweeter, richer, kinder, should be regarded as rubbish, and what things soever in Canadian life or custom impoverishes, endangers or degrades the home, no matter how much applauded or approved, no matter how deeply imbedded in social convention, should be ruthlessly destroyed

The building place for homes is the broad bosom of old Mother Earth, the land, the farm, the country, the sweet, clean, open country, that is God's place for the making of a home.

It is from the country home that the national life recruits its leaders in thought and in action. Twenty years ago seventy-five per cent. of the University men of Canada came from the farm house. Not more than two per cent. of the great leaders, even of the commercial world, were born in the city. A nation, concerned for the conservation of its ancestors, should make the Country Home rich in comfort, in intellectual and social privilege and in spiritual aspiration.

The Country Home has first claim upon the farm. The wealth drawn from the land belongs first to the land, and then to the home life of those who till it. And, just as it is a crime against old Mother Earth to drain her strength in senseless and rapacious farming, so it is a crime against the nation to starve the farm Home of comfort or beauty or intellectual and social stimulus. And in this day, what with trees to plant and seeds to sow, what with cheap lighting and heating, what with water powers and wind powers, what with mail and telephone service, book and magazine literature, schools, colleges and churches, there is no reason why any Country Home in our land should be bare, dull and comfortless and irresponsive to the throb of the great world lying round it.

But there are the Cities, too, and City Homes where many of our nation's Ancestors must be born and bred. Cities! Places of danger and terror, with their dust-laden air, their overcrowded streets, their dirt and disease, their piteous poverty, their crime and sordid, squalid slums. Our Cities must be redeemed and made livable. For out of a nation's Cities, to a large extent, flow the issues of a nation's life. A Home in God's open country, how easy to make! How easy to guard! But in the City, the making and defending of a home is war. It is a terrifying fact that the world is steadily leaving the country and crushing into the city. At the beginning of the nineteenth century only four per cent. of the population of the United States dwelt in cities; at the beginning of the twentieth century thirty-three per cent. In Canada to-day forty-two per cent. of our people live in the city.

The terror of the city has not yet fallen upon our Canadian-born. Indeed, there are those that yearn for the day when Winnipeg shall be like London. But those who know and remember London, and especially East London, remember it with horror. London! that mighty monster of insatiate appetite for human bodies and human souls! over one million, eight hundred thousand of whose unhappy denizens hover on the ragged edge of extreme poverty, and a million more with only a week's wage between them and starvation! East London! where there are registered upon the pauper roll 125,000 of her citizens, and where one-quarter of the population are buried at the public expense! In London, that most Christian city in the most Christian nation of the world, the children perish in thousands for lack of healthful homes. Of all the children born in East London homes, every second babe dies in the first year of its life, and fifty-five per cent. of all the children die

(Continued on Page 11).

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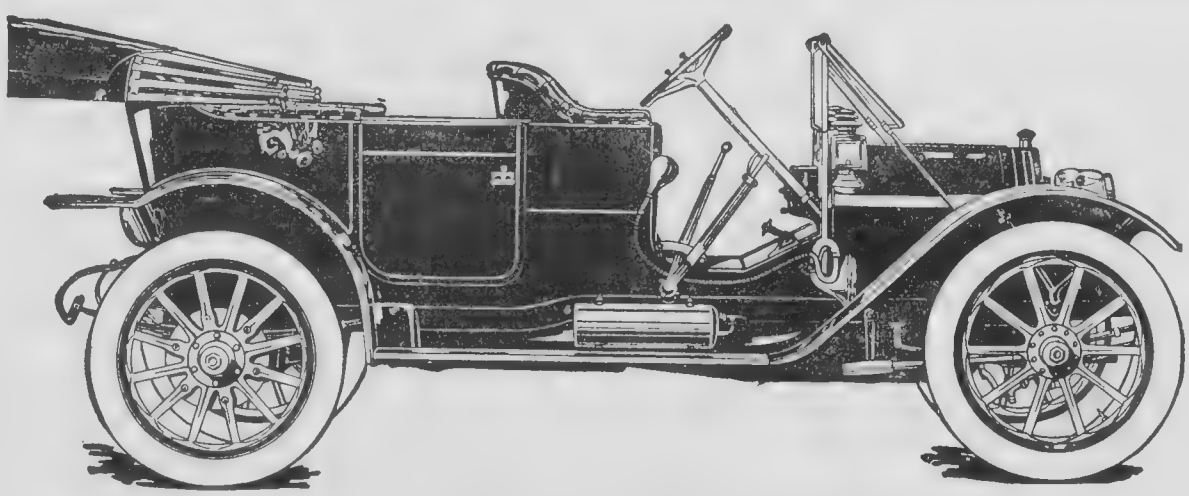

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WINNIPEG CANADA

Canada and its Future.

By Neil MacPhatter, M.D.C.M., F.R.C.S., President Canadian Club, New York.

In reply to your request that I contribute an article to your Christmas number, I will state that it is with assurances of singular pleasure that I do so.

NEIL MACPHATTER, M.D.C.M., F.R.C.S.

During my visit through Western Canada, I was amazed at the boundless possibilities of the country; its vast geographical extent; its magnificent prairie Provinces with golden grain waving tasseled heads in abundance over undulating plains; the wonderful timber and mineral resources all appealed to my bewildered imagination. Here surely in years to come, countless millions of people will dwell contented and happy, rich in all the great concerns and activities of life. Here, too, the political destiny of this great Nation, eventually, and before many decades, will be controlled. It is in this spirit of belief, that I venture to assume the responsibility of stating my opinions upon so important a subject.

There are crucial periods in the history of Nations, as of individuals, when decisions made in a moment may be fraught with consequences affecting all future years; a time when the tide, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune, may be stopped in its onward flow, and shoals and misery be the result of a wrong decision—of lost opportunities—of auspicious circumstances neglected which never again present an open sesame to the goal of success.

Such a conjecture—such a combination of circumstances—now present themselves, not to Canada alone, but to the whole vast Empire of which it forms so important a part. Canada is now standing, Janus-like, at the threshold of new conditions, with the past and future in full view. A past replete with achievement and flushed with glory—a future so bright with promise of the good things to come, that our most sanguine expectations must seem reasonable—our dream of future greatness no mirage, no ignis fatuus of a vain-glorious mind, but an anticipation based upon sound judgment and logical inferences.

But bright as the future of Canada is with promise, the beacon-lights of history warn us, that glowing prospects are no pledges of continued success, no guarantee against disaster. Canada's future prosperity, while contingent more or less upon unforeseen circumstances, will be in a large measure made or marred by ourselves. We are the architects of our own fortunes, and it behooves us to so plan and construct the edifice that it may prove itself sound and substantial to those who follow after and enjoy the fruits of our labor.

The period at which we have arrived in our history is critical. It is incumbent upon us to consider well the signs of the times and to determine whither we are tending. While proud of our position as a most important member of the Great British Empire, there is much to be desired in the relations of Canada with the Empire. I feel that the ties of sympathy, a common origin, a history whose glories of achievement we also share, together with the political bond now uniting us to the motherland, are not enough. I feel that we and the other self-governing nations constituting the Empire must be drawn closer together, or we may drift apart—that the ties of love and sympathy and the frail political bonds now existing must be strengthened, made indissoluble by an union, a consolidation of the various members of the vast Imperial domain, which will constitute Canada as an integral part of it as the British Isles now are. Such a wished for consummation is no doubt difficult to achieve. The different tariff regulations of the various members of this prospective confederation is perhaps the most serious obstacle that bars the way to Imperial Federation. But, surely, when we estimate the immense advantages to be secured by such a union, the magnitude of the interests involved, the unrivalled opportunities it would give, as the greatest of world powers, in moulding and directing the destinies of humanity to higher aims and nobler ambitions—surely, I repeat, it would be worth while making a few sacrifices to attain so magnificent a result.

But, I firmly believe that the few mutual concessions made to secure so grand a desideratum would result in financial gain, not loss; would increase our commerce, not diminish it; for while partially, perhaps, restricting our trade with the world at large, it would introduce practically unrestricted trade between the nations forming the vast reconstructed British Empire.

A former Governor-General of one of the Australian commonwealths, in a public address he made a few weeks ago in London, said that within fifty years the capital of the British Empire would be in Ottawa. While we Canadians are too modest to make such a prediction ourselves, at our present rate of increase of population, at the expiration of the five decades referred to, the population of Canada will probably approximate closely to the present population of the British Isles. Then, indeed, Ottawa would be the centre of the British Empire, both as to population and location—a central, converging point where the representatives from Australia, Africa and other portions of the grand confederation could assemble and legislate for the vast domain. But this, gentlemen, is the dream of a patriotic, titled Englishman, who has discarded his insular prejudices, and takes a more expansive view of British destinies than that circumscribed by the tight little Island.

Flattering as the ex-Colonial Governor's proleptic statement is to Canadians, I, for one, do not hope or wish for such an accession to our country. London will doubtless remain the political, as it is, and will be, the sentimental capital of the British Empire. There and in the mother country the history of our race has been enacted during twenty centuries; there our forefathers fought and bled and strived, always forging ahead by slow increments of change, leaving us finally a heritage of constitutional government, and the freest and best institutions in the world. In London, if anywhere, the grand council of the Empire, representing the general interests of the congeries of nations constituting the British Confederation, could assemble and enact laws for the common interests of the Empire which would have a dominating influence among the nations of the world.

Powerful as the Empire is now, its power and influence would be greatly increased were the ties binding its constituent members drawn closer together; were the bonds of sentiment and sympathy augmented by closer political union and increased mutual interests. All this, however, will come in good time, for I have an assured faith that the greatest days of the British Empire are still in the future. The full possibilities of that future we can scarcely imagine as yet—we can only conjecture of the wonderful power of an empire, composed of a half-dozen vigorous nations, bound together by the ties of kinship and common interests. The world having never witnessed such a union—such a combination of Titanic human forces. directed towards a common end, cannot realize its import nor estimate its influence in working out the destiny of the human race. In the not distant future of this consolidated empire there will be no German scare, no question raised as to naval or commercial supremacy; and, powerful enough to defy aggression, to override opposition wherever it confronts us, our veto will disarm warring nations and introduce an era of peace and good will among the nations of the earth.

Before the end of this century, Canada, Australia and South Africa will be found approaching the stage of national power and

(Continued on Page 9).

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Message for the Readers of The Western Home Monthly.

From Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P. for Gravesend, England.

It is a great thing to be busy in building up a home while building up the life of a new country. In a new land every stroke of work tells, the effect of it is seen; the consequences of every public act show in the whole social structure. Nothing worth while goes to waste in a new land. The people of Canada, and particularly of the Far West, have splendid opportunities and their destiny is set in a rich field. From these congested centres of civilization I offer the greeting of a fellow-worker in the great work-shop of Anglo-Saxon civilization under the British flag. We are all aiming at the one thing—a home; the opportunity to work and the legitimate product of that work; the good of a country which has our affection, our faith and our loyalty. Daily the Empire becomes smaller, because we are drawn more closely together. Hourly the understanding becomes more real, the sympathy more intense. One Flag, one Empire, one Common Purpose, and all hands round—that should be our motto!

SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

GILBERT PARKER.

Canada and its Future.

By Neil MacPhatter, M.D.C.M., F.R.C.S., President Canadian Club, New York.

(Continued from Page 7).

population that the United States has attained to-day. If the Empire is held together, as there is every reason to hope it will be, the end of the century will find among its component parts three great nations, situated in widely separated parts of the world, bound to the mother country and to each other by sentiments of love, sympathy and self-interest, into a union which could not be strengthened by a closer proximity, nor weakened by a thousand leagues of intervening oceans. These young nations, adding their youthful vigor to the strength of the mother country, will, with her, reign supreme in the marts of commerce and in the domain of world politics.

We have no misgivings as to the part Canada will play in the role of the great Empire. By population, wealth, the dominant characteristics of a great people, Canada will without doubt be the most powerful nation in the federation. Long before the close of the century in population and wealth it may far exceed the homeland, and instead of being protected as in the past, it may have the privilege of enfolding in its shielding arms the grand old mother of nations.

It seems to be almost a work of supererogation to speak of the resources of Canada. Time was not so long ago when Canadians were not well informed about their own country. That time, however, has gone by and the growth of Canadian National sentiment kept pace with the increase of knowledge of the vast extent, inexhaustible resources and wealth of the country. As Canadians came to realize the grandeur of their country, patriotism increased with this increase of knowledge, until now, like the ancient Romans proud of being "Civis Romanus sum," they pride themselves on being Canadians.

And what a magnificent country this Canada of ours is! Throughout its vast extent, from ocean to ocean and from the international boundary to the Arctic Ocean, it displays such a bewildering variety of physical features that our minds are lost in wonder and amaze. Every phase of natural beauty is exhibited to our admiring gaze, while the sublimest moods of which we can be conscious are created by the stern grandeur and magnificence of its mountain ranges. Sublime, also, with an added human interest, are its vast prairies, golden with waving, ripening grain; its great inland seas, teeming with fish, and traversed by the white-winged messengers of Commerce; its noble rivers, draining half a continent and bearing upon their bosoms the products of farms and forests, fisheries and mines; exhaustless in its resources; with a bracing, exhilarating climate; with topographical features ranging in aspect from the most entrancing forms of scenic beauty to the highest reaches of the sublime.

The conclusion is forced upon me that this grand country of ours was especially prepared by the Creator to be the home of a great, true, moral and brave race. With pardonable pride we can justly claim, that if such was the purpose of the Almighty, we Canadians have not run counter to His designs. So far in our history we have proved ourselves worthy sons of noble sires. Let it be our special care that no hybrid, alien stock, with low instincts, be permitted to pollute the clear stream of our national life. Living in New York City, I have become aware of the evils of a practically unrestricted emigration. Hordes of Neapolitans, Sicilians, Polish and Russian Jews, together with Hungarians, have been flocking into the United States, with much more detriment to the country than advantage, though, of course, they increase the census returns, which is a most important consideration in the estimation of an American.

Let us put up the bars against this class of emigrants and admit none but those we deem worthy to assimilate with our nation. The way to secure a healthy progeny is to provide first a healthy parentage. We cannot eliminate taints transmitted through centuries of low living in a few decades of time, and even if we could, Canada is suited for something better than a sanitarium for the reconstruction of hybrid neurotic decadents, the criminally inclined, or the mentally or physically deficient. In our eagerness to develop our country and increase our population let us prevent, by all possible means, the introduction and perpetuation of an undesirable and vicious element. In this matter let us make haste slowly and never forget that good citizens are the greatest possessions of a country.

What would we think of a large farmer, or stock raiser, who would augment his herd of Herefords, Ayrshire and other superior breeds of cattle, by introduction of an inferior, degenerated grade? We would think that he knew nothing about stock raising, or else was wholly indifferent as to the result of the experiment. The product of such an assimilation of high and low grade stock would possess, very likely, the bad qualities of both and the good qualities of neither. It is much the same in raising human stock: with good, clean, healthy parents we may reasonably expect a proper breed of children. If we introduce new blood at all, let it be of the purest and of a kind that will add vigor and a richer color to the stream with which it is destined to mingle. Welcome to your midst the hardy Norseman, the persevering Teuton, the frugal, artistic Frenchman, and, of course, the English, the Scots and the Irish, from whom the most of us claim a descent, of which we are proud.

The American raid across the border continues as a sort of prolonged exodus, but such emigrants as come from the great republic to till your land, develop your mines and your other resources are almost invariably of such a class as you can welcome with open arms. So let them come, the more, the merrier. When they realize that they are in Canada, and that Canadians have higher aims and ambitions than the pursuit of riches and a spectacular love of display, all will go well, and in blending with the population they will certainly not deteriorate the native stock.

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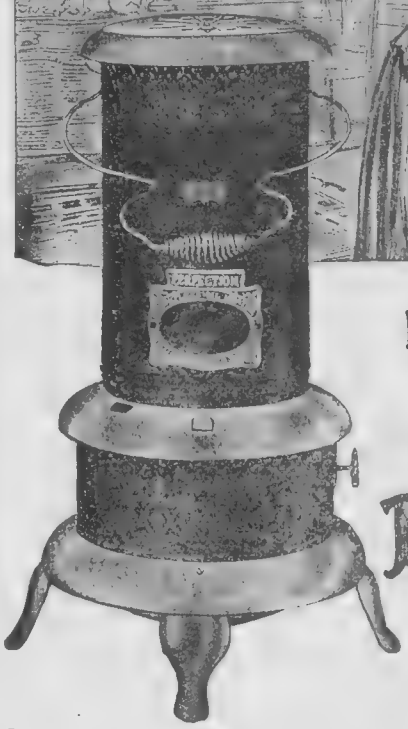

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to raise the temperature of a bathroom in the morning while bathing her baby. She then raises the temperature of the bedroom or nursery to the same degree while getting the baby to bed. When she gives the older children a warm bath and cold sponge in the evening, again she uses the heater if the bathroom is not warm enough.

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An indicator shows the amount of oil in the font. Filler-cap does not screw on; but is put in like a cork in a bottle, and is attached by a chain. An **automatic-locking flame spreader** prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back so that it can be cleaned in an instant.

The burner body or gallery cannot become wedged, and can be unscrewed in an instant for rewicking. Finished in japan or nickel; strong, durable, well-made; built for service, and yet light and ornamental. Has a cool handle and a damper top.

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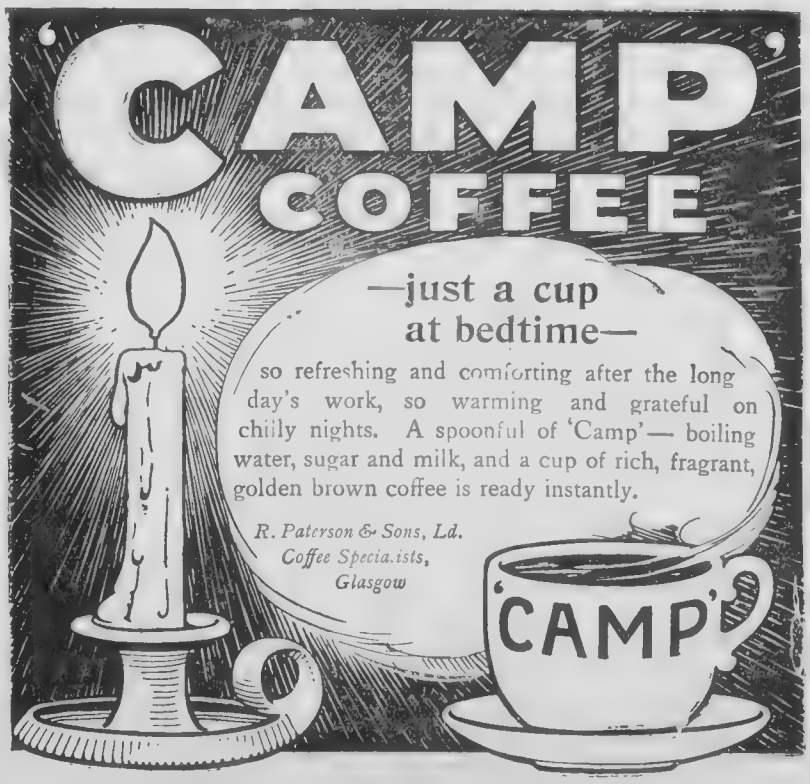
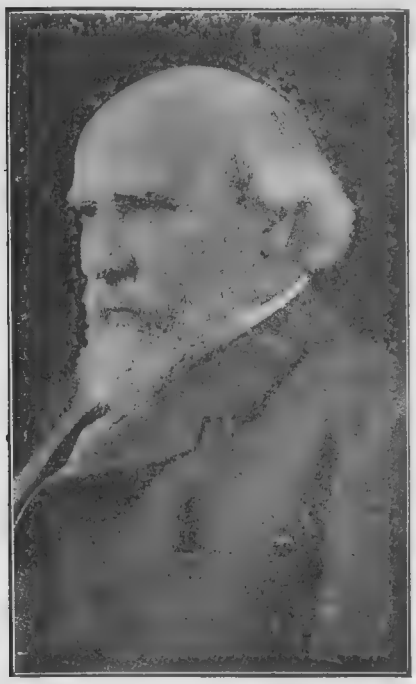


The Changes of Forty Years in the Canadian North-West.

By JAMES J. HILL (Chairman, Board of Directors, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul).

A generation ago there was no Canadian North-West. Within the knowledge of many living men the whole country now so named was supposed to be uninhabitable by a fixed population. It was a country between the Eastern provinces and British Columbia that might be bridged by railways but that no one dreamed of filling solidly with farms.

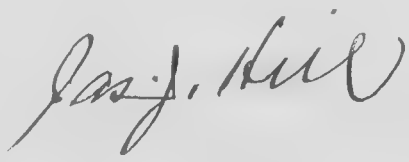


JAMES J. HILL

The population of "The North-West Territories" was not taken at all in 1871, and reached only 66,799 in 1891. To-day the two provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta alone contain 700,000 people. In this year of short crops their estimated wheat crop was over 72,000,000 bushels and their oat crop between 75,000,000 and 80,000,000. The settler in Western Canada to-day has only to compare it with communities south of the boundary and similarly situated to foretell his own future.

The future of Northwestern Canada is already written in the past of some parts of the American Northwest. The differences in soil, climate and resources are trifling as compared with the resemblances between these slightly separated portions of the interior American basin.

Western Canada needs now a wise combination of the development and the conservation of her resources. The fertility of her soil should be protected against early exhaustion by single cropping. She must so conserve her capital and credit as to assure to her at all times adequate means for turning her great natural resources into exchangeable values. Her towns and cities will grow with the growth of the country and it is not a far cry to see Winnipeg take her place in commercial importance alongside of cities which had a century behind them when Winnipeg was a remote trading post. These are not matters of conjecture, of distant statesmanship or of political alliance, but of intelligent and business-like treatment. The experience of others forms a real and important part of her present assets. Imitating their successes and avoiding their mistakes, she is certain of a high place in the great Canadian Confederation and an honorable and memorable share in its assured development.



The Conservation of Ancestors.

By Rev. C. W. Gordon, D.D. (Ralph Connor.)

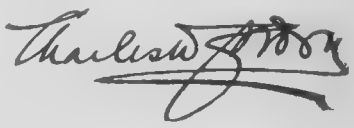
(Continued from Page 5).

before their fifth year. In East London there is neither room nor nourishment for the babies, and what wonder that 600 mothers in a single year smothered their babies rather than see them suffer the intolerable agony of slow starvation. How can the babies live where 300,000 people are forced to dwell in homes of a single room? And all this in London! the richest city in the world, the capital of the world's greatest Empire, the crown of our Christian civilization! And what of New York, the glory of the new world! In New York with all its gilded luxury and all its mighty show of wealth, in the poverty section they found 360,000 rooms where men and women and little children made what they called their homes, and into these rooms the sunlight never fell. And this in the capital city of the nation that loves to think itself the type and fulfilment of all that is finest in human history. And to this day in New York this horror of dark homes still abides, embedded in the economics of a great money-loving and money-making nation. For, after ten years of furious protest and of strenuous fighting, there are still to be found 330,000 of these dark rooms in brave New York.

God save us from London and New York!

But London is remote from Canada by leagues of land and sea, and still more in manner and condition of life. Surely London and New York atrocities can never repeat themselves in our new clean Canada! Let us face the simple fact that without a shadow of doubt the doom is written for all the world to see, that before the century is one-half done, if the same social and economic forces are allowed to play upon our Canadian civilization, we shall see in Canada these cities and these city homes that will breed children physically and morally unfit, the degenerate ancestors of a passing race. Rich that race will be, cultured in the knowledge of the sciences and arts, splendid in its material achievement, but rotten at the heart, and doomed to disappear in the abyss of its own filth.

But thank God, these things need not be in Canada. The festering rottenness of London and Manchester, of Paris and Berlin, of New York and Chicago, need not be reproduced in the Winnipeg of sixty years hence, nor in the other cities destined to rise upon these plains. Please God, shall not, if our people only be wise to learn and brave to follow the ways of righteousness and of charity. If only in country and in village, in town and in city, Canadians are resolved that only such homes and only such environs for these homes shall be, as shall breed children clean of blood, strong of limb, sane of mind, pure of soul, the Noble Ancestors of the noblest race this old world has yet produced.



On Christmas Day.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviouur, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, little Children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon this blessed morn
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born:
Now all your sorrows he doth heal, your sins he takes away;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

—Dinah Maria Muloch Craik.

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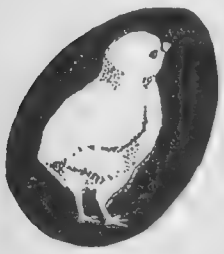

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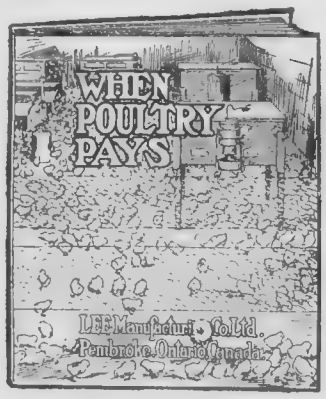

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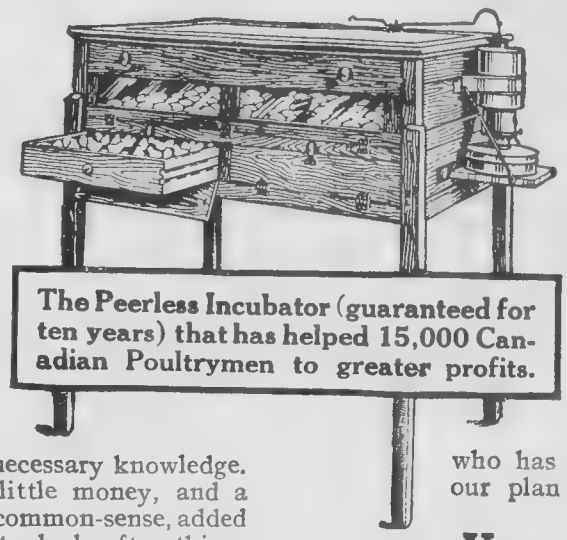

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You Can Have Free Advice From Our Poultry Advisory Board

If you are a user of The Peerless Way, you are entitled to consult our poultry experts at any time without charge. The Peerless Way covers everything in poultry-raising that it is possible for any method to cover; but if, at any time, a point comes up that is peculiar to you alone, all you have to do is to write us. Our experts will consider your case individually and write you personally. This service is free to every member of the Peerless Family.

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The Co-Operative Marketing plan, that forms so important a part of The Peerless Way, has helped our 15,000 co-workers to make more money than any one of them could have made, working individually. The poultry market is a real market—if you know how to take advantage of it. We are constantly over-run with orders for both eggs and poultry. As a matter of fact, poultrying as a business is a long way from being over-done in Canada—there is plenty of room to make good money out of it. Be sure to send for our book.

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39

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A Christmas Wish for the Educators.

By W. A. McIntyre, B.A., LLD., Principal Normal School, Winnipeg.

I have been asked to express a Christmas wish on behalf of those engaged in education. Instinctively I find my mind reverting to those words uttered by Him after whom the day is named—"I have come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly"—and my wish is that everybody concerned with education, whether it be parent or teacher, or school trustee or officer of the department of education, may adopt this motto as the all-sufficient ideal of effort. For the aim of education can be nothing less than developing power to live and live more abundantly.

W. A. McINTYRE, B.A., L.L.D.

After all what a nation primarily requires is not material wealth, but life—life abundant in the individual, the home, the vocation, the church and the state. It is a crime to think of anything less than this, more especially in a land so full of opportunity. Look at that stately elm tree. It is a thing of beauty because it lives. It reaches its roots down into the soil, grasping for nourishment and it reaches its arms into the air still grasping; but the real beauty of its being consists in that it transforms what it receives into leaf and blossom. It manifests its life in the service it renders. It takes from the soil and the air but it returns glad beauty in its form and color, and helpful sympathy in its kindly shade. Even so is it in the life of man. Life is not receiving, but receiving in order to transform and transmit to others. Anything less than this is undisguised selfishness. Life consisteth not in the abundance of things a man hath but in the capacity for useful and happy service. What a man is and does, and not what he has, is the measure of his being. And so my best wish is that everybody, everywhere, will aim at nothing less than the enriching of the lives of the children to the end that they may be more socially efficient.

Yes, I am aware that the acceptance of such a view would at any other season of the year be scouted by some parents, but perhaps at this, the children's season, they may consider it for just a moment. Has not any child who is born into this world a right to realize to the full his possibilities? Has he not a right to all the culture, the refinement, the happiness that can be thrown into a life that is trained for service? Life is not this—getting more land, to raise more wheat, to get more dollars, to buy more land, to raise more wheat, and so on forever. No, No. It is something much higher and better than this. It is getting into touch with all that is true and beautiful and good so that it may be transmitted to others—so that accurate knowledge, pure feeling and right action may be common in a world of men.

So when the children go to school the aim of the teacher must be to make each life as efficient as possible, and to cause all lives to act together in a friendly manner. This will mean that emphasis must be laid upon some things that are now granted scant recognition in a programme of school activities. For in the first place there must be attention to bodily health. Sufficient light, good ventilation, proper seats, abundant play—these are not of minor importance. Yet, frequently lives are hopelessly ruined because of failure on the part of somebody to expend a few dollars in attending to these very matters. Why those red eyes? Because the trustees would not supply blinds. Why those headaches? Because no provision is made for ventilation. Why this outbreak of fever? Because there is no proper school well. Why these stooped shoulders and hollow chests? Because the seating is bad and because the teacher thinks of subjects of study rather than of the sacredness of life.

In the next place this conception of life-efficiency means definite instruction in knowledge, in beauty and in conduct. Nor can any one of these be neglected. It is as necessary to know the truth and follow it, to discern the beautiful and adopt it, as it is to appreciate the right and do it. It is impossible for life to be worthy if it is based in ignorance and superstition, it is impossible for it to reach its full fruition if its habitat is the ugly and deformed and unsightly. Above all it is impossible that it should be god-like, efficient, and a blessing to other lives, if its choice is the impure, the unholy, and the bad.

Nor is this all. Life to be truly serviceable must be guided by right ideals—ideals of honesty, industry, generosity, frugality and the like. It was this devotion to ideals that made life among our fathers so full of beauty. It is the preservation of such ideals that will make beautiful our lives to-day. And we are in danger just here, for there is a tendency, in practice at least, to magnify the importance of material wealth and to minimize the value of those old virtues without which life can be little better than a burden and a curse. Ideals—yes! and these must be worked out in habits and tastes and disposition, so that life is sweet and helpful and gracious.

But every efficient life must be something more than even all this. It must be productive. The man who counts in this world is the man who can do things. And so this idea of doing, or expressing one's self in some definite way becomes a necessary part of education. Hence the cry for hand-work, in the elementary schools and for vocational training in the secondary schools. Schools must be places in which pupils can study. They must also be places in which they can play, and in which they can use hand and eye and brain in the making of things.

Above all the school must develop a right attitude to social life, and must foster those qualities that are necessary in the socially efficient individual. Therefore hearty co-operation must take the place of selfish individualism. The spirit of the school must be that of a community in which each member feels his responsibility to all and in which each benefits from the labor of all. In other words the school must be a miniature ideal world. Only when this is the case can it make for permanent national greatness.

Surely it is worth the while to picture children more intelligent, more beautiful and more righteous than we have been, to think of them as beautiful in their physical strength, as possessing true ideals which influence their every action and attitude, and as working together for the realization of a mightier and better nationhood than any the world has yet known. It is such a dream that makes it worth while for teachers to live and for parents to labor.

Nor can this dream be realized without an expenditure of love and labor and money. Ay, it means an expenditure of love, not only on the part of teachers but on the part of parents, and it means labor in the school and in the home. And as for money—let those who have children not be grieved when we urge that under our present system we can never get the results we hope for. We say our tax is exhorbitant now. Well that depends. We pay thirty dollars a year for the education of our children—and we spent thirty-six dollars a year in cigars. We give the school thirty dollars for thirty hours' service a week for our children and we give our preacher fifty dollars for his little service to ourselves—and no doubt he is worth it all. Yet it should be true that where a man's treasure goes, there goes his heart. Peraps, after all, our children are not so dear to us. Perhaps even some of us have to be harshly treated in order that we may not exploit them for selfish ends.

Listen to the story of the Roman mother. Somehow these mothers knew where to place the emphasis. In the hour of her country's need when men were pouring their treasures into the public coffers, this noble matron had nothing in material wealth to bring, but yet she brought more than all, for taking in her hands, the hands of her two beautiful sons, she led them forward saying: "This is all I have. These are my jewels." And when the time comes for us to lay down our burdens may we be able—not only to point to our rich fields and our wealthy cities, but may we be able to lead out from our homes and our schools all our little children, saying "These are my jewels."

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The Gift of The Magi.

By O. Henry.

ONE dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at eight dollars per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name, "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid thirty dollars per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to twenty dollars, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only one dollar and eighty-seven cents with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only one dollar and eighty-seven cents to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an eight dollar flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its colour within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the air-shaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasurers piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substances alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the eighty-

Barrow's Mill, North of Swan River.

seven cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At seven o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his steps on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying silent little prayersabout the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat, and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly

Dog Trains from the Far North, North of Swan River.

with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's auything in the way of hair cut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while a first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoiseshell, with jewelled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim."

And then Della leapt up like a little singed cat and cried "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

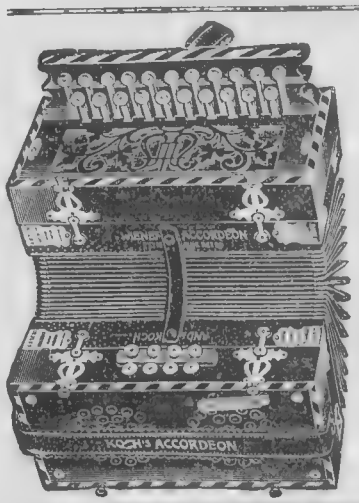
"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of the house. But in a last word of the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

Music for Christmas



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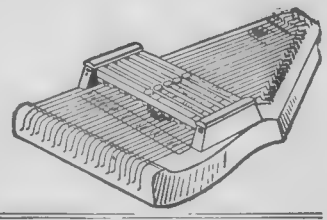

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The Old Bayman's Christmas.

By Helen Chase.

WHAT'N Tophet duz make them chickens yeap so fur?"

The old captain squared his shoulders, twisted his grizzled head to one side, and listened to the strident voices of the feathered host that ambled uneasily across the "ma'sh"; warm and brown it spread bayward in the sun of the rare December day, as if September's golden rod might again spring up in yellow flame from its bosom with the asters rising like purple smoke wreaths between.

"They ain't got no call t'yeap, fur's I can see," continued the old bayman; "ther' ain't no storm comin' by my cal'clations—sky's a reg'lar baby-blue, like Eevylania's rib'ns she sets so much store by. Say! Eevy, Eevylania, you jes' run and see what duz make them chickens yeap so."

A tall, bouncing maid, who was perched upon a fragment of an old scow that had laid these many years on the "ma'sh," jumped down from her seat and ran to the henhouse. Her cheeks had the deep, warm tints of a peony, and her locks the golden brown of corn tassels that have stood long in the sun.

"I cayn't see's there's anythink for them t' yeap fur, par, nuther," said she, returning. "Guess they don't know theirselves."

"Luke, he'd orter be here now," grumbled the captain, looking down the road.

"Thar he is a-comin' stret up the the road," called Eevylania, quickly, her face brightening.

"Wall, then tell yer mar t' hurry up that lunch, an' I'll put it aboard," responded the old bayman.

Luke came striding along the "crick" road with haste. He and the captain were to sail over in the Bay Queen, the trim little sail boat moored just over yonder, and land at one of the beaches lying out in the breakers, six miles away. They would sleep in a certain old shelter hut known to all the old salts on the coast, and be up bright and early to do a day's fishing. Then home again over the bay on Christmas Eve, and ho! for the grand Christmas party "Mis' Hutcherson" was to give!

"Hi, Luke!" sang out the captain, hailing him as he came up the path to the house. "Jes' wonderin' whar'n Tooph't you wuz! City hain't sp'ilt ye, eh, stayin' inter 't over night?"

"Not much!" answered the young man, shortly. "But I wish t' all o'ye might hev bin thar to see the show! Sech streets, full 'er people, store winders as good as a theayter; barg'n counters 'til yer can't rest. I got a few little things fer yer Chris'muses," and he laid a huge bundle on Mis' Hutcherson's shiny new table.

"Yer didn't buy none o' them things at no barg'n counter?" said the shrewd woman, unrolling the bundle swiftly.

"My! ain't they jes' ellergant! Come, hurry up 'n git off t' the beach, so's t' be back early tomorrer night fer th' Chris'mus party. My! but's goin' to be the biggest ever gi'n on the 'ma'sh!'" And Mis' Hutcherson beamed with joy and gave Luke a mischievous shove.

"Where's S'les?" he said, his strong face taking on a gentle look.

"She'll be here d'reckly," said the good woman, evasively.

Celeste was the daughter of her first marriage. Years ago, "afore she'd got much sense inter her," as the captain was wont to remark, she had espoused a young Canadian Frenchman, who was lost on the big bay in a treacherous squall one November evening. The baby girl of that marriage was a dainty, odd little waif, who had never enjoyed her stepfather, either in her childhood or girlish days. Luke gave her a dog-like devotion, and she had accepted his love in the same passive way she had taken everything else in her unsatisfied, restless life, among people with whom she had no sympathy, even to the patient, honest mother who bore her.

"Can't wait fur no courtin' bizness t'day," said the old bayman, petulantly, who couldn't see how Luke could fancy Celeste, with her pale face, while Eevylania, with her poppy-colored cheeks, was nigh.

"Eevy," he called, but she had slipped away down the path. "Fur's I know, S'les's off somewheres 'long o' Pierre, an' that'll make Luke right mad to see 'em together."

Pierre was a young Frenchman who had played for dancing at the big summer hotel of the place, and who now lingered, making music with his violin for country balls and dances.

"All aboard there!" shouted the "cap'in," peremptorily. "The lunch is stowed away for'ard, the blankits is here, and ther's nothin' fur ye to stan' 'round waitin' fur, is ther', Luke? Dew come 'long!"

The young bayman came slowly forward, took his place at the ropes, and gently the Bay Queen glided away from the shore into open water. A gleam of a bit of red stuff caught Luke's eye as the Queen passed a secluded spot on the beach; and the good bayman's red left his cheek as he saw Celeste, with a gay scarf wrapped about her, and the arms of "that Kanuck cuss" around her, her face full of joy such as he had never seen upon it before.

Hi! thar, Luke; what ails you? Goin' to capsize us?" growled the captain.

Luke started up as from a dream, and silently returned to his duties with a dull pain at his faithful seaman's heart

That night they slept in the shelter hut to the booming of the surf, and next morning made for a point on the beach where the captain "always struck the biggest streak of fish luck of any place on the old South." Noon came, and the lovely blue sky of the morning had given place to melancholy gray heavens, and the wind had sprung up petulantly.

"Luke, seems ter me ye're dretful oneasy," growled the captain from his seat "forrad." "Plenty o' time yit to h'ist sail and away 'fore night; can't leave this p'int yet; biggest streak of fish luck I ever saw."

An hour passed. It began to grow dark and threatening. The captain swore gently; but he quit fishing and began to to make preparations to sail home.

"Wall! I swan to Jonah, Luke," he said, as the Bay Queen's head was at last pointed homeword, "ef I hain't fergot an' lef' my timepiece at the shelter hut."

Luke groaned. He knew the delay was dangerous, but he turned the boat around and made for the beach and the shelter hut. Barely had they got into the channel again, after securing the watch, when the squall struck them. The Bay Queen leaped forward like a frightened thing, half careened, and then swiftly righted herself and settled down to fight the storm with a steadiness that caused the captain to smile a grim smile of triumph as he clutched the tiller with his horny hand. He could hear the surf beating on the bar at his left; behind him was the mad, hurtling noise of the tempest; before him was a black and furious sea. The squall grew into a furious tempest; fiercer and stronger blew the wind; higher and higher ran the seas.

Luke set his teeth and brought all his bayman's skill to bear in keeping the boat on her course. The old captain stuck to the helm, and strove with his eagle eyes to pierce the thick darkness that was closing in all about them. They could feel the drawing movement of the current that connected bay and ocean. If they should be swept out into that, then, God help them! Driven before the wind, all the familiar landmarks blotted out, blindly, but by some mysterious instinct they shaped their course. Over the black waves that now yawned so fearfully, where only that morning a sea like glass had stretched, the Bay Queen drove, now hither, now yon, an inch of

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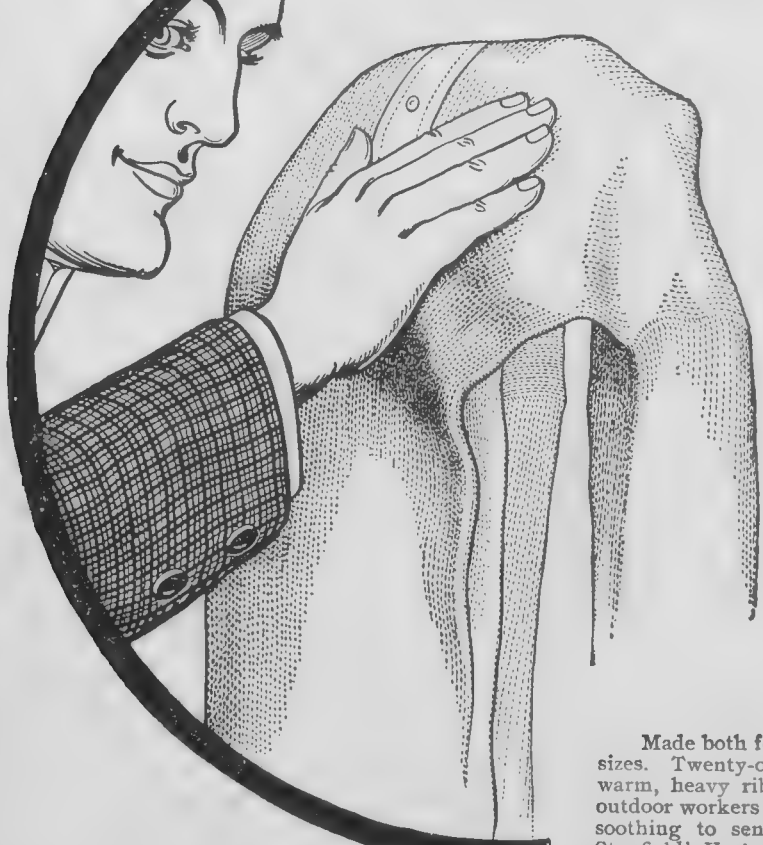

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progress in the direction where her crew would have her to go, for miles of progress where they would not—so it seemed to the despairing mate and helmsman; the sea drenching them with its icy torrents, the Bay Queen careening with a frightful list, then righting herself. Thus the night passed.

"Luke!" jerked out the old man at last, after a fiercer gust than usual had surged against the wretched boat, "I guess we're dun fur; never see the time when I tho't I sh'd have to give in."

But Luke, detecting the note of feebleness in the captain's voice, fought his way to the stern of the boat. There was a sudden roar behind him, a rising of a solid wall of water. The boat listed and went over with a last convulsive effort to hold her own, and the cry of the doomed men rang out sharply above the horrible din of the storm.

* * * * * *

A great fire of drift-wood blazed in the settin'-room of the old captain's house. It was a wild Christmas Eve that the "ma'sh" folks had come to celebrate within it.

The green branches of hemlock that Pierre had cut on the hill back from the shore were wreathed upon the white-washed walls. The Christmas tree that Eevylania had strung with strings of snowy corn glittered with its gaudy tinsel trimming. The girls and the young baymen, who lived in the weather-beaten houses fronting the "ma'sh," were spinning gaily round to the music of Pierre's fiddle Their bronzed and horny handed fathers and shrewd mothers were planted squarely against the wall, gossiping and joking with their neighbors. Christmas mirth and revelry held full sway, except in the hearts of the old captain's wife and daughter; for the Bay Queen had not come sailing homeward over the strong waves of the bay.

"I dunno," said Mrs. Hutchinson, dubiously, as she moved about, welcoming her guests. "I don't hold to bein' superstitious, but all the same, I wonder what made them chick'ns 'yeap so."

"Now, don't cher fret about yer men folks, Mis' Hutcherson," the old salts had said to their hostess. "Why, I 'spect them old Bible folks with their m'rac'lus draft of fishes wa'n't nowheres 'logside o' th' haul yer old man an' Luke'r a-makin'! Haw! haw! haw! They're likely safe an' sound in the shelter hut waitin' fer termorrer mornin' to cross the old bay."

Pierre's merry bow had drowned the nois of the rising storm for a time, but at last "it would not down," and its rush and swirl were heard above the reels and waltzes which the fiddler had played. The supper was hurried forward that those who lived at a distance might have time to reach their homes before the storm broke. The guests ate and drank while the bay lashed and foamed beyond the marsh. At last the "good-byes" were hurriedly said, the jolly party trooped off from the old homestead on the creek.

And the storm burst! Shrieking and wailing and moaning, the wind swept down upon the land. It surged against the old house, and the women shuddered as they thought of their men at sea.

Pierre had stayed with the women in the little house on the "ma'sh." He drew close to Celeste, laughing and telling droll stories to divert her.

"I hate that 'Kanuck,' so do," said Mrs. Hutchinson, as she hurried out into the kitchen to shut out the hateful sight. She was jealous for the absent Luke.

A little figure crouched over the kitchen fire It was Eevylania. She raised her face, which looked white and solemn, saying:

"Oh, no, mar! Guess I wouldn't feel so. Pierre don't mean to do any harm Why, he's helped us to fasten all the winders and seen to the chick'ns and pig, and now he thinks S'leste needs a little cheerin' up. Pierre ain't a-goin' to stay 'round these parts, either, much longer. I heerd him tell par so, and then S'leste she'll be kinder to Luke."

The storm was now a fearful thing. In all her thrty years of living on the bay front Mrs. Hutchinson remembered nothing like it. Pierre got out his violin and tried to drown the noise of it with loud, brilliant music, but he could not conceal nor cover the tremblings of the house, the terrible shiver of every beam, rafter and plank within it.

The Old Bayman.

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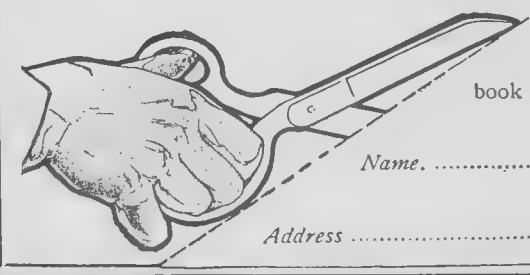

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Suddenly a thin stream of water crept under the front door.

"Lord a-massy," cried Mrs. Hutchinson, "the crick's a-risin'!"

Even so, it was. The water gained rapidly; it was a foot—two feet—deep upon the floor. The women got together some fuel, bread, blankets, and a flask of spirits, and altogether they ascended the narrow stairs—perhaps for the last time, they thought—to the garret. Then Pierre kindled a fire in the little air-tight stove, and the four sat down to await the end of the tempest, or else a sudden lifting of the old house by the tide surging around it, and a swift sweeping of the ancient structure out to sea.

"Ahoy! ahoy! Somebody open that winder!" There was a sudden thud against the side of the house as a boat came up under the window. "The house'll never stan' till mornin'. You'll all be swept away! Come, hurry up! We've come to take you off!"

It was Joe Bradley, the boldest young bayman of the shore, who shouted these words to them as he kept his boat with great difficulty of alongside the house.

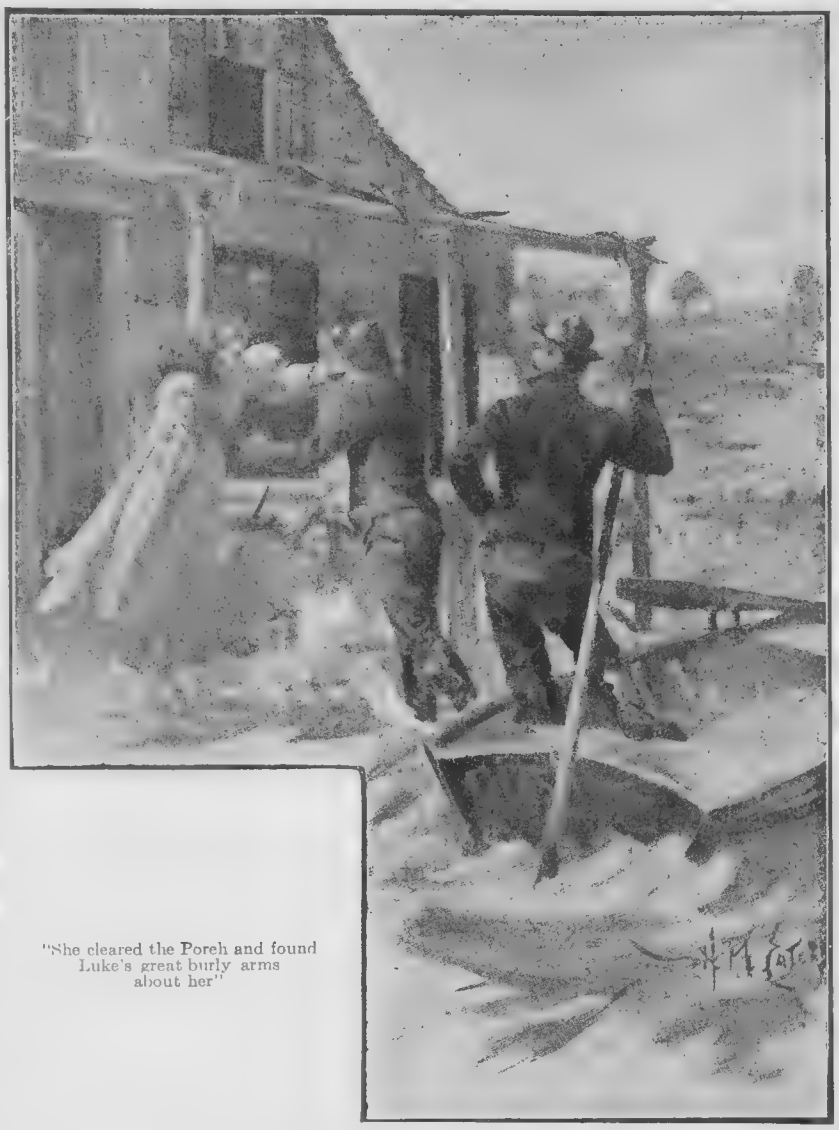
"The rest kin go if they wants to," said Mrs. Hutchinson; "but, as fur me——"

Her sentence remained unfinished, and in the tumult and confusion may have been misunderstood. At any rate, Celeste and Pierre got into the boat, which a violent gust of wind wrenched away from the house, and it was seen no more.

The two deserted women crept close together, clasping each other's hands, and thus they kept their lonely vigil in the now deserted house.

"Le's sing somethin', mar," said Eevylania, after they had watched thus half an hour or so. "Don't cher kinder miss Pierre's fiddle music? An' its Chris'mus mornin,' too, now—it's four o'clock."

Mrs. Hutchinson raised her weary head from her hand, on which it had been resting, and quavered forth:



"She cleared the Porch and found Luke's great burly arms about her"

"Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind, that tossed my found'ring bark.
"Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck I ceased the tide to stem.
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Betlehem."

As the last notes died away the pale unearthly light of the Christmas dawn stole into the room. What a sight met the eye, as its pallid beams illuminated the landscape! A raging, furious sea filled the spot, where yesterday had stretched pleasant meadows and gardens, and where stood the houses of the neighbors. Submerged to their upper stores most of them were now. Bits of wreckage, and boats floating bottom upward, were everywhere seen.

"Ahoy! ahoy!" again shouted Joe Bradley, coming back. "Got enny grub?"

"Yes," they shouted back, "thank ye," and then Eevylania faltered out—"Hev ye, hev ye seen anything of the Bay Queen?"

"Not it," answered Joe, trying to speak courageously.

"An' S'leste?" said her mother, hastily.

"All right," was the brief answer, as Joe pulled quickly away.

The water began to subside and, as if worn out, the storm abated. One hour after another the two women sat with despairing eyes fixed on the distant horizon. But no battered and brused Bay Queen came, beating her way slowly into the creek. The women scanned with feverish eyes each bit of wreckage that floated by, fearing to recognize some portion of the brave little craft.

A third time Joe's boat came up to the window with offers of assistance. The skipper would take them away anywhere they wished to go. There was his mother, now, whose house was dry and warm. She would be only too glad to take them in.

"No," said Mrs. Hutchinson, "S'leste would be comin' back, soon." Then, eyeing Joe sharply, she said, "Where is she? What cher keepin' back from me?"

"Wall, if yer will know," said Joe, as every word were being forced out of him, "S'leste and Pierre went to the city this mornin' after Father McKay had marri'd 'em."

The mother sat as if stunned. Eevylania crept to her softly, and said:

"Yer know, mar, as ther was things 'bout S'leste that wan't in us to understand. Po'try and that air high music, an' sech like; an' Pierre, he understood all them strange, uncommon things, an' she c'd talk to him 'bout 'em like she couldn't to us, an' so we mus'n't blame her so much, for she loved Pierre, an' when yer love anybody——"

Eevylania's voice sank down to a whisper. She looked out at the sea and covered her face with her hands.

Another hour passed. The short December day was drawing to a close. Suddenly there was a great noise and commotion under the window; Joe Bradley shouting and laughing:

"Hullo, there, Mis' Hutcherson! The Bay Queen's heerd from; she drifted right onto the beach whar the life savin' station men be, capsized, an' Luke an' the cap'in held on. The cap'in, he's putty much beat out, and won't be hum for a day or two, but——"

Eevylania could stand it no longer. She rushed down the slippery stairs, tore open the door with strong, desperate fingers, plunged into a foot of water as she cleared the porch, and found Luke's great, burly arms about her.

A Canadian lawyer tells this story:

A bailiff went out to levy on the contents of a house. The inventory began in the attic and ended in the cellar. When the dining room was deached, the tally of furniture ran thus:

"One dining room table, oak.

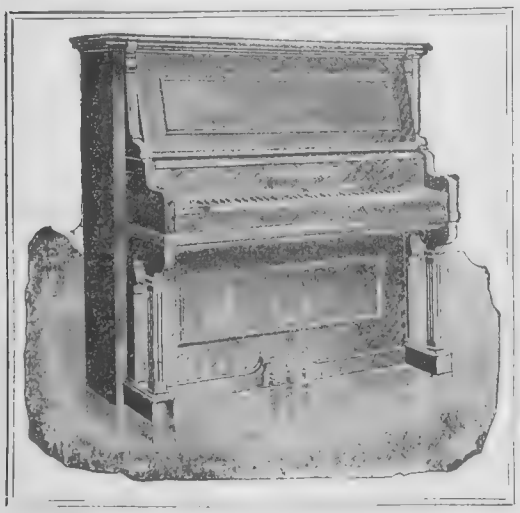
"One set chairs (6) oak.

"One sideboard, oak.

"Two bottles whiskey, full."

Then the word "full" was stricken out and replaced by "empty," and the inventory went on in a hand that straggled and lurched diagonally across the page until it closed with:

"One revolving doormat."



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The Phantom Canoe.

A New Year's Legend of the Canadian Woods.

By W. Victor Cook

Gran'pere Latoche is very old—over eighty years, they say. In the summer time he sits and smokes his beloved tabac Canayen in a rocking armchair on the veranda beneath the climbing flowers. In the winter he sits in the kitchen corner shaking his old gray head, and from time to time muttering to himself. At times he will tell stories of le vieux temps. Some of them are queer tales, for Gran'pere Latoche has seen things in his time; and if they were not so rambling, and if one could write them down in the old man's own words, they would make good reading.

Strangest of all is the story of how Gran'pere Latoche saw La Chasse Gal'rie. Had I but the gift, I could make you feel the grip of that weird tale as Gran'pere Latoche told it me one wild New Year's Night when I was snowed up in the Latoche homestead on my way back to Montreal Nobody will believe the story, but that is neither here nor there. As Gran'pere Latoche is so very old, perhaps his imagination plays antics with his memory. Moreover, they say in Quebec Province that a man may live a hundred years and never see La Chasse Gal'rie.

It was about sixty years ago. At the edge of the forest, where it dips its feet in the Saguenay, Louis Latoche and 'Poleon Desbarres stood and clasped hands.

"You swear," said 'Poleon, handing the other a small crucifix, "that you will not see her, nor speak to her, nor write to her, till the year is out?"

"Yes, I swear—que Dieu me soit en aide! And you?"

'Poleon laughed a little wildly.

"Sure, I swear too. For the rest, my friend, I am not likely to meet Mamzelle Henriette Manon on the shores of Hudson Bay."

"Nor I in the lake ports. It is a bargain?"

"A bargain," repeated 'Poleon, stepping with noiseless moccasined feet down the river bank, where a Montagnard Indian awaited him in a birch-bark canoe.

"Good luck to you," said Louis Latoche.

'Poleon turned round as he grasped the peak of the canoe, and laughed again, this time defiantly.

"You mean to say: 'I hope you will get drowned in the first rapids.' But au revoir, Louis."

He got into the canoe, and Louis watched him and the Indian paddle up stream, into the wide, wild North.

That was the last that Louis Latoche ever saw of 'Poleon Desbarres in the flesh. But often when his turn came at the wheel on a starry night, or when in a calm the sunset glow bathed the St. Clair flats in the hues of dreamland, the picture would come before his mind of his rival 'Poleon as he saw him that last time—tall, and strong as a young bull, with unkempt sandy hair loose about his face, and his hazel eyes alight with scornful defiance.

All the spring and summer, and late into the fall, Louis sailed up and down the Great Lakes on the little trading-schooner of which he was the mate. The first snow flurries had fallen when he made his way to the great stern river of the north. The young man's imagination dwelt lingeringly upon the vision of Henriette; but mindful of his pledge to his rival, he did not at once go home to his own village of St. Pierre de Beaupre. On New Year's Day—come snow, come shine—he and his rival would be back to prove their fate. But till then their oath held them. Therefore Louis went to visit with an uncle ten miles lower down the river.

The Old Year died on a day of lowering clouds. At noon the wintry sun showed a cold, dead disc through the leaden atmosphere, then faded and was seen no more. The wind, dubious and uncertain, sprang up time and again with a sudden howl as of a spirit in distress, shaking the snow from the gaunt

A SINGLE SOAP FOR BOTH LAUNDRY AND HOUSEHOLD—FROM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

MONDAY—that's wash day; then Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday each demand soap for their own particular purposes—and even on Sunday the dishes have to be washed.

Sunlight Soap is the household soap—the soap for every need of every housewife.

Sunlight Soap has in it just that quality tone to dissolve the dirt and wash all kinds of clothes pure and clean so that either hard or soft lukewarm water can be used.

There is no free alkali or chemicals in Sunlight to injure fabrics, hands, woodwork or anything on which it may be used; there are no unsaponified fats to leave grease or musty odors. Nor is there a single trace of foreign —bleaching or cleansing—acids of any kind in it; Sunlight is free from "loading" or "filling" materials. We will pay $5,000 to anyone proving otherwise. That offer has been standing for years now—and no one has ever taken it up yet!

Sunlight Soap leaves clothes snow-white and clean-smelling without boiling or rubbing—leaves woodwork with all the pristine lustre that it had the day your house was built and with no blue, soapy scum over it—makes common glassware sparkle and glisten like cut-glass—washes every particle of grease from dishes and leaves them perfectly clean to dry without polishing until your arms are tired.

5c

Use Sunlight Soap according to directions—try it just once—and convince yourself that it will do twice as much as other soaps.

USE SUNLIGHT SOAP THIS WAY

Do not use boiling water with Sunlight Soap—lukewarm water is sufficient. Hot water weakens fabrics, removes paint and is liable to crack chinaware. For washing dishes, rinse well in hot water after washing—it will help to dry them quickly.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

A Man is as Old as he Feels!

But if he LOOKS old, he is reckoned old without a chance to prove he's young.

Without Toupee.

The world has no place for OLD MEN—who LOOK OLD.

Protect yourself, your health and avoid that feeling of sensitiveness among your friends by wearing a

Dorenwend Sanitary Toupee

Light, natural looking, easily adjusted; they give the head the natural protection necessary to perfect health.

With Toupee.

Order by mail. Perfect fit and satisfaction GUARANTEED. Write for Free Catalogue No. 22.

The Dorenwend Co. of Toronto, Ltd.
103-5 Yonge Street, Toronto

Send us $5.50

Receive post paid this all wool serge dress. The waist is made just as pictured with sailor collar trimmed with braid and designs silk tie in front. The skirt is made in the new pleated style trimmed with 6 satin buttons. The material is all wool serge in black, navy, dark green, dark brown, and dark red, a heavy all wool material suitable for winter wear. This suit is beautifully made and is bound to fit and please you. We can supply same suit in all wool Panama in same shades as serge at $5.50, and in rich heavy velveteen in same shades at $9.50.

Give inches around argest part of bust, ength of sleeve inside seam and neck measure also inches around smallest part of waist and largest part of hips also length of skirt in front. Order this beautiful suit to-day. Order suit No. 6. Add 35c for postage.

Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Canada.

FREE BOOK FOR HUNTERS AND TRAPPERS

Send 5c for CAMP AND TRAIL, a great 24 page weekly; or 10c for HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER, a big 160 page magazine; both devoted to fishing, hunting, trapping, etc. With either one we'll give you absolutely free, a 64 page book, "Hints for Hunters and Trappers." Contains all the fur and game laws, many hunting and trapping secrets. Worth hundreds of dollars. A. R. HARDING PUB. CO., Box 659, Columbus, Ohio

YOUR SKATES SHARPENED

and kept sharpened ALL WINTER by the LITTLE WONDER hand machine.

Great success - 50c. It saves you dollars, E. HANRAHAN, 125 14 St. Brandon, Man.

When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

black forest trees: then it subsided into an oppressive silence.

"If I were you, I would not go," said Louis' uncle, peering from the window upon the desolate sky; "it will be a wild night."

"Have no fear," said Louis Latoche in the pride of his youth and strength; "I know the way."

"I do not like the sound of the wind," the elder man insisted. "Louis, be advised, and stay until the morning."

"I must go," persisted his nephew.

"I know you," his uncle smiled. "It is of that girl of Manon's with, her brown eyes and rosy lips, that you are thinking. Be assured good wine will keep, mon gar."

"'Poleon Desbarres will be there," said Louis. "St Mitchel himself would not keep 'Poleon from the fete of the Jour de l'An. Uncle, you do not understand how the thing is between us. I tell you, I must go."

His Majesty the King and his only daughter, Princess Mary.

The end of it was that Louis dressed himself in his best, and putting on over his fete dress his warm seaman's jacket, slipped his moccasined feet into the loops of his snow-shoes and started on his ten-mile journey. At the door his uncle put a gun into his hands.

"They say the wolves are about," he warned the young man. Pere Sebastien saw two last week, so early in the season. Be careful, Louis and keep along the river where you can see the way."

It was still a dull gray daylight when the young man set forth. The winter road over the hard, dry snow was good, and for a time he made rapid progress.

Then, while the uncertain wind continued its intermittent dirge, the snow began to fall, almost imperceptibly at first. Soon, as the spirits of the storm rushed from their lairs, it whirled in blinding clouds of paralyzing white dust round about him, sweeping with a sound like a brush along the frozen roadway, cutting his face with its icy touch.

Louis was no stranger to the wintry woods, and he fought his way doggedly onward, pulling his fur cap low over his ears, and taking a small "coup" from a flask of whisky he carried.

More and more furious grew the storm, and deeper and deeper the drifts. It was impossible to see two yards through the whirling snow-fog around him, and in vain his eyes, shrinking from the pitiless needles of the frost, sought the friendly lights of St. Pierre de Beaupre. The path was long since obliterated; the going was heavier every minute. Louis realized too late that he was lost in the tempest.

There was but one hope for him. Fighting blindly along, he stumbled on a spot where under some great tree trunks the snow-drifts lay less heavily than elsewhere. In his desperate straits the place seemed made for him. He scooped himself a hole in the snow and crept in.

Long he lay in the comparative warmth of his strange retreat listening to the tempest, which howled in the forest trees around him as though all the fiends of hell were riding on the gale. Louis fell into a reverie, regretfully conjuring up pictures of the festive scene in the house of Josef Manon—the sound of the great viol, the young men and girls ncing the Old Year out and the New Year in.

Something warm brushing by his face aroused him. A red fox had crept through the already narrowed opening

BEAUTIFUL
FUR TURBAN

Made of Black Coney Skins, trimmed black osprey.

SPECIAL FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

(Value $10.00) **$6.00**

H. B. ORKIN
259 Portage Avenue Winnipeg

CLARK'S
CONCENTRATED SOUPS
Chateau Brand

Dinner making is simplified and dinner pleasure increased by using Clarks Concentrated Soups.

Add hot water and ready to use.

Get a list of these soups from your dealer.

Wm. Clark, Montreal

Manufacturer of High Grade Food Specialties.

of his retreat. Louis put out his hand and touched the creature. Instead of resenting the touch, it whined like a dog in trouble, and drew closer to him.

"Its den is choked up," thought Louis, and in sympathy stroked the head of the frightened animal. He took another nip from his whisky flask and strove to keep himself from falling asleep in the growing warmth of his snow-nest.

Hark! What was that? The red fox quivered from its head to the tip of its bushy tail, and Louis started and listened hard. The sound came again, penetrating and weird, like the cry of the wild goose as it passes southward in the fall. But when did wild goose fly on a midwinter night?

Louis brushed the sweat from his forehead and listened as though his soul were in his ears. A third time came the cry, high over the tree-tops, out of the northwest sky, closer and closer with the rush of the wind. Was it words that he heard, and the sound of singing—over the tree-tops, out of the northwest sky? Holy Virgin, what chorus was that?

"Un Canayen errant,
Banni de ses foyers,
Parcourait en pleurant
Des pays etrangers....

"Si tu vois mon pays,
Mon pays malheureux,
Va, dis a mes amis
Que je me souviens d'eux."

"Hello, Louis, hello! Ha-ha!"

The voice, and the long sandy hair, and the reckless laugh! It was the wraith of his rival that called his name.

"Hello, 'Poleon," said Louis.

"Come up here, Louis," called the phantom. "Come and steer for us, old friend. It is a long way that we have paddled, all the way from Saskatchewan tonight; and dead men's arms grow tired, mon gar'."

Louis had crawled out of his retreat. His limbs well-nigh failed beneath him.

"I have lost my way," he faltered; "I do not know the bearings in the storm."

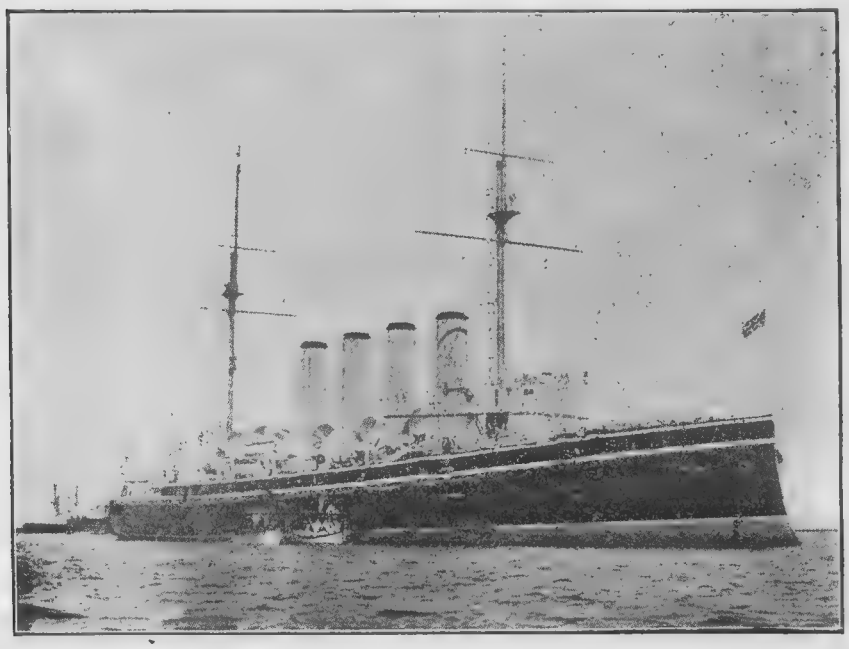
"To be sure—a devil of a night! But see, we have a merry corpse-candle to light us, Louis."

Sure enough, in the prow of the canoe a pale light flickered, unquenched by the raging gale.

"Up here you can see lights," said 'Poleon. "Maybe 'tis St. Pierre. Make haste, Louis."

The specters leaned over the side of the canoe and beckoned.

Louis crossed himself. Before he realized what had occurred he was sitting in the stern of the canoe, with the steering-paddle in hand. Far away, below the canoe and the swaying tree-tops, he discerned through the swirling snow-clouds a faint twinkle of lights. Thitherward he steered the canoe, while the ghostly crew again made his heart quake with the sound of their mournful song.



H.M.C.S. Niobe Canada's First Battleship

The slow, sad minor of the old chanson came weirdly out of the night on the wings of the storm. Louis Latoche trembled in every limb. Dragging himself to the opening, he forced himself to look out.

"Hello, Louis, hello!"

His own name, in a voice that he remembered; a voice from the storm-racked sky that paralyzed him with fear!

"Hello, Louis, hello!" came the hail again.

Louis looked up. High overhead, through the storm and the snow, a great canoe hung in mid-air; and as soon as he saw it Louis knew that it came from the great northland, and that the men who sat in it were no living men. Cold terror clutched at his heart as he recalled the old story of the phantom Chasse Gal'rie which brings back the dead men on New Year's Eve, to kiss the girls of their heart and to dance unseen at the old fireside.

He stared at the ghostly crew. Through the whirling snow he recognized one and all in their dress of hardy voyageurs. All of them, at one time or another, had gone out from this district into the wild northland, and none of them had ever returned. Dead men all, yet there they sat and trolled out to the savage winter night the old canoeing song.

But Louis trembled most at the sight of him who held the paddle in the stern of the canoe. The long hair hung down like an Indian's on his neck.

"O jours si pleins d'appas,
Vous etes disparus;
Et ma patrie, helas!
Je ne la verrai plus!"

"Time to have a little drink," said 'Poleon, as they glided toward the lights. A black bottle passed from one to another, and each as he drank cried "Salut!" to the rest.

The black bottle came to Louis last, and having crossed himself again, he essayed to drink. But nothing came from the bottle. The crew of phantoms laughed.

"Dead men's wine is good wine, hein, Louis?" said Desbarres.

Louis was mortally cold—from fear and from the storm.

But the sound of voices ascended. The lights were below them. It was St. Pierre de Beaupre.

"Chez Manon," ordered 'Poleon with a leer.

The canoe hovered outside the door of Henriette's father. The phantom crew disembarked, and in diverse directions faded quickly away through the village.

"Stay with the canoe. Don't let it blow away," said 'Poleon with sudden anger. His eyes flashed and he gave his rival a push. It was as though the push sapped all the young man's strength, and he fell back in the canoe.

But very soon the deadly cold overcame all other influences, and he sat up in the canoe trying to persuade himself that he was dreaming. The lights shone

Get the kidneys well and avoid most ills

NEARLY two-thirds of the diseases that afflict mankind can be traced to kidney troubles and faulty action of the urinary organs. Naturally, for the kidneys are the body's blood-filter. It is their function to strain from the blood all poisonous or waste matter. This dangerous stuff must be carried off by the urinary system—and it cannot be unless the kidneys work freely, actively, healthily. Unless they do work so, the kidney's solvent secretion—uric acid—gets into the blood—and then beware of rheumatism, backaches, headaches, and worse—even dread and deadly Bright's disease or diabetes. Then avoid clogged kidneys—keep them clean—flush them and tone them regularly with Dr. Clark's Sweet Nitre Pills—the harmless, direct-acting, certain remedy that will keep your kidneys and bladder healthy IF YOU TAKE THEM IN TIME.

SOLD EVERYWHERE OR MAILED DIRECT

The box is twice as big as this picture

The Martin, Bole & Wynne Co.
Winnipeg, Canada

These pills are a specific—not a "shot-gun" hit-or-miss remedy. They act directly upon the kidneys, and keep them and the urinary tract in perfect health and vigor. They are purely vegetable; quick to act; sure to benefit. You should never be without them in the house or when travelling. Especially beneficial to women. 34

from Josef Manon's windows, the music came clear on the frosty air. Louis got out of the canoe and pushed it among some bushes.

A large barn adjoined the Manon homestead. With chattering teeth Louis made his way into the barn, and for a few minutes lay in the grateful warmth, recovering his sensations. High up in the wall dividing the barn from the home a beam of light shone up to the roof from a small glazed window that served as a feeble illuminant; by and by Louis mustered his courage sufficiently to clamber up on a heap of firewood and peep into the living-room.

In the solid, companionable barn his fears had somewhat abated; but lo! on an empty chair near the fire sat 'Poleon Desbarres, wild and weird as he had appeared in the canoe. He sat with his elbows on his knees and his hairy chin in his hands, and he stared at Henriette as she sat at the other side of the room. Nobody seemed to see 'Poleon. Least of all did the young girl appear to be conscious of his presence.

The big viol scraped again. A dance was just beginning. 'Poleon rose and stalked across the room toward Henriette. He approached quite close to where she sat laughing and joking with the others. No one looked up at him.

"They do not see him!" thought Louis. "O, mon Dieu, what does it mean?"

'Poleon stooped over the girl. "He will dance with her and kiss her." though Louis. Suddenly the conviction came to him that if once 'Poleon got his arm round Henriette, she was lost.

All in a momen Henriette gasped and stood up, deadly pale, her hand to her heart. 'Poleon put out his arm.

From his watching place Louis Latoche gave a great cry. He raised his hand to strike at the intervening glass. His foot slipped on the loose logs, and with a loud crash he rolled to the ground.

When he came to himself he was lying before the stove. Old Josef Manon was chafing his hands and pouring whisky between his lips and Henriette was leaning over him, while the company stood around.

"'Poleon—the canoe!" cried Louis wildly.

"Poor boy, he wanders," said old Josef. "But what an escape! Had he lain another half-hour, bonsoir Louis Latoche!"

Louis sat up and starred round. The company, the viol player, all were there, all save 'Poleon Desbarres. At the back of the room old Monsieur Jarreau, the doctor, whom he had not noticed before, was taking off his great coonskin overcoat, like a bear emerging from its skin.

"It must have been a presentiment," Henriette often used to say to her husband in the after days. "I had such a strange feeling. For a moment I thought I should die. And then in came Monsieur Jarreau with my poor, dear Louis, nearly frozen, on his sleigh. It was lucky the good doctor was called out that bad night.'

And as for Louis Latoche, he went fearfully the next morning to the barn and found the stacked lumber all in a tumbled confusion below the little window.

But the mystery of that night was never made clear to him.

It is only in these latter years that he has told the story; for when he spoke about it to the priest, the good father counseled him to say nothing to his wife.

The priest is dead long since, and Louis Latoche is such an old, old man that it is hard to get at the truth of the matter and nowadays even in the Province of Quebec, few people believe in La Chasse Gal'rie. Nevertheless, it is very strange.

Ready to cut the Monarchs throat, Swan River, Man.

Canada Cement Company reduces prices.

The price of cement has been lowered. This announcement may come as a surprise to many—for, when Mergers merge, the opposite tendency is usually looked for, but this time the unexpected has happened.

About a year ago, most of the largest cement interests joined hands and formed one Company, known as The Canada Cement Company, Limited. It was immediately predicted in many quarters that prices would be advanced, that on account of the big Merger the consumer would have to pay dear for his cement in future. The promoters of the Company, on the other hand, stoutly contested this theory, pointing out that owing to reduction of expenses and increased efficiency, they hoped to be able to give even cheaper cement than ever before.

The first move on the part of the cement company was to regulate the price of its product, and it was an agreeable surprise to everyone when it was learned that in making the adjustment prices were not unduly advanced. That was last year.

On the 1st of November, this year, a circular was sent out by the Canada Cement Company further reducing the price of its product throughout the entire Dominion on the average of about 10c. per barrel.

This reduction means a whole lot, and proves beyond doubt the sincerity of the statements made by the promoters when the Company was yet in embryo.

Special Notice.

On and after December 15th, the subscription price of the Western Home Monthly will be $1.00 a year or three years for $2.00.

THE FINEST STEEL RANGE ON LEGS IN THE WORLD

Range like this complete

$37.35

Sold Direct to you

MONITOR
STOVES AND RANGES
Best for 90 Years

Look for this name on a Stove and you are sure to be right, it represents everything that is good in Stove Makers' Art.

Do you want the best ?
Do you want latest and most approved designs ?
Do you want satisfaction ?
Do you want to Save from $10.00 to $40.00?

Thirty days' Trial to Prove It

Would you like to know of the Genuine Open Hearth Iron, a rust proof iron, now used for first time, superior to steel or any other metal ever used in stove construction, we use it in our

"Silver and Omaha Monitor Ranges"

and for your name on a post card we will send you our STOVE CATALOG FREE, illustrating the best line of Ranges and Heaters ever sold direct to you with a copy of a test of "Open Hearth Iron" Steel, and Charcoal Iron, showing why "Open Hearth Iron is far superior."

It is to your advantage whether you require a Range or Heater to write us to-day

C. S. Judson Co., 288 Princess St., Winnipeg, Man.

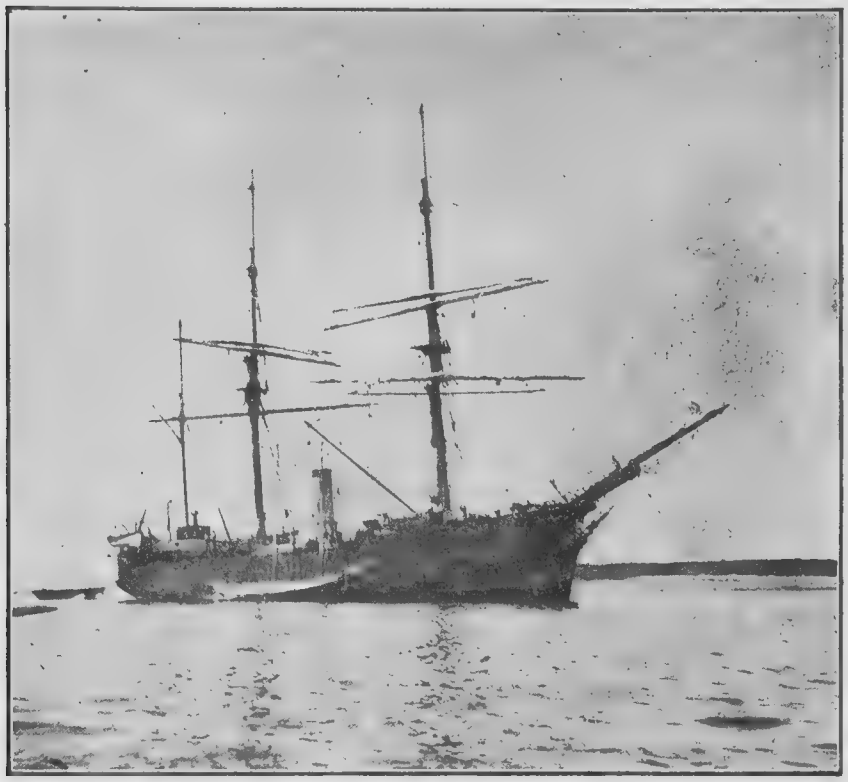
The Hudson Bay Route.

The Canadian Northwest Highway to Europe.

By W. Beach.

A Graphic and Interesting Account of the Author's Personal Experience and Observations During Several Years' Residence at Fort Churchill While He and His Family Were the Only Whites There.

AT A time when the Hudson Bay route to Europe as an outlet for the vast commerce, which some day in the near future must be created within the Canadian West, has focussed the attention of the entire nation upon itself by reason of the fact that several parties of government engineers have been engaged for several months, and are now engaged, in locating the railway line to the Bay; and at a time when the construction of this road as a government enterprise which will assure control of rates, is a certainty, it will be decidedly interesting for us to examine the arguments in favour of this project and also the natural conditions which will govern operation of this great avenue of transportation. In doing this I shall not only advance facts learned by personal observations during four years' residence at Fort Churchill on the shores of Hudson's Bay, but I shall confirm these by quoting from the opinions of gentlemen who have a wide, practical knowledge of the problems of Northern navigation covering every season of the year.



Hudson's Bay Co.'s Steamer "Pelican" in Fort Churchill Harbor, 290 tons net register.

Results will justify it. Just as the Canadian Pacific Railway at its first inception was ridiculed as an impracticable and impressible project, so now there are those who see similar difficulties and objections to the scheme we are about to consider, particularly the Toronto Globe under date of April 12, 1910. Fortunately there are very few of such critics in the West, where transportation has always been the most serious problem facing our remarkable development. But just as results have justified the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, now the greatest and most powerful corporation probably in the commercial world, so surely will time and results justify the Hudson Bay railway.

Strong endorsation.

Among those who have endorsed it are Captain Kennedy, formerly a commissioned officer who made an Arctic trip in search of late Sir John Franklin of the Hudson Bay Company; Messrs Leacock & Nelson, two famous explorers and writers of a quarter of a century ago; Dr. Bell, the redoubt-able Captain Bernier, and the skippers of the whaling and sealing fleets, and of the vessels of the two great trading companies, whose duties and occupation take them annually on voyages through those northern waters.

The Hudson Bay route is a subject which has already evoked such a large amount of discussion and developed so much evidence in its favor that I feel as though the matter is well-nigh exhausted, and that I can add but little to what has been said and written. But nevertheless my years of residence there on the shores of the bay, and my somewhat varied experience, may add considerable weight to what I have to say. (There are many diverging interests involved, and it is therefore of the highest importance that the actual facts of the practicability and utility of the road be placed clearly before the people whose future welfare and even prosperity are so closely associated with it and so largely affected by the ultimate success or failure of the enterprise.)

Easy Grades and Cheap Construction:

Construction of the road presents two important points for consideration, namely, the conditions of land, and of sea transport. The surveyors who have traversed the route to Fort Churchill, in the interests of private corporations, the Norquay commission, and the pres-

Flow Ice in Straits.

TO many women the most puzzling problem that Christmas brings is, "What shall I get him?

The list of possibilities seems surprisingly small, and as you run over them, and over them again, nothing seems to quite suit. It is *so much harder* to buy for a man than for a woman.

Wait a minute!

Have you thought of the Gillette Safety Razor?

That's a gift worth while.

A Gillette, whether Standard Set, Pocket Edition or Combination Set, in gold or silver plate or gun metal finish, *looks good*—and *is good*. To the man who has used the open-blade razor or a make-shift safety, the Gillette is a revelation of comfort and convenience.

"But," you object, "he always goes to the barber."

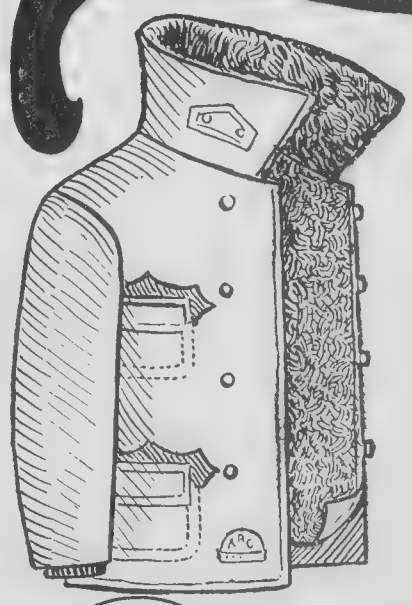
Does he? Then he wastes a week's time or more every year, to say nothing of money. The Gillette will give him a clean, comfortable shave in three minutes, every morning in the year.

You see the Gillette habit is well worth encouraging.

Your hardware dealer, druggist or jeweler can show you a splendid selection of Gillettes.

Standard Sets, $5. Pocket Editions, $5. to $6.
Combination Sets from $6.50 up.

Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada Limited
Office and Factory, 63 St. Alexander St., Montreal. 199H



Warm Wear

Here is the Coat for warmth, comfort, service, hard usage. Double-lined with tough sheepskin and fleecy thick wool, wind-proof in bitterest weather. Sleeves heavily lined and rubber interlined, with knit tight-fit wrists. Extra-high storm collar fits snug to throat and face—not a chance for the wind or snow to get in. Sheepskin fly-front protects chest.

YOU WILL LIKE

CLARKE'S
Sheepskin Lined
COATS

Pockets won't rip—leather armored. Cut on generous lines, nothing skimped, full shoulders, ample sleeves. Clasps can be closed or opened without removing gloves. Yet priced most moderately. Look for the trademark.

A. R. CLARKE & CO., Limited, Toronto, Canada
Makers of hard-service gloves, mitts, moccasins, etc.

ARC BRAND

14

The S.S. "Adventure" at anchor in Churchill River. Captain C. C. Couch in command.

ent Dominion Government, are agreed on the important fact which they have established beyond argument, that this railway can be built at about the same cost as ordinary railway construction. There are no engineering difficulties to be overcome, no cuttings of importance, and no tunnelling is required. The country is quite devoid of high hills and has an incline of about 20 inches in the mile towards the bay which would assure easy grades; and at the same time permit the drainage of the surface water which accumulates in many muskegs, and convert these same areas into rich pasture lands. Timber suitable for ties can be secured along almost the entire route—a very important factor in railway building. Indeed, it would appear from the reports of the engineers that it is possible to secure not only one of the best, but also one of the cheapest roadbeds in America. And over and above every consideration towers the one outstanding fact of commercial importance—the remarkable short haul to tide water from the heart of an inland agricultural empire.

Four Months' Navigation.

The navigation of the Hudson Bay and strait between July 10th and 20th to the first week in November is a question so entirely beyond argmuent, or dispute that it seems very strange that in the last few years we should hear so much about the dangers with which transportation is brought there. The persistency of these reports, in the face of evidence to the contrary, would indicate that they are being circulated by interested parties with a view to keeping the natural seaport of these western provinces closed for a further period.

The Steamer Pelican

At the present time the Hudson Bay Company's steamer Pelican, a little craft with a net displacement of only 2990 tons, and built 32 years ago by the Admiralty at Davenport in 1877 plied the waters of the bay. She has auxillary steam power, but it is only used when navigating the narrow waters of Hudson Strait, through which she has to pass to reach the waters of the Hudson Bay. The Pelican was originally a British gunboat, as the irregular outline of her hull suggests.

This vessel goes into Churchill every year carrying the supplies for the forts and bringing out the valuable cargo of furs.

Now if that tiny and ancient little trader can negotiate the Hudson Bay route it is reasonable to contend that the modern leviathans would have no difficulty during at least four months in the year, say from July 10th to November 10th which is giving it the minimum, and this time of four months is without any friendly light-houses to guide them on their way. I am perfectly satisfied that navigation on the Hudson Bay, and the straits could be made feasible for five months in the year from July 1st to October 1st, by having light-houses erected at the following points, viz;—at the entrance to the harbor, at Churchill, Goats Island, Mansfield, Digger, Nottingham, Charles, and Button Islands and at the entrance to the straits. With these lights the Hudson Bay would be navigable for almost the same time as Montreal.

Navigation Dates.

On October 20th, 1905, I had the pleasure of seeing the steamer "Neptune," (Captain Bartlett,) come into the Churchill river; and during my conversation with the captain I remarked upon it being late for him to be in those northern waters. He replied that he wished it was the 10th of November so that he might make a record in going through the bay and straits. If I mistake not the Neptune was built in 1870, and is consequently not of a late design.

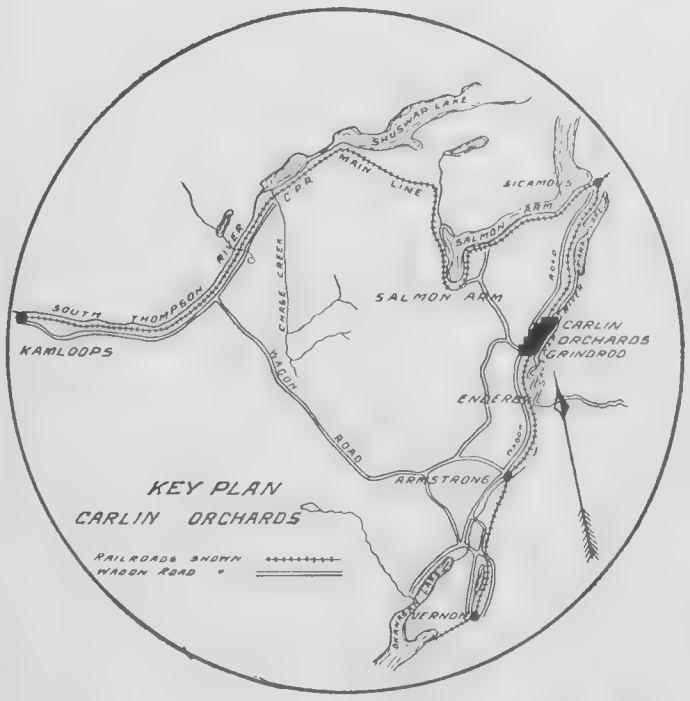
On October 1st, 1906, the steamer "Adventure" left Churchill for Newfoundland, and she made the voyage in safety, making the trip in 10 days, with only one boiler working.

Date of Closing of Churchill River.

As I have previously said, I have been at Chruchill during the fall of four successive years, 1905-6-7-8 in the months of October and November which I regard as the most important time of the

R.N.W.M. Police Barracks, Fort Churchill. Erected 1796. (Tide out).

British Columbia Fruit Land



Fruit growing in British Columbia offers greater inducements to the investor and greater advantages to the farmer than any other industry.

This is a rapidly growing Province, which means an ever increasing local market besides on account of the wonderful showing of B. C. Fruit in this country, the United States and England, the big markets of the world are fast making a great demand for our products.

Fruit growing is an advantageous occupation, it is an interesting art, and there is no drudgery.

In B.C. with its beautiful climate, no high winds, no extreme cold, the conditions for fruit growing are ideal.

THE OKANAGAN VALLEY is by far the richest fruit section in B. C. The recent Apple Show in Vancouver demonstrated beyond doubt, that for color, quality and flavor the Okanagan Valley produces the best.

Carlin Orchards

A beautiful tract of land in the Upper Okanagan Valley.

It fronts on the Okanagan Branch of the C. P. R. and the Shuswap River, and Grindrod Railway Station is on the property.

This has been sub-divided and is offered to you at prices and terms that can never be equalled in B.C.

The district requires no irrigation.

The soil is fertile.

The cost of clearing and cultivating is extremely low.

Price $110 to $145 per Acre

¼ Cash, Balance 1, 2 and 3 Years.

The higher priced land cleared and ready for planting.

Carlin Orchards on account of its wonderful advantages and extremely low price is being rapidly taken up. This is the best opportunity B.C. has to offer you to-day, and you owe it to yourself to act at once. We urge you therefore to investigate Carlin Orchards immediately. A line to us and we will forward you reliable illustrated information. Ask for pamphlet "M."

Rogers, Black & McAlpine, 524 Pender Street W, Vancouver, B.C.

Hudson's Bay Co.'s Whaling Station at Fort Churchill

year for taking observations as to navigation on the Bay, because it is possible then to note the closing dates. In 1905 when I left Churchill for Winnipeg on November 9th, the harbor was still open. In 1906 the harbor closed on November 28th. The following year the closing date was November 17th, and last year 1908, it closed November 21st.

The Bay is Always Navigable.

With regard to Hudson Bay itself, it is open for navigation 365 days in every year. The evidence of whalers and sealers amply corroborate this statement. They go out there sometimes in March and remain until September, and if the bay is open to them it is open to every class of vessel which is sea-going. (Of course, you will nearly always see floating ice in the bay and along the shores extending out from a quarter of a mile to a mile, but beyond this floe ice, there is always clear, open water. The amount of the ice barrier, if such it may be called, depends upon the direction of the wind. It is this ice moving but to the Atlantic that presents the only real difficulty to navigation of the straits during June and the early part of July. It is never a solid mass, as it is broken up in passing between the islands which abound there in Fox's channel and by action of the waves. It is, however, held together by the force of wind and currents to such an extent that it presents an obstacle to sailing vessels, but not necessarily to a steamer. Any detention which might occur would not likely extend over a few hours in any event, and detention could only occur with incoming vessels, as those outgoing would float with the ice pack and would have no obstruction.

Harbor Facilities at Churchill.

The harbor facilities in such a highway of commerce are of the utmost importance also, but they are to be found at Churchill and are of almost unrivalled excellence.

Expert Testimony.

The river at its mouth is from a half to five-eights of a mile wide. Two points of rock some 20 feet above high water mark stand on each side of the river, the one on the western side extending half a mile further north than the one on the eastern thus closing the natural and land-locked harbor from any storm which may be raging in the bay.

The depth of water in the harbor is sufficient to float the largest ocean steamer. At the entrance there is 78 feet of water; three-quarters of a mile up the river there is 42 feet of water; and oneha-lf mile above there is 25 feet of water at low tide. The rise and fall of the tide is from ten to 13 feet, and the channel is the same width at low and high tides.

River Runs Through Solid Rock.

The river has the distinction of being the only river on the west coast which runs through solid rock, and about half a mile up it forms into a lagoon a mile and a half wide. I have seen the steamship Adventurer coming into the harbor on September 15 of this year, —1908, at full speed, and drawing 17½ feet of water, and I have seen her anchored one mile up from the river mouth in 32½ feet of low tide.

The ice forming in the bay from the shore entirely depends on the depth of the water. At Churchill where the water is deep it doesn't extend more than half a mile from the shore, while at York on account of the lesser depth of the water it forms fast on the bottom and piles up mountains high and extends for from 5 to 10 miles out.

Relative Distances to Markets.

Judging from all reports, a harbor such as that of Churchill would have the advantage over Quebec and Montreal in connecting directly with the open sea. The following figures will afford some idea of the relative distances, all of which are in favor of the route by Churchill as being a great shortening in the land transportation route. Regina to Montreal, 1,772 miles; Regina to Churchill, 740 miles. Difference in length 1,032 miles. Winnipeg to Montreal, 1,425 miles; Winnipeg to Churchill, 725 miles. Difference 700 miles. Prince Albert to Montreal, 1,875 miles; Prince Albert to Churchill, 700 miles. Difference 1,175 miles. Edmonton to Montreal, 2250 miles. Edmonton to Churchill, 1130 miles. Difference 1120 miles. Calgary to Montreal, 2300 miles; Calgary to Churchill, 120 miles. Difference 1100 miles. Montreal to Liverpool, 3,000 miles; Churchill to Liverpool, 2,926 miles. Difference, 74 miles. New York to Liverpool, 3,040 miles; Churchill to Liverpool, 2,926 miles. Difference, 114 miles. St. Paul, Minn. to Liverpool via New York, 4,249 miles; St. Paul, Minn, to Liverpool via Churchill, 4,096 miles. Difference, 144 miles. Duluth via New York to Liverpool, 4,201 miles; Duluth

Norway House.

Fairweather's

Your Christmas Store

Christmas is just around the corner. Months and months ago we planned to make this the West's most useful gift store and we have far exceeded our highest expectations.

Our out-of-town customers have always found this store's service prompt, courteous and efficient. This month we have greatly increased our mail order department to attend to your Christmas needs. Depend upon us to give you the same careful attention through the mails as if you were here in person. Make this store your store.

Christmas Furs

Nothing under the sun, perhaps, will make a woman happier than to find a big warm fur coat or a neck fur or muff among her gifts. But you will not get the right kinds in many places. We buy and select the raw skins and have them made-up in our own fur-factory, so we know they are as good as the best workman can make them, besides saving the middle-man's profit. Furs. Fondest dreams of rich apparel will be realized in these.

Ladies' Sets

Ermine	$75.00	to	$300.00
Black Fox	80.00	to	200.00
Oppossum	40.00	to	200.00
Persian Lamb	35.00	to	125.00
Mink Sets	55.00	to	250.00

Ladies' Coats

Ladies' Alaska Sea Coats—$250.00 to $750.00.

Ladies' Persian Lamb Coars—$175.00 to $550.00.

Ladies' Russian Pony Coats, extra quality and 50 inches long—$85.00.

Caracul and Fine Astrachan Coats—$75.00.

Ladies' Fur-lined Coats—$50.00 to $275.00.

Children's Furs

A very comprehensive gathering of all the best fur garments for the little tots are here for Santa Claus:—

Australian Coon Coats $18.00 to $25.00.
Russian Otter Coats from $32.50.
Extra-fine Muskrat Coats at $50.00.
Iceland Lamb Coats—$13.00.
White Coney Coats—$10.00.

Child's fur caps in all styles from $2.50 to $5.00.

Handsome Waists

FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON

Space forbids a lengthy description. We can simply say that nowhere outside of the largest eastern fashion centres is a wider or more beautiful gathering.

Exquisite models in Paisley lined with silk, silver and gold net veiled with chiffon and trimmed with Persian. Xmas Special, $7.50.

Charming waists in Chiffon in the very latest ideas, trimmed with insertion and ribbon in sky, white, grey and navy. Xmas Special, $10.00.

Dressing Gowns

Where is the woman who wouldn't crave one of these handsome dressing gowns, direct importations in the very latest Empire and Kimona styles? Not one, for they are beauties and most acceptable as a gift from one lady to another.

Silk and satin gowns in plain and floral designs—bewitching colorings. $7.50 to $33.00.

Eiderdown gowns in fancy conventional designs, self-trimmed and all shades. $5.75 to $7.50.

Ladies' Gloves Very Acceptable Gifts

A pair of our fine quality Paris gloves is an ideal and most acceptable gift. They are here in all the newest shades in fine kid and best makes—per pair, $1.50.
Silk-lined cape and swede gloves in black, grey and tan. Per pair, $2.00.
Put up in a dainty holiday box all ready for presentation.

LADIES' HOSIERY

Only the very finest makes are to be found here, direct importations from the most famous factories in the old land. Practical, sensible gifts that we pack in a dainty Christmas box. Silk hose in all shades to match any gown. Per pair, $2.50 to $5.00.

Fancy Lisle hose in embroidered amd lace ankles and fancy checks. Per pair, 50c. to $1.00.

HANDKERCHIEFS

The ever acceptable gifts and here in thousands of the finest makes only. A single handkerchief or a half-dozen will be an ideal gift to any lady. From the pure Irish sheer linen kinds at 30c. to $1.00 each to the real lace beauties from $1.50 each and up.

You will always find the best Men's Furs Here

Our own expert furriers have selected personally every skin, tested its quality and our own clever designers and cutters built every fur coat, cap and gauntlet in this establishment. The very best is assured.

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Men's Beaver Coats, plucked or unplucked—$250.00 to $400.00.
And a complete line of fur caps, detachable collars and gauntlets.

HAND BAGS
Another suggestion in which we will solve many a gift problem. Every new shape and design here. $3.50-$18 50

Fairweather & Co. Ltd.

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Another starts hard or races—begins to slack up the minute the load is on—jumps or misses fire when work is heavy—needs watching and tinkering all the time and is in the scrap heap before it has paid for itself.

There are few engines like the first—there are many like the other—either wholly or in part.

I H C Gasoline Engines

have proved their ability to give perfect service for every use under all conditions. Years of experience have proved the superiority of both their design and material.

I H C parts are all as simple as possible—each more than strong enough.

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I H C parts are all perfectly designed and matched—guaranteeing better, longer, cheaper service.

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No matter what kind of an engine you need—from 1 to 35-horse power, vertical or horizontal, stationary, portable, or traction, air or water cooled—you will find in the I H C line just what you are looking for.

You can find no better power to operate the cream separator, wood saw, feed cutter, churn, washing machine, grindstone, fanning mill, thresher, and other farm machines; also your water system and electric lighting plant.

See the I H C local dealer at once, or, if you prefer, write nearest branch house for catalogue and full particulars.

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What is it? A clearing house of agricultural data. What does it do? Helps farmers to help themselves. How can it be used? By sending your farm problems and puzzling questions to the Bureau. We are co-operating with the highest agricultural authorities, and every source of information will be made available to solve your difficulties. We shall be pleased to have an opportunity to assist you. Write the I H C Service Bureau.

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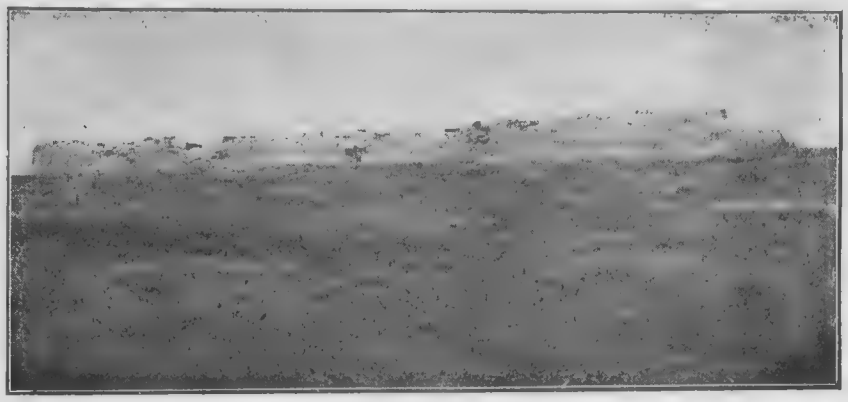

Old Fort Prince of Wales.

via Churchill to Liverpool, 3,728 miles. Difference, 473 miles.

Means Cheaper Rates.

These figures speak for themselves, when it is realized how much more expensive transportation by rail is than transportation by water.

If the people of the three western provinces could see what I have witnessed in the Churchill river in September 16, 1909, they would raise the price of farm lands to $50 to $75 per acre. I have seen three ocean going vessels anchored in the Churchill river at the same time and this is only 700 miles from Regina, in the centre of the great Canadian wheat belt. And there was room for many more.

Advantages of Churchill.

I contend that the Churchill harbor and the north part of the Hudson Bay, say from Cape Churchill north, is open three weeks earlier for navigation than any other part of the bay south of Cape Churchill.

Reasons for This.

From Chesterfield inlet on the west coast of the Bay there is a very strong current going down the bay to Cape Henrietta Maria, the entrance of James bay. This current crosses over to the Whale river on the east main coast. It is this current which causes the Hudson Bay south of Cape Churchill to be blocked with ice for three weeks later than Churchill. Capt. C. C. Couch of the S.S. "Adventurer says: "This current tugs the east coast down to the Straits. The channel between Mansfield island on the Main coast is clear when between Coats and Mansfield would be packed with ice."

Capt. Couch's opinion should carry great weight as he has sailed these northern waters of late date, (1906. 1908, 1909) with the largest vessel that ever navigated Hudson Bay, going as far as Cape Fullerton on the north, and south to Stratton Island in James Bay, Mosquito Bay on the East main coast and Fort Churchill on the west coast.

Reserve of Land Erected.

Now to show the people of this Western country that the Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government is sincere in the construction of the Hudson Bay Road, in 1906, the government very wisely created a reserve of land on both sides of the Churchill river 10 miles in length by two miles in width, thereby reserving all the deep water-way for their terminals and elevators, so as to ensure the largest measure of benefit to the people of western Canada and that two years before it was announced to the public that the Hudson Bay road was going to be built and controlled by the Government.

Fort Churchill Site.

Fort Churchill, the dominion government townsite is situated on the eastern side of the Churchill river, facing south. The walls of rock on the Hudson Bay shore afford ample protection from the winds from the north. The site has a gradual fall from Lake Rosabelle to high water mark on the Churchill river of 15 feet in a distance of three-quarters of a mile. This gives perfect drainage for all purposes. Lake Rosabelle covers an area of about half a mile, and would furnish a good water supply of pure spring water for a population of 100,000, for evidentually it will be the great distributing seaport and the centre for all Western Canada.

The shore of Hudson Bay is very low generally from Cape Churchill right down to James Bay and when the tide is out you can walk on dry ground for miles, in some places as far out as ten miles and in the fall or early winter the floe ice drifts together and cements on the bottom and remains in that position until the following spring waiting for the high tides to carry it away. The Hudson Bay Co.'s steam Pelican anchors out in the Bay from 10 to 25 miles from York factory and discharge the York goods into small coast boats for York post. This will convey a good idea of the Hudson Bay coast south of Cape Churchill.

Harbors opened before Straits.

With regard to one river being open one month earlier or one month later than another, I don't see how that has anything to do with the terminal for Nelson and the Churchill rivers are open one month before the Straits are. Therefore the Hudson Bay railway, for both the fore I contend that the opening or closing dates have nothing to do with the locating of a terminal. Plans made by the geological survey of Canada in 1818, and by Joseph Robson in 1745 both agree that with regard to the Nelson river, from the outer buoy to Port Nelson beacon point at the mouth of the Hayes river, (that is about 16 miles across the

Interior of Fort Prince of Wales.

Hudson's Bay Co.'s Post, Fort Churchill, Hudson's Bay. Situated on the eastern side of the Churchill River.

mouth of the Nelson river) there is quite a stretch of water to keep clear with a sea rolling in for 600 miles without a break of any kind. Therefore I can endorse what J. W. Tyrrell says about the mouth of the Nelson river. If any deep channel existed, he said, it was of such a winding and tortuous nature that it could not be followed, and the sand bars were known to shift their position from year to year so that it would be an exceedingly expensive operation to dredge the mouth of the Nelson river. which might have to be done annually.

Perhaps it would be of interest to tell a few facts about the natives of the district. There is a tribe of about 100 Eskimos around Churchill. They are a good-natured handy people, averaging about 5 feet 2 inches in stature, with an average chest measurement of from 38 to 42 inches, and are fitted for the severest weather imaginable. They have great fat, greasy faces, black piercing eyes, straight black hair, and the most beautiful teeth imaginable, and they are remarkably strong and good packers.

I have often seen an Eskimo carrying a pack of 200 pounds weight on his back for miles. In winter time they use sleighs from 36 to 40 feet in length, about 16 inches in width, and shod with whalebone. On these vehicles five dogs will haul as much as 1,000 lbs. The Eskimos are fond of wrestling and other sports, and all eat raw meat, which accounts in part for their strength, endurance, and—greasy faces.

Profits Assured to Western Canada

As to the benefits which must accrue to Western Canada from the inaugration of the Hudson Bay Route, he who runs may read. A glance at the map of the Dominion shows that the shortest route from the centre of the great grain and stock areas of Canada to the markets of the world is via the Hudson Bay.

Here is an illustration. Taking Regina as the centre of the wheat belt, and sending out two cars of wheat to Liverpool, one via Fort William by the C. P. R. and the other via Churchill by the Hudson Bay railway, before the one going via Fort William has reached the salt water, the one via Churchill has reached Liverpool. It means just this; a saving from of eight to ten days in time, and of from 12 to 15 cents a bushel in cost of freight rates.

Only one Terminal Elevator.

Now that is not the only advantage to be gained by the western farmers. What farmer who sends his wheat out over the present route could recognize that when when it has reached the market of the world? In my opinion it is doctored, and mixed, and re-graded at every elevator that it passed through on the way, until its identity is lost, and every middleman has had his profit out of it. As it passes through the soft wheat country it is mixed until the name of No. 1 hard, ore even No. 1 and 2 northern can no longer apply to it. Now with the Hudson Bay route this would not happen. The wheat would pass through at the most only one elevator, and that would not be situated in the heart of the soft wheat belt. The grain would reach he world's market with its identity preserved and its grade retained, and would I think command from 5 to 7 cents more per bushel, and the tolls of the middlemen would be largely dispensed with.

Speedy Transportation.

There would be still another advantage. With the Hudson Bay route in operation there would be no difficulty in getting all the winter wheat grown in Alberta out three months after it is harvested. It is generally conceded that the winter wheat is in the stook and ready for threshing by the first week in August. That is just the time when safe navigation is open via the Hudson Bay, and the Straits. Before the spring wheat and other crops come off in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the winter wheat would be on the world's market. Here is surely a better solution of the transportation of Alberta wheat than that offered by the C. P. R. namely via Vancouver, and through Mexico by Pacific and Atlantic route. The latter sacrifices time for the sake of water transportation. The former routes saves time and transportation together.

Solves Live Stock Problem.

Now I have been speaking of the great problem, that of grain. That, however,

Polar Bear shot at midnight in front of Beech's cabin, Nov. 7, 1907; Mrs. Beech on right.

No Other Xmas Gift

will give so much pleasure, to so many people, for so long a time, at so little cost, as a

Columbia Graphophone

You will agree that whatever will bring added brightness and cheerfulness to your home and to those you love; whatever will bring wholesome enterainment and amusement to the household **is a thing to be greatly desired.**

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Let the Graphophone entertain **you** and your friends with all that is best in music. **It is the Christmas present of a life-time.**

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Taxidermist supplies of every description in stock, including a splendid assortment of Birds' and Animals' eyes.

Books for Hunters and Trappers at our usual prices.

FURS AND HIDES purchased at highest market value.

Our Stock of curios consists of all varieties of souvenirs, and is easily the most complete in the West.

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Ask your dealer or write us for a free copy of *"At Home with the Kodak."*

CANADIAN KODAK Co., Limited

Toronto, Can.

is not the only problem with which the western settlers have to deal. There is also the cattle problem. The ranchers of our western country are heavily handicapped in consequence of the long rail journey which their cattle are compelled to make in order to reach the over-seas markets. With the journey of 2,300 miles from Calgary to Montreal the cattle arrive in poor condition, and decreased in weight. With the short journey of 1,200 miles from Calgary to Churchill the cattle would lose but little, as it is well known that the first three days of a journey have little effect on live stock. I have no hesitation in affirming that with the short route open, the ranchers of Alberta would save in shrinkage and freight from $5 to $10 a head on their cattle. This is not only true with live stock, I think that the time has come when chilled meats should be exported, and that not until this is done will the ranchers get what they should out of their cattle. With abbatoirs and chilling plants erected at Churchill this would be feasable. Farm products, such as butter cheese and eggs could be handled in like manner.

Advantage to B. C.

In considering the advantages with me, the prairie provinces would reap from the Hudson Bay route, we must not forget our sister province, British Columbia, with her perishable products such as apples, pears, peaches and fruit of all kinds, for the safe transportation of which every day saved is of vast importance. By the present route the fruit has either to be picked so green that its quality is lost partially in repening, or else it is so ripe on reaching the markets on the other side as to be unfit for consumption or sale.

Now the proposed route would be open just at the time when the fruit was ready to be moved out, and the decreased time of transportation would have an important effect in the delivery to the markets of the world.

Revolution in Importation.

So far I have been dealing entirely with export advantages—those arising from the transportation out of the country. But the advantages of the new route would not lie entirely with exports; they would be almost as important in the case of imports—merchandise coming into the country. With this line completed what a revolution in the case of merchandise coming into this western country will be brought about. The vessel tonnage which will be required to take out our grain, cattle and farm produce, will be so great that the freight rates, on account of the necessity of having a return cargo from Europe, will from that country amount to almost nothing.

Western Consumers will Benefit.

I expect to see coal from Newcastle on the Tyne laid down in Winnipeg cheaper than the American or Crows Nest Pass coal is sold for in the western country today. The effect which this will have of obviating coal strikes, and counteracting the power of the combines can hardly be overestimated. There are many other imports also which it would take too long to mention, but which are obvious to all discerning persons. The argument is, of course, clear, for with cheaper transportation rates from the older countries to the east from which it is necessary to import many necessities, the price of those necessities will naturally decrease and an advantage be gained by the western consumer.

Across Lots to Liverpool.

Now just consider the revolution in transportation which will be brought about by the completion of this short route to Churchill harbor on the Hudson Bay. The transportation problem will be solved. It will be "across lots" to Liverpool, the shortest route from the centre of Canada's grain fields to the world's markets. Only 2,926 miles, which means a saving of 1,000 miles in railway haulage. Let the people of this western country pick up the tariff sheets of those railway corporations, and see for themselves what it costs for this 1,000 miles haulage. This is how I calculate it. I would say that it would amount to from 12 to 15 cents a bushel, or about the same as it now costs to haul from western points to Fort William, on that "small" inland lake called Superior, 1,000 miles from the sea-board.

Inscription cut in rock on right hand side of the main entrance to Fort Prince of Wales. The engineer who designed it and superintended the construction was Harry Robinson, 1733.

A Boon to the Cattle and Live Stock Industry.

A most important fact in favor of the Hudson Bay railway is that it would give quick access to the sea in the exportation of cattle to the European markets.

Cattle could be transported to Fort Churchill without any appreciable shrinkage, and the voyage thence to Liverpool would improve rather than otherwise affect their condition. Therefore this great industry would find in the Huson Bay route no tonly a satisfactory solution of the difficulties and handicaps under which it labors now, but also a justification for the construction of the road.

From Medicine Hat it would be 1,075 miles; from Calgary, 1,260 miles; from Brandon, 940 miles; from Edmonton, 1,129 miles; from Prince Albert, 720 miles. (The closest.)

Average Saving of 1,007 miles.

The average saving in railway transportation from the six strategic and important shipping points mentioned above would be 1,007 miles. Take the regular tariff sheets again of the railways and figure out just what that means to the producer and the exporter. In addition to the freight the heavy shrinkage must be reckoned in; and then it will be found

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Geo. A. Williams, Box 1, Toronto, Ont.

that the actual saving on a shipment of cattle would be about 20 per cent. of the first cost, that is in round figures.

The Chilled Meat Trade.

The road also offers peculiar advantages for developing the chilled meat trade with Europe an industry which presents such alluring profits. Abattoirs and the necessary cold storage plants would be erected at Fort Churchill. The latter would not only be necessary for the meat trade, but also for the output of the creameries, the cheese factories and for all dairy products, and in addition the luscious fruits from British Columbia. Permit me to make a comparison at this juncture. Take for example, one bullock of 1,200 pounds shipped by both routes, namely, Montreal and Churchill, from Regina:

To Liverpool via. Montreal:—

Dr.

Freight on 1,200 pounds at 60c. per cwt.	$7.20
Feed in transit to Montreal	.50
Ocean freight at 1c. per pound	12.00
Feed on ocean and attendance (say 8 days)	3.00
Killing on docks at Liverpool	1.00
Total cost of trans	$23.70

Cr.

6000 pounds meat at 10c (sinking the offal there)	$60.00
Net returns to shipper	$36.30

To Liverpool via Churchill Abattoir:—

Dr.

Freight on 1,200 pounds at 30c, per cwt.	$3.60
Feed, nil. (Shipment would run right through).	
Killing at Churchill and cold storage	2.50
Ocean freight 600 pounds chilled meat at 1c. per pound	6.00
Total cost of transport	$12.10

Cr.

600 pounds chilled meat at Liverpool at 10c. per pound	$60.00
Hide and tallow (at least calculation	4.00
Net return to shipper	$51.90
Difference in favor of Churchill route	$15.60

Producer not Receiving Enough

If the Churchill route can save a net saving of $15.60 on a single head of cattle the producer is not getting what he ought to, and he never will until there is an abattoir and cold storage plant on the shores of the Hudson Bay, erected under regulations which will compel the operators or owners to kill and store for anyone at a fixed rate per head. Then the producer could sell either on the hoof or dressed accordingly as he desired or as the market warranted. Pork packing and a canning factory might also be established there with almost equal benefits to the country; and all the material required for operation such as salt, tin, etc., could be laid down at first cost, especially if there was a branch line to the Peace River country minerals.

Common labor is the cheapest on earth and among the best, which is a very important factor to be considered in the establishment of such enterprises as an abattoir or kindred industries already alluded to. Another fact that should not be overlooked by a shrewd investor is that there would be no taxation outside the corporation limits.

Resources and Physicial Feature.

The opinion generally entertained concerning the country round the bay, and at Churchill is that it is a barren waste, covered with ice and snow for the greater part of the year, and devoid of any vegetation whatever. The opinion is an erroneous one.

Splendid Grazing.

At the head of the bay there is an area of from 2,000 to 3,000 acres where in the summer months good hay can be cut, and which Prof. Macoun has pronounced as affording excellent forage. There are many other places also where the same condition exists, and where the country is covered with a rich, thick growth of grass.

Magazine—situated on eastern side of Churchill River.

Timber Plentiful.

Another valuable asset of the district is the timber which everywhere dots the regions round the Bay. The most northerly species in the spruce, which extends north of Churchill about 40 miles as far as the Seal river, and which attains a height of about 30 feet, and an average diameter of from 12 to 15 inches. The balance of the timber is pulp wood, and this exists in unlimited quantities. When you consider that the best of water power is available all along the rivers for the manufacture of this product, it will be seen that this is but another of the valuable resources of the district.

Wild Fruit.

Well at any rate, you may say, these are hardy products inured to the severity of the climate, but otherwise the district is comparatively barren. It would surprise you, wouldn't it if I were to tell you that there are at least half a dozen different species of wild fruit which flourish in great abundance, in the rocks and among the mosses throughout the country round the bay. Wild black and red currents, gooseberries, cranberries, crowfoot berries, and baked apple berries may be gathered by the bushel in season, and make the very best of preserves, so that we don't really have to depend on dried apples up there as many of you might imagine. As for vegetables I have seen radishes, lettuce, and turnips raised right at Churchill.

Fishing on Dry Land.

So much for the vegetable products, but they are not the only products worthy of mention. It will surprise you perhaps when I tell you that we fish on dry land at Churchill. That is a fact nevertheless. The natives of Churchill, both the Indians and the Eskimos, and also the white men, set their nets on dry land. They set their nets, which are about 15 feet long, with three upright posts placed vertically on the shore. When they have set them they simply wait for the tide to come in, and when it has come in they simply wait until it has gone out, and there are their fish all ready to be taken out without any trouble. The catch consists chiefly of whitefish, salmon trout and pickerel, of good quality.

A Great Industry.

When the Hudson Bay route is completed one of the best fishing trades in the world will be opened up. There are

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Remember—Alectride is really manufactured precious stones. It is even *harder* than the hardest diamond. Alectride will scratch a diamond and cut glass like a knife cuts an apple. Send the coupon today and get full explanation of our **Great 10 Day Free Trial Offer.** Do this now. Do not delay.

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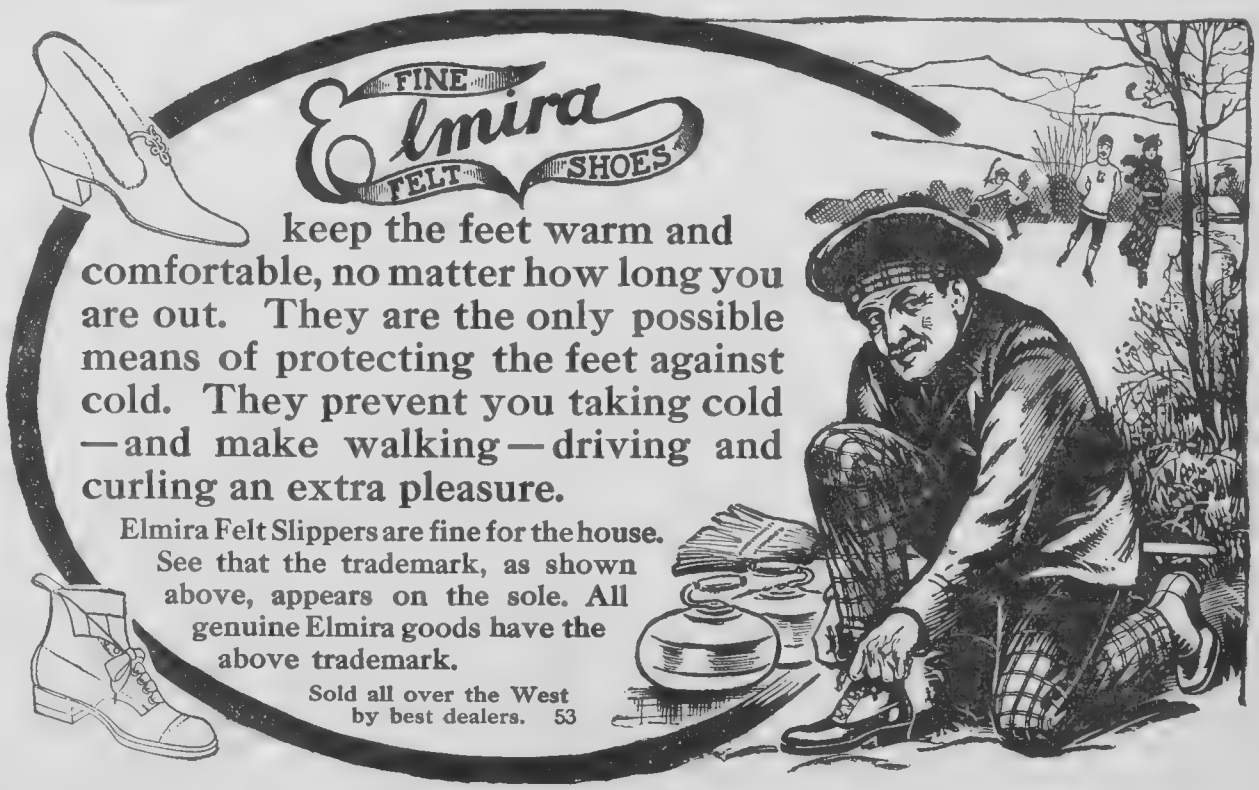

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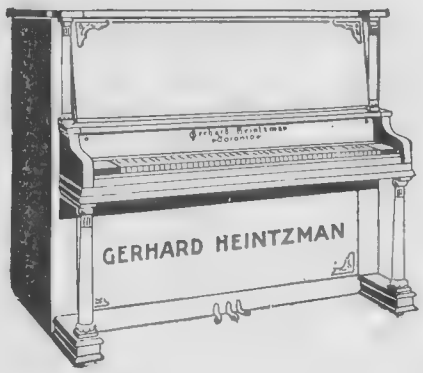

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You are the judge and you must be satisfied, that is our aim.

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I will have a piano of this style, ESPECIALLY SELECTED FOR YOU by Mr. Gerhard Heintzman, shipped direct to you from the factory, DELIVERED FREE AT YOUR STATION for $400 ($50 less than the regular selling price). You pay on arrival $40 cash, and $10 per month until paid in full, or I will arrange special terms to suit you, covering a similar period.

Write me about it at once. There is just time for delivering before Xmas.

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five lakes in all in the district, all full of fish, and the farthest teaming which is necessary would be about 40 miles. On Lake Winnipeg at the present time fish are hauled a distance of 140 miles, while they are teamed into Edmonton from the Lesser Slave Lake, a distance of 175 miles, and made to pay. The salmon of the north averages from 4 to 10 pounds in weight and is of good quality, the white fish is not so large as that of Lake Winnipeg, but is of a fine flavor, and very firm. The Caplin a small fish resembling the sardine is found in such quantities at some seasons of the year, that they are left in thousands upon the shore when the tide goes out. Fishing usually commences at the latter part of June and finishes at the end of August.

Mineral Wealth of District.

Probably one of the coming most important resources of the Hudson Bay district, is its mineral wealth which so far has not been tested. The Esquimaux who visit Churchill yearly have, it is noticed, nearly all their tools, such as snow-knives, ice-chisels and fish-hooks made out of native copper. They use copper tops over their pipes while smoking, and any break in their guns is generally mended by a strip of native copper.

Mr. Dickson formerly in the employ of the Hudson's Bay company thus refers to the mineral deposits of the shores of the bay: "At a certain point on the east coast of James Bay there is a vein of magnetic iron, so extensive that when examined by a practical English miner in 1865 is was pronounced by him to be one of the most valuable veins of ore in existence.

Better than English Ore.

"It is said to be magniferous carbonate of iron, valuable for the manufacture of bessemer steel, and better than English ore. This is the steel from which the great guns used in warfare are made, so that the existence of this vein may be of vast importance when Canada commences to manufacture her new navy.

Mr. Hoffman chemist of the geological survey of Canada, analyzed a specimen of anthracite from Long Island, on the east coast with the following results:

Fixed carbon	74.91
Volatile combustible matter	1.29
Water	3.45
Ash	0.35
Total	100.00

This analysis compares favorably with that of any such product anywhere else in America.

Immense Water Power Available.

There is a great number of magnificent water power sites within very easy access of the surveyed route of the railway, all of which can be easily developed to furnish almost unlimited electric energy. Hydro-electric energy could be developed at any one of these within a distanc of 30 miles from the road, which would make transmission to points along it, or possibly operation of it actually, by electricity. It certainly assures cheap power for any manufacturing or milling centre which may develop. All these power locations must inevitably become very valuable.

Whale Industry.

Great sport is afforded to those who are so inclined in harpooning whales. I have counted as many as 20 in one school, going up the river at almost every tide, and an impressive sight it is. In summer at Churchill the Hudson's Bay company capture many white whales, from 10 to 15 feet in length and weighing from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds, by the use of extra strong nets. The flesh is cut up and kept to feed the dogs in winter, while the blubber is boiled down at the factory, and the hides are sent to England.

The Fur Industry.

Sport however is not confined to whale harpooning or fishing. Game and fur-bearing animals exist in large quantities, and in many varieties, throughout the woods, and along the shores and rivers. I have seen enormous white polar bears 300 yards from – house as early as August 9, and at times they are very aggressive. Wolves are numerous, and very bold at times, so bold in fact that I have frequently heard them running round upon the roof above my head. White, red and black foxes, and a few of the rare silver variety are to be found at all seasons, and are valuable for the fur they bear. Caribou roam in heards, and are very good eating, while seals, ducks, ptarmigan, geese and swans abound throughout the districts round about. Curley, snipe and looms, etc., also provide good shooting.

Whale Blubber piled up in tierces, waiting to be boiled down.

Method of Trading.

Of course one of the most important resources of the north country is the fur-bearing animals. Of these, besides foxes which I have mentioned before, there are beaver, otter, mink, ermine, and wolverine in considerable number. The manner by which trade is carried on by the companies with the natives who procure the skins is unique, and interesting. It is carried on by means of a standard valuation, called in mos parts of the country a "skin." There are different skins, such as a "working skin," a "fur skin" a "blubber skin," a "Sunday skin," and so on. When an Indian or an Eskimo goes to a post he proceeds at once to a trading store. The man in charge examines his furs, tells him that he has so many "skins worth" and at the same time hands him 30 or 40 small pieces of wood in lieu of cash. These he returns with when he wants goods and exchanges them for produce to the alleged value

of the skins. The value of a skin is from one to two shillings.

Of course, it is generally understood that the winter climate of the country round the bay is usually very severe. The lowest temperature I have experienced there, however, was 39 below zero on Nov. 29, 1906, with a strong wind blowing from the bay, which intensified the cold. It is exceedingly rare to have winds off the bay in the winter months. In winter the wind is generally from the west and northwest, while in summer it is generally from the east and northeast I have always found the thermometer lower 150 miles inland from the bay. It can never be called dark in the north even in the depth of winter.

Record of temperature was taken by me at Churchill during November of 1906. It compares very favorably with that experienced in Manitoba during the same month:

Aurora Borealis.

The Aurora Borealis, or Northern lights in the vicinity of Churchill are the most beautiful I have ever seen. Starting with a bright white light in the north, they flash like lightning across the sky, red, blue, yellow and pink. At times the phenomena seems so near the ground that one imagines he could reach out his hand and drawn them aside like great curtains. Among the natives the brilliant lights are considered to be the herald of colder weather.

A REVERIE

By Rev. D. S. Hamilton.

Another busy day has reached its close,
The quiet evening hour moves on apace
The hopes I cherished are unrealised,
Not mine tonight to greet thee face to face.

And yet I see thee as I sit and muse,
And wonder where and how the day you've spent;
And pray that Heaven's peace may fill your heart,
And bless you with a calm and sweet content.

I see thee as I saw that hallowed hour,
When after toilsome day we sat awhile,
And I was solaced by your sympathy,
And pleased to look upon your gladdening smile.

Our livs are touched by those who pass us by,
Impressed by those whom we but seldom meet;
Enriched and strengthened by the cherished friends,
Whose fellowship we've shared in converse sweet.

Though we may walk apart, I hear thee still,
And find sweet comfort in my reverie;
Until we meet in fellowship, once more,
Good night! Good night! I'll fondly dream of thee.

Christmas Season in British Columbia.

Written expressly for the Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale.

WHEN nearly all the the continent of North America is in the grip of the Ice King this glad Christmas tide the southern end of Vancouver Island is bathed in bright sunshine, blue rippling waters reflect the white fleecy clouds above, deep green forests, and light green spots where the settler's clearing show, surround all the winding arms of the sea that cut into the red rocky battlements that form the shore line. In these sheltered harbors innumerable flocks of sea fowl rest and feed. Behind us the great range that forms the backbone of the island stands a glittering mass of white, peak after peak, range after range rising snow clad against the clear blue sky. In front of us the wide Straits of Juan de Fuca are calm and sun spangled—as if they too wore special decoration for this happy season. Far out there is a commotion in the smooth waters-plunge-splash-plunge-splash—a procession of Sulphur bottoms, the whale most common to this scene, following their food supply, great schools of tiny pink shrimp—along the straits. Nearer a few sea pigs roll, these common porpise are very numerous and very inquisitive too.

The lad Fritz and I are standing on the long pebbly spit that safely shuts off Sooke Inlet from the great Straits and the mighty Pacific. Close in front of us rest a flock of "black ducks"—so called, really they are surf ducks. Now, although the straits are calm; the perpetual ocean rollers are sweeping along, great smooth walls of water an hundred feet across and some ten feet high. So great is the strength of one of these breaking upon the shore that the two foot iron bolts that bound what was once the bulwarks of some good ship, and is now but so much flotsam, have been drawn like so many inch nails. Along comes another great roller, its clear sea green water quite transparent under the winter sun. Ahead of it sit a few of these big surf ducks, the Velvet scoter. In the billow are many small fishes and loose crustacea. Into this green glassy mill plunge the ducks, we can see them swimming with foot and wing in the swiftly onrushing mass. On comes the mighty billow carrying death in its wake to everything it can clutch and crush upon the shore. It strikes and breaks with a noise like thunder, sending its sparkling foamy splash a hundred feet inland—what of the poor ducks that dared to enter this swiftly speeding mass. Look out on the smooth sea between the breaker and the next advancing billow. There sits the flock calmly swallowing and crowding down with much throwing up of heads and swelling out of throats the food they captured even while the breaker was pounding over the last shore reef. Resting against some wreckage the lad and I used the big telescope to see what the Master had awing and afloat this glad Christmas Day. Right in front

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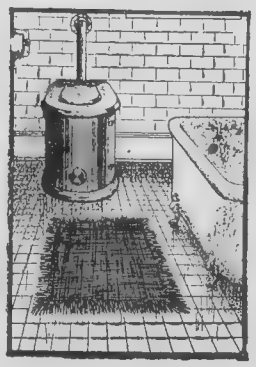

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of us, some hundred yards out, a school of oulican were swimming. Above them a mass of screaming gulls hovered. Amid them a number of violet green cormorants dived, creating sad havoc in their startled ranks. On daintly poised wings the gulls swept on dipping swiftly down to the surface with harsh cries and much flapping of the wings—they were actually driving the fish laden cormorant down so that it would be short of breath and have to pop up without much care or judgment. See! Up comes a greenish black head, aloft goes at the yellow bill and the silvery struggling oulican—Too late! with a rush like a tongue of flame the big fish stealing gull darts down and nimbly picks the fish out of the cormorant's mouth—here is a stolen Christmas dinner for you.

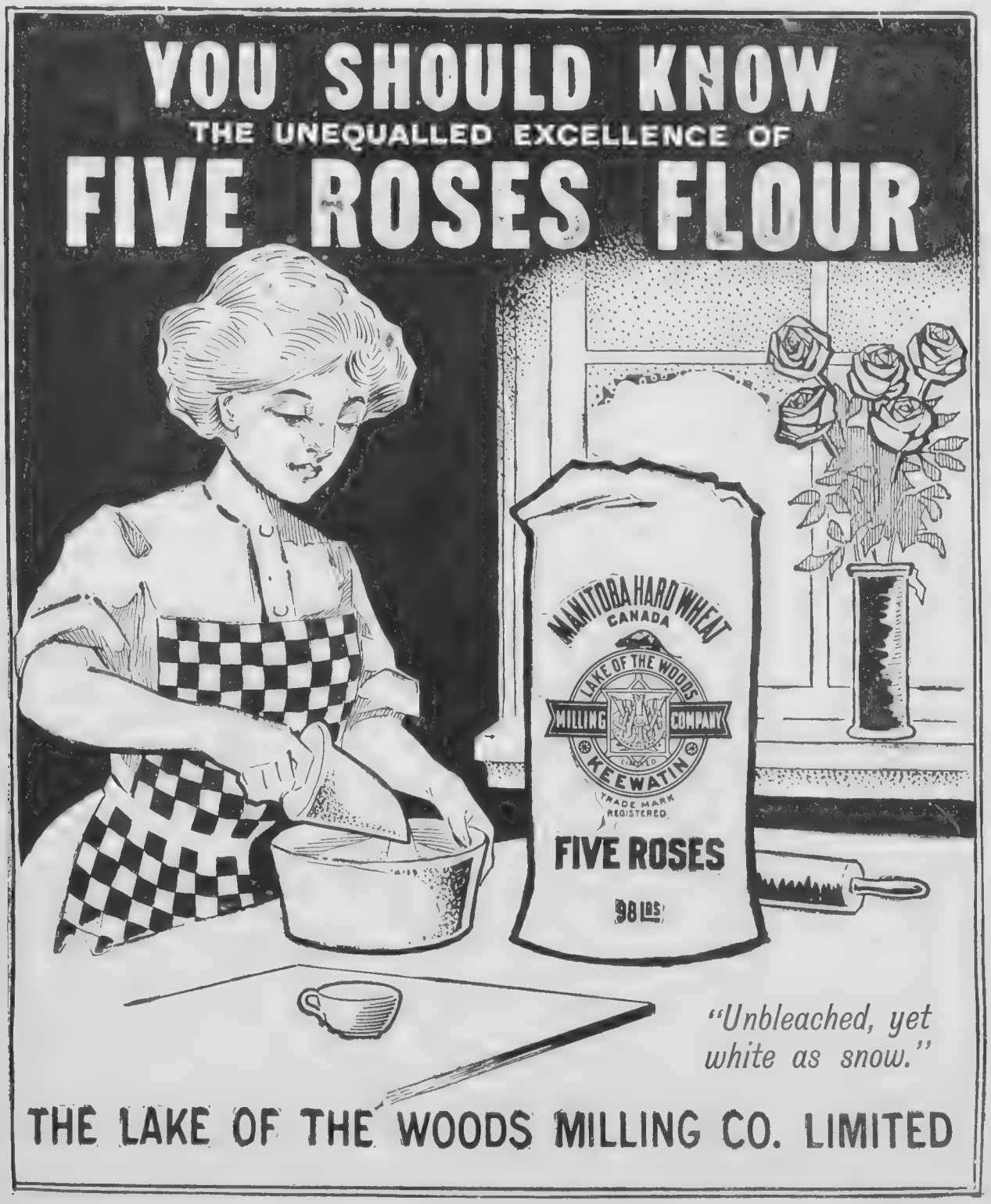
Nor were these big Glacous winged gulls the only thieves abroad this bright day. Behind us in the Inlet, behind the long pebbly spit, where the billows could not intrude and the water was as smooth as the face of a mirror, sat a flock of Scaup—the Big Bluebill. They were swimming over a submarine field of eel grass, a dainty morsel for them as they are excellent divers. Amid this flock swam many Widgeon, Baldpate, the Drakes were glorious with their green heads with white crowns and their lavender and cinnamon coats. They too are very fond of eel grass but alas! Nature has not given them the powers of diving—unless they are wounded or seriously alarmed by a bird of prey or a truly dreadful appearance of a sea lion or a seal at close quarters. It was too bad. Here it is Christmas Day. Beneath them in the clear green water stood and grew acre upon acre of lucious grass but tip up as much as they might they could not reach even the tide stained tops let alone the succulent roots that they loved. Watch how they get their breakfast. See that big white crowned drake swimming swiftly over the water with his eyes held just below the surface—What is he doing watching the bluebill below that it standing, as it were on its head, swiftly paddling with its feet to keep down to the level of the roots of the plant. Now it has picked a billfull and stops back paddling and instantly shoots toward the surface like a cork. Now watch the baldpate. Like a flash he darts, and stopping right over the spot where the bluebill must come up, he angrily strikes at it with wing and bill. Down dives the foodladen bird and essays to come up in a long curving ascent but it finds the white crown and the bright eyes and the splashing wings right above it again. Another dive it makes, another curve, again the waiting bird. Alas! It has to come up this time, its breath has failed it, so up it pops, open-mouthed for lack of air and the widgeon calmly lifts the lucious white roots, or end of the stems of the much sought grass, from its bill and greedily eats them another Christmas Day meal stolen.

Christmas Day Scene on Vancouver Island, B.C.

Now while the lad and I delight in note book and camera we also use the rod and gun, for it seems to me, the Maker put things here for man's use. So away with the camera, the notebooks are slipped into the case, the 22 special, a right good weapon for distant big wild fowl or even for the cowardly panther and the fish-eating bear. The twelve bone is also loaded and off we paddle with Fritz in the bow—he killed a flying duck with the 22 and is rather puffed up with worldly vanity this morning. I knew full well there is lots of room at both sides of the bird for shot or bullet—but we will see. All the harbour is spattered with flocks of bluebills, widgeon, Golden eye, buffle head, canvass back and red head, the last two not very plentifully represented. Fully five thousand bluebill are rafted right ahead, each bird swimming swiftly away from us with the tide. There is no wind to make the bird fly towards us so when the whole mass rise with a noise like thunder and a mighty splashing of the water the young Nimrod in the bow does not get a shot. Swish, swish—what's that? The birds have doubled and are pouring over our heads in swiftly whirring masses. "Now Fritz." Up straightens the lad, the long black barrel is pointed into the mass. Ping! sings the smokeless and a nice round hole is torn in the atmosphere —There were so many ducks, fully one hundred within shot, that the lad just aimed at the mass and, of course, got none, as all these birds fly with a good three feet of clear space about them—you never saw a collision among wild fowl in the air. Now right ahead of us, busily diving into the eel grass are three bluebills. It is much easier to approach a small flock than a large, so we paddled right at them. Slowly, Fritz lays down his paddle and puts the gun to his shoulder. I manage to get the canoe within thirty yards of the birds. Now they stretch the necks and raise their heads and eye us with alarm. Now the tail is pressed out flat, the webbed feet are open wide, the wings are slightly hooked and up the bird raises, spattering along the water first, then raising slowly into the air. "Ping! This time the gun sang the death song of the big bluebill drake. A few strokes in the swift tide and we are alongside. Fritz grasps the dead bird by the neck, gives it three good shakes to partly dry its feathers and, after smoothing out the ruffled plumage, lays it in the bow of the canoe.

"I hit another" he calls out. Then begins the search for the wounded bird. At last he spies it, with its head flat on the water, sneaking off. Swiftly flash the paddles, the cold barbaric nature in us has the ascendency. Down goes the lad's paddle and up goes the gun, and he sits swinging it in a wide circle over the calm water waiting for the poor duck to appear. Ping! Down splashes the duck—missed by a good ten feet, but before it could get a breath into its poor freightened body. Along we speed the way it was headed when it dived. Again it comes up, just the tip of the bill this time. Again the lad shoots, missing it wider than ever, then we sit up and rest, yet the lad points the gun at the calm water for full well he knows the bird must sit erect this time and get a good long breath. Up comes the black head—right into the full charge on number five and it dies swiftly and mercifully. If it were not for the sorrow of the wounded birds a days' ducking would not be such bad sport.

Now we draw ashore on a clean little grassy river flat. The noonday fire is lighted and the humble meal eaten with thankful heart, so clear and strong is the sun that we sat in our shirtsleeves while eating. "Hush," whispered the lad, as two ducks settled right in front of us. The guns were within reach, for in hunting the birds do not usually send a wire-



Fritz recovering the Ducks.

less that they are coming, so it is always well to be prepared. With slowly extending arms and careful clutching fingers we each draw our guns, stock first, towards us. Down dived the ducks and up we leaped like two Jacks-In-The-Box, a few swift running steps and we were right on the rivers edge. Up came those two foolish birds, uninvited to luncheon they came to stay. The moment their transparent eyelids were lovered they saw the two new black objects and leaped wildly into the air—Too late—both guns roared spitefully at them and the big graceful birds collapsed like a punctured bubble and sank back into the water, right on the shallows. Off came the lad's boots, swifter than he ever took them came off when sleepy-eyed he undresses at night. Bare legs twinkled over the short grass, bare feet splashed into the shallows and soon he came back laughing merrily with a duck in either hand.

Soon we were afloat again. This time I took the bow, for our favorite crab apple trees were just ahead, and it is only a seconds sight the grouse give as they leave their cover. Along we paddled past the creek where only a few days before a little halfbreed lad killed a big blacktail deer with his 22 special.

"I see one," whispered Fritz, Aye! young eyes are sharper than old ones. But there were two picking up crabapples off the ground. They both rose with that heart startling whirr we all love and one fell to my shot.

Then a glorious baldpate, a mass of rich coloring, essayed to pass overhead down the narrow rivers course. He was a very easy shot and crumpled up as I pulled the trigger.

"I'm glad I got that one," laughed Fritz. I turned to see him blowing the smoke out of the barrel.

"Why; did you fire, Laddie?"

"Of course I did, how could I have killed it otherwise?"

"Why I am sure I killed that bird myself, but we can prove it later, as I am using number eight today as I am all out of course shot." So we pictured the birds and paddled gladly homeward that bright Christmas afternoon—for even old bachelors and their assistants must have dinner on Christmas night. Who killed that bird? It is not settled yet, for we found both number five and number eight shot in its body, so no doubt both of us are guilty.

As it Seemed to Him.

For some reason a man had been employed to make an inventory of the furniture in the house, says the Chicago Daily News." He was so long about his task in the parlor, however, that the mistress of the mansion went in to see what he was doing. On the floor lay an empty bottle. On the sofa lay the man sleeping sweetly like a tired child. But the inventory had not been wholly forgotten. At the top of the page stood a solitary, eloquent entry: "One Revolving Carpet."

This is one of the Cormorants the Gulls love to rob.

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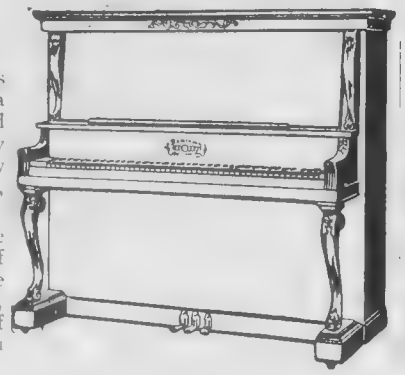

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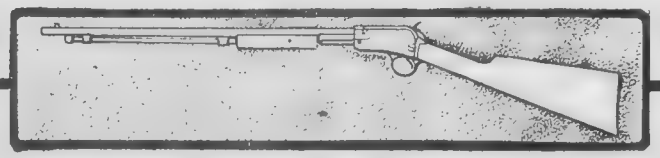
W  W

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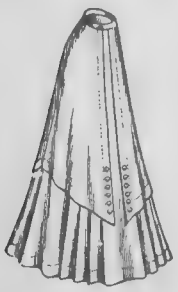

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Dept. L, Toronto, Canada.

Manitoba Trout.

By James Auld, B.A., Barrister, Winnipeg.

The ordinary citizen of Manitoba rarely indulges in fishing as a sport. This is in a large measure due to the current belief that except jack-fish and pickerel—which the true angler holds in small esteem—there is no sporting fish in the province. If you are "A Brother of the Angle," or would like to join that fraternity of "Quiet Men and Followers of Peace," and attempt to deceive a trout with an artificial fly, you are confidently told that you must go east to Nipigon or west to the streams in the foothills of the Rockies. Like many another current belief, however, it does not quite fit the facts. There are trout in Manitoba.

The writer and two or three friends spent a week early in October at Lake George V. This lake lies close to the Winnipeg River, some miles from Point du Bois. It is about seven or eight miles long, and its width varies from a quarter of a mile to a mile or so. It is surrounded by a rocky, densely wooded country, and its coastline alternates between precipitous cliffs rising perpendicularly sixty or seventy feet out of the water and long stretches of sandy beach; while its surface is dotted over with pretty wooded islands. The rocks are of granite formation, and the water, which is as clear as crystal and soft, runs to a depth of sixty or seventy feet at places. The country is still primeval wilderness. A more delightful spot for a quiet holiday, where one can get rid af starched collars and the other shackles of civilization, where one can indulge in fishing and shooting, canoeing and bathing, with long spells of pleasant idleness between, it would be difficult to conceive; while our October weather, with it bracing and invigorating properties, unmarred by mosquito or sandfly, is ideal for such a holiday.

It was here that we got our introduction to the Manitoba trout. Whatever conclusion some of the fish may have come to ultimately, we, at least, were delighted to become acquainted. The trout were of the speckled variety, with either a dark brown or a light brownish gray under-color. Their sizes ran from twenty to twenty-two inches in length, and about eight or nine inches in girth, and their weights ranged from two to four pounds. Their average weight was about two and a half pounds.

The season was too late for fly fishing, and we thought that trolling with a spoon bait, while good enough for jack-fish and the like, was hardly worthy our fish So we had recourse to the silk phantom minnow, with its triple sets of three hooks. Izaak Walton says in the "Compleat Angler" that "a large trout will come as fiercely at minnow as the highest-mettled hawk doth seize on a partridge, or a grey hound on a hare." This quite accurately describes the attack of a Manitoba trout upon a phantom minnow. It simply flies at the bait, and treats it so roughly that after several encounters the minnow is reduced to rags and tatters. But the fish seem to take to a battered veteran of a minnow as readily as they do to a nice glossy one fresh from the tackle-maker's box, which indicates that they are still in a state of innocence. After a time they will become more particular in their diet.

We fished in the early morning and about sunset, and these were our busy times. We tried it at other times, but there was generally "nothing doing" then. When the fish were biting we had sport to our hearts' content. Every fish was a fighter, and I tremble to think of the result of some of the contests if we had not used strong silk or double gut lines. The man who tries to hold these fish with a light fly tackle will have an interesting experience.

The trout is a Manitoban we have hitherto overlooked. He is good to look at; he is a good sport; and his flesh is food fit for the gods.

A Christmas Day Bag. (See Article on Page 32).

Disturbed the Peace.

So many American cities and villages have of late years acquired the habit of keeping gray squirrels in parks and dooryards that the sight of them should long ago have become familiar to every one; yet such an event as the New York Sun records might well have taken place in any other city, for a busy squirrel can easily draw a hundred idle people to watch him any day.

A policeman at the intersection of Twenty-third Street and Madison Avenue noticed a crowd gathering that grew greater every moment. At first a dozen people stopped to stare, then a hundred, then a black and crowding mob. The policeman rushed up and discovered—a small boy feeding peanuts to two grey squirrels.

"Here, now, sonny," he said, tapping the boy on the head with his baton, "move along."

The boy looked up in amazement, while a squirrel which had been investigating his pocket jumped to a post and ran to a place of safety.

"Can't I feed the little squirrels?" asked the boy.

"Yes—up in Central Park you can," replied the officer, "but not down here. There's too many 'rubbernecks' around."

Shakespeare's Heroines.

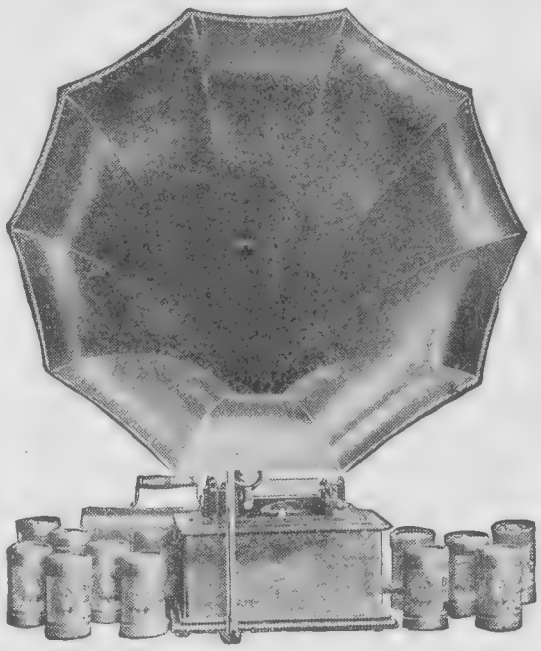
By Norah E. Matheson, Bishop's Court, Winnipeg.

In the literature of no country do we find such an excellent delineation of character as is given to us in the plays of Shakespeare. His characters are studied, carefully formed and presented as a perfect whole. No type of character is omitted—good and evil, historical and romantic, sad and merry, they are all considered and painted for us by this master artist. In looking at Shakespeare's works as a whole and the characters contained in them we notice at once that they fall into great classes which may be subdivided into lesser divisions. The greatest division of character is that into male and female. These again are divided into good and bad, witty and dull and so on. Shakespeare treats his male and female characters in so vastly different a manner that they merit separate treatment. As the women of the plays form the subject of this essay we shall proceed at once to a consideration of them.

It has been said that Shakespeare did not give such minute care to the delineation of his women characters as to that of his men. He studied his men, and before us his heroes grow and are transformed, while he creates his women by one strong stroke of inspiration. His women act and are acted upon, and as they are created so they act, so they remain throughout the play. To exemplify this statement it will be necessary to consider some of the leading heorines of Shakespeare more minutely. To do this it must be observed first that the female characters fall into various divisions just as did the characters when treated as a whole; then these various classes of heroines must be examined from different viewpoints. The first great division of characters and the one most clearly marked is that of the women of the tragedies and those of the comedies. The women of the tragedies may be considered first.

The characters of Shakespeare's women, as said above, are created by a single inspired stroke, and as they are created so they act. This is very noticeable. in the tragedies. The characters are eminently consistent. Lady Macbeth, wicked, ambitious, and proud, remains so to the end with no wavering or hesitation. She lays her evil plans and stays by them, urging her husband on to wrong and accomplishing her designs in a terribly efficient manner—"Her nature has been wrenched and the wrench is fatal," but her consistent bearing is maintained throughout and she presents a marked contrast to Macbeth who lives on in misery and shame, sliding further and further in degradation. The same may be said of Cleopatra—beautiful, fascinating and evil, she defies individuals, armies or empires to deter her from her purpose. She sways Antony beneath her superior will, she outwits Caesar at the moment of his triumph, and at the end dies by her own hand, proud to the last of her lover, to the last resolute in her hatred and scorn of those whom she hates with undying intensity. From these evil characters, let us turn to a study of those sweeter ones of the tragedies—those women who are rather acted upon than acting. And here stand Desdemona, Juliet, Ophelia, Portia (of "Julius Caesar"), and such women. With these women in place of pride, ambition, and hatred, we find constancy, determination, courage and steadfastness, bound round by an all-enduring passion of love They are true to their own characters as they have been created. Juliet, young, tender and almost childlike, yet take the lead at once, overcoming all difficulties from the first, ready to face bravely any situation, and fearing nothing in the fullness of her love. From childhood she blossoms suddenly into full womanhood, her character developed from that of a sweet wilful child into that of a sweet, resolute woman. Her character overshadows Romeo's weaker one, she plans for them both, she suffers for both, and in the end is enabled to face even death with calmness in order to be reunited with her lost husband. In the character of Desdemona we find no complexity of aim or nature. All is love, constancy and duty—Duty first to her father and later to her husband. She feels none of the jealousy which consumes Othello. She hears nothing of the planning and plotting of the busy life about her—her part is to stay quietly at home, joying supremely in her husband's love and trust. And later, when this love and trust is denied her, when passionate reproaches and burning threats are heaped upon her by that husband who is her all, this same constancy and duty fit her to die—misjudged and unhappy perhaps, but calm in the knowledge of her innocence and lasting love. These two examples may serve to illustrate the manner in which the women of the tragedies fulfil the purpose for which they were created. They play their parts in life consistently and well. Their characters may be made up of fewer elements than are found in Shakespeare's heroes, but it is this very fact which renders them so efficient, their power so vital. For these women are grand. They stand out clothed in power, and, whether evil or good, are conscious of this inner force and use it as their need demands.

Next to the women of the tragedies come the heroines of comedy. And here are Rosalind, Viola, Beatrice and Miranda, with Portia (of the "Merchant of Venice.") These characters are delightful all that is best and loveliest in woman comes out in them. We love these women; we feel we can know and understand them. They have wit, brightness, intellect, gentleness and womanliness, developed in a far greater degree than is found in the heroines of the tragedies. These are true women. Even Beatrice, with all her excellent wit and sharpness, is a true girl after all, and feels honest compunction over the lover whom she fancies to be grieving for her. In "The Merchant of Venice," Portia is ready at a moment's notice to summon



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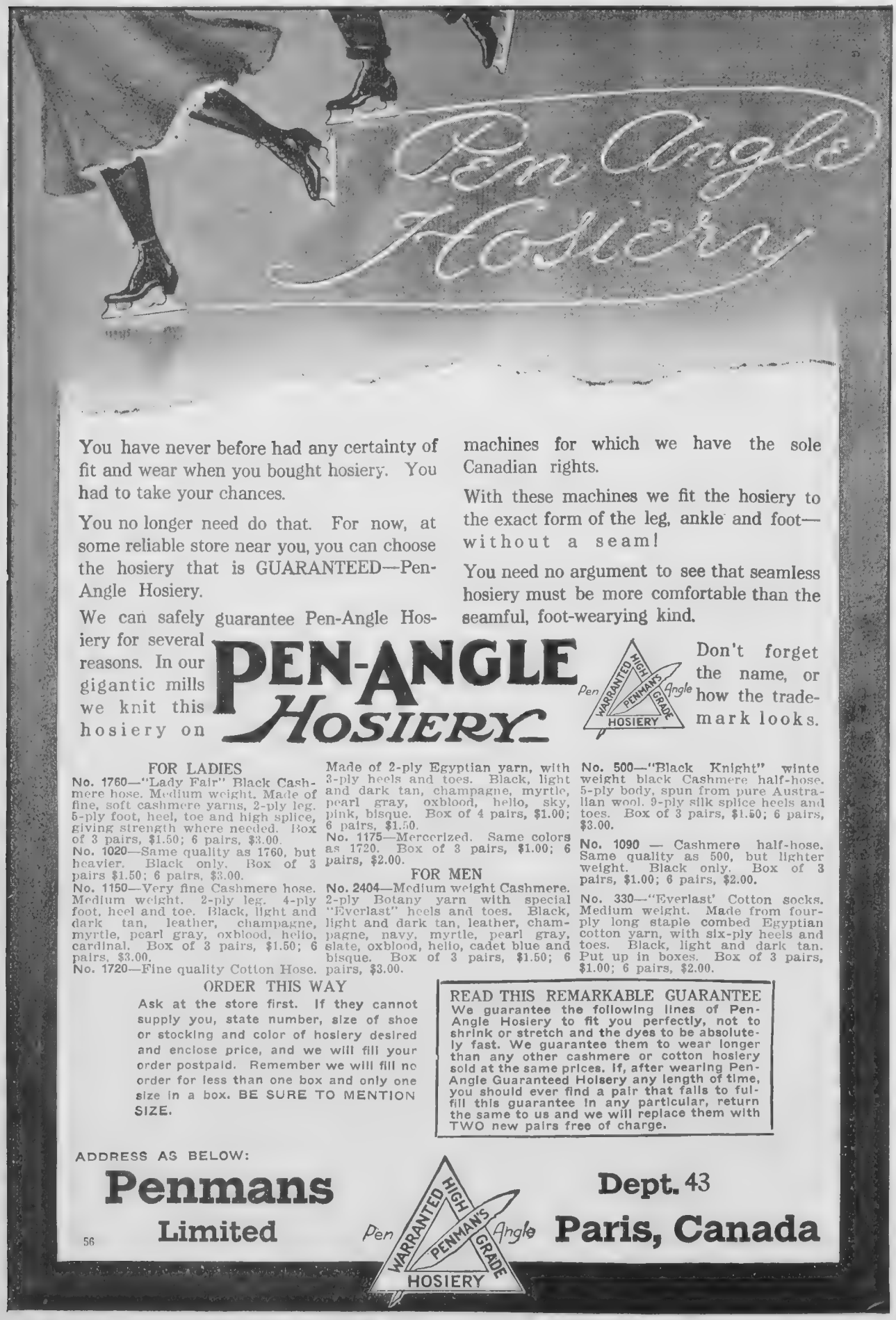
all her faculties to solve the problem which had proved too complicated for wise men of law. Shylock, with all his wiles and masculine cunning, is no match for her. Indeed this is found to be the case in nearly all the comedies. The men are no match for the women who can with ease "twist them round their fingers." The woman's brain triumphs. In Twelfth Night," this is so. Viola at first enters the service of the Duke as page from a mere love of adventure and urged on by feminine curiosity. But when she learns to love the Duke, and when Olivia, believing her to be the boy she represents herself to be, falls suddenly in love with her, then she plays her difficult part with admirable dexterity, treating Olivia with true womanly (or gentlemanly!) chivalry, and the Duke with a loyal friendship which wins her first his confidence and later his love. Throughout the play she manages her affairs with more than masculine cleverness, and fully merits the happiness which is hers at the end. In Rosalind we have a mingling of many virtues. Wit and womanliness, courage and gentleness, honor and kindliness combine in her to form an almost ideal woman. She manages everything, plans everything, and almost invariably comes out triumphant. Neither the humorous Duke" nor her own father nor even Orlando who loves her, can fully understand or outwit her. All these girls, for they are no more than girls, are exquisite—loving, laughing and loved, their very best qualities are developed, all the innate charm of womanhood is brought out.

The women of the histories deserve a separate treatment. They are apart as in a class by themselves. Surrounded by the glories of court life, concerned in its scheming and plotting, they do not show their natural feelings. No woman is fitted for the strain of such a life, and if she is able to cope with such situations as meet her here, she developes a tenseness of character which is entirely foreign to her nature. Moreover, few of the women of the histories attain to their full happiness. Some mourn the loss of brother, some of husband or father, and all of love. They are denied their heritage of love and gentleness and so their life is unfulfilled. In the case of Volummia, who by her strength of character is able to control the passionate nature of Coriolanus, we are repelled by her unnatural severity and tenseness of purpose, even while we admire her power and loyalty. Queen Margaret, whom Shakespeare has painted as the impersonation of the ancient nemesis is a supernatural phantom rather than a woman. Cold, cruel and revengeful she stalks about doing her will, unchecked by any power and triumphant at the close. Even in the gentler historical plays we find the women denied their rightful place and love. In the rushing life of statesman or warrior woman has to take simply what she can of her husband's time. She must be content to take a secondary position, to help him if he desires assistance, to entertain him if he is weary or in a humor for amusement, and to wait at home, uncomplaining while he plans or fights. In "Henry V." Queen Katherine is wooed in a manly but mater-of-fact manner wholly opposed to the impulsive French girl's romantic ideas of love and courtship. The warrior had neither time nor inclination to give himself up to a pretty wooing of the charming princess so Katherine had to do without the romance so dear to the heart of every normal girl. The theatre of war and intrigue, of political marriages and forced betrothals is felt to be no place for the budding and flowering of woman's fairest characteristics.

Thus throughout Shakespeare's works a very important part is played by the heroines. Though every sort of woman is treated, strong and weak, good and evil, progressive and yielding—in almost every case the woman is found to take a central position around which the other characters move. Her influence is felt in every walk of life, her presence is needed in every issue, and her nature has ite effect upon every one with whom she comes in contact. Whether this influence is for good or evil, it is always felt, and Shakespeare, the keen student of human nature, has seen this and depicted it for us.



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A Modern parable of the Builders.

There was a certain Farmer who made himself an extensive farm, with house and barns and poultry houses. He built the houses with great care but he gave little thought to the roofs; these be made of tin for the house, shingles for the barns and coal-tar roofing for the poultry houses.

When winter came the ice and sleet froze to the roofs and the snow piled on top in big drifts. The freezing weather cracked and warped the shingles and the tin rusted. Soon spring came and the warm rays of the sun melted the snow and also the coal-tar and every building on the farm leaked badly.

It caused a great deal of damage and beside the extra expense of making repairs, it made the farmer late with his spring planting.

Another farmer also made himself a farm, but he used care and thought in the choice of roofing material, for, he wisely reasoned, "The house and barns are to be a shelter to me and my stock and therefore I must build them securely. The roofs form a shelter to the buildings and are exposed to all kinds of weather, so I should put on the best roofing made, that will keep the house dry and warm and snug, and that will withstand the storms of many, many winters.

And then he covered his house and barns and chicken houses all with Genasco Ready Roofing.

Winter came and with it the same snow and ice and sleet, and rested on his roof also, but he lived securely and all his stock likewise, beneath his roof of Genasco. When the spring thaw came, the ice and snow melted away and ran off so in water as naturally as the babbling brook pursues its onward journey to the sea.

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Christmas Rea.

John Oxenham.

"AFTER all," said the vicar. "I'm not at all sure but it's the best thing for Margaret Rea—short of his death, of course."

"It is very terrible," said Mrs. Vicar.

And they were both right.

* * * * *

"Woman is a perpetual enigma," said Mr Justice Benson to his host that night, with as naive a gusto as if he were not stating a fact which Adam discovered long before matters generally had become so complicated that judges were invented for the purpose of occasionally complicating them still further.

"You saw the woman in court," said his lordship fingering his wine-glass—"a fine, strapping girl, with an unusually good face, I thought, as far as I could see it for bandages."

"I saw her. She seemed almost as much cut up as the fellow himself."

"More so, in some respects. It's curious how women will continue to cling to brutes that maltreat them."

Satisfied with his spoil. Swan River District.

"It's their way," said his cousin; "and this man, from all accounts, was only mad when the drink was in him."

"Ay, well, he'll be a total abstainer for the next five years, and the poor thing will be able to live in peace."

"Better than in pieces," replied his jocular cousin.

But his lordship had another discovery to announce, and he did it in the manner of a Speke telling of a newly-found source of the Nile.

"Drink is the curse of this country," he said, weightily, and smacked his lips judicially over his port. "I am more and more impressed with it. I should say that quite four-fifths of the crimes that come under my notice have their origin in drink."

"All the law in the world will never put a stop to it, my boy," said his cousin.

"There's just a chance, of course, that five years' enforced sobriety may make a man lose his taste for it. I always have that faint hope," said his lordship.

"Not a bit of it, my dear chap. That fellow will come out with a five years' thirst that'll make his throat feel as long as a camel's, and as dry as a limekiln; and the first thing he'll probably do, after partially slaking it, will be to go and straighten accounts with his wife—as if she were the cause of all the trouble. How do you find that port?"

"Capital wine! What is it—58?"

"'58!'"—in a tone of shocked surpris. "No. I'm sorry to say it's '47.'"

"Sorry? Why 'sorry,' my boy?"

"Well, it's kind of wasted on a man who thinks it's '58.'"

"One gets so little chance of tasting '47' nowadays, that he almost forgets what it's like," said his lordship, apologetically. "'47!' Really! You're a lucky beggar."

"You're another," said his cousin.

* * * * *

It was Christmas Eve and bitter weather; seasonable for those well shielded from it; hard and trying for those who had to be abroad in it.

Even in Sandport, where the sea, as a rule, among other things, draws winter's sharpest teeth, it was bitterly cold and the snow lay deep.

But there was one traveller abroad that night to whom the cold was less than nothing, because of the fires within. He wore a rough pea-jacket, with his fists rammed hard into the pockets, and a flat sailor's cap pulled well down over his ears, to keep the cold from a close cropped head. His face was grim and set—shut, if you will permit the expression—and red with the cold. With chin on chest, he pushed steadily on along the sandy shore, as one on business bent. He turned neither to the right nor to the left, and greeted no man by the way, for there seemed no-one else abroad that night, and he had the flats and sand hills all to himself. The very sea gulls had left the wintry shore and fled up the river to scream and fight over the city garbage that tossed about at its mouth.

He had got out of the train two stations down the line, and for reasons of his own, he preferred the beach to the high road The tide was out. The long, level flats stretched away through the darkness to the distant sea, and on the other side the sand hills were thick with unusual snow, through which the wire grass bristled starkly, like dead men's hairs.

So intent a face would, in most men, have portended many thoughts. In this man, it betokened one thought only, as his brain was naturally slow and bucolic. At that particular moment, it was in bondage to one overpowering idea—an idea which had held it in its grip for two years—the growth of a seed of the devil's own planting. For two years he had tended it with curses, and this Chrismas night the black fruit was ripe, and he was on his way to pluck it.

'Twas a pity that his mind was incapable of more; for, if the past was full of bitterness, in the present, at all events, there were not lacking grounds for gratitude.

He might have thought, for instance, with a chuckle of self-congratulation, of the sudden swath of fog that crept over the breakwater that afternoon four days before, when, as by inspiration, he quietly laid down his tools and slipped into the sea, and, swimming like a seal, was half a mile from land before the warder missed him.

He might have remembered with thankfulness how the fog held thick as soup for half the night; how he swam and floated, and floated and swam, and got rid of his telltale garments one by one; how, when he was on his final float, because he was too numbed to swim, there came a bump, and he was hauled aboard a Yarmouth smack, with many startled exclamations from the crew; how they asked no questions, but gave him clothes and food; how, that same night, his ark of safety was run over by a rushing Castle Line steamer, and he, alone, of the four on the smack, was picked up by the boats; and how the sympathetic passengers had sent around a hat to such good purpose that he landed in Southampton next day a free man, plus a suit of clothes and twenty pounds in his pocket.

Had he pondered upon these things he might not have been stumbling along the crackling causeway of equinoctial seaweed to the garnering of the devil's fruit.

But for two long years his mind had been set on this thing. When they hustled him downstairs from the dock, he said to himself, "It's Meg's doing. Curse her!" When he lay awake on a

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bare plank at night, he said, "It's Meg's doing. Curse her!" When the wind and the rain beat on him on the breakwater, he said, "Meg's doing. Curse her!" When frost or sun cracked his skin to the biting salt, he said, "Meg's doing. Curse her!" Never once did he say, "Jim Rea's doing. Curse him!" but always "Meg." But every crackling step brought him nearer to Meg, and he was going to pay Meg for all the suffering he had brought on her and himself.

It was a heavy reckoning, but he'd take the change out of her. Maybe he would kill her. He was not quite sure. It would depend upon circumstances. He would see how he felt about it when his hands were in her hair, and she was at his mercy.

He raised his chin and peered for landmarks, then struck up into the sand hills, crossed the high road, and, by a devious way, came on to the back of the cottage where he used to live, in the outskirts of Sandport.

There was a light in the living-room, and he crept up to the back window, and peeped in through the hanging ivy.

It was a very small house, but the room made the most of what there was. It occupied the whole ground floor, and had a door and a diamond-paned window at the back, and a door and a larger diamond-paned window at the front. The staircase crept up one side and led to two small bedrooms above.

This was what Jim Rea saw when he stole up to the back window to learn in what state his wife was for the straightening out of that account between them.

Margaret Rea was knitting in the rocking-chair in front of the fire, just as he had found her sitting, waiting for him, a hundred times before. He looked a long time at Meg before his eyes saw anything else, and, with her face before him, his cold lips refused to say, "Curse her!"

She looked so good and wholesome, and, though there was a slight tightening about the lips, he knew that she looked better than when he had seen her last, even before—well—before the bandages, for the last time he saw her was in court.

In another chair, at one side of the fire, with her back to him, was Miss Martha Wormley. She was talking, and he knew her voice, though he could not see her face. Miss Wormley was their nearest neighbor. Her cottage was about fifty yards away. She was a Spinster, and her chief enjoyment and employment in life was talking. If she could not have talked she must have died, and she certainly would not have died happily unless she had died talking.

She was talking then, and Jim Rea could hear every word she said, and, also, Meg's replies; because the one diamond pane that always used to rattle when the wind blew strong off the land had, at last, fallen out of its leads, and the vacant hole was almost alongside his listening ear.

In the middle of the room, his three children were playing at make-believe Christmas tree, and little Jim's master hand was plainly visible therein.

They had got their mother's "dolly" out of the washtub. A "dolly" is an uncouth, but always very white wooden implement, with four stout round legs and a long, stout shaft, with cross handles at the top, and is used for the purification by torment of the clothes in the tub below. Up in the Highlands the girl's feet answer the same end.

Master Jim, for the edification of his brother Jack and little Meg, had artfully transformed the "dolly" into a Christmas tree by means of sticks tied crosswise on the shaft and ornamented with stiff pieces of crackling seaweed from the shore. It branched and bristled as no Christmas tree outside of a nightmare ever before branched and bristled. It was grotesque; it was wonderful, and they were all mightily pleased with it. It was hung with gleaming shells which winked merrily at the candle and the driftwood fire. A dozen tiny candles and a few tiny presents would have made it perfect. But Christmas candles and Christmas presents cost money, and all the money that came into that small house was little enough for the insides, to say nothing of the outsides, of the children themselves.

Little Meg—who was a baby when he went away two years ago, but had become a "bid dirl," and never tired of saying so—was seated on the floor, gazing at that wonderful tree with eyes as round, almost, as those of the new rag doll which, in spite of the mature wisdom of its flat face, had only been born a few minutes before, and was cuddled tightly to its new mother's breast, the very dearest thing she had on earth.

Little Jack was still lost in admiration of the rough beauty of the nautical wonder which his big brother had evolved from a straight-grained block of wood he had found on the shore, and had shaped and masted.

Jim, from the lofty standpoint of eight years, was enjoying himself mightily as a dispenser of largess and popular entertainer. There was no actual tangible present for him that night, but the red woollen comforter which his mother was knitting was to be his when it was finished, and, moreover, there had fallen from her lips vague hints as to a pair of new boots for him, before long—boots with nails that would score the ice—and Jim felt prospectively rich.

The women were talking, and the very first words the listener heard were about himself.

"Well," said Miss Wormley, in her high pitched voice, "you may say what

The Cook Cut, following the drive, Swan River District.

you like, Marg'ret, you're a sight better off without him."

"Mebbe I am, Martha, in some ways, but I miss him, all the same."

"An' a good job, too If it was me I'd be glad to miss him all the rest o' my life."

"You can't be expected to feel about it as I do."

"Well, I don't know. When I used to lie awake and hear him go tramping past, I could tell by his feet if he was in drink; an' when he was, I'd say to myself, 'Now that poor lass is going to git it again, and I'd lie and listen, and feel almost as bad as you did, I reckon. But you never screamed, Margaret. I don't know as ever I heard you scream in my life."

"No, I have never screamed," said Margaret. "It weren't so bad as all that."

"Don't tell me ," said Miss Wormley. "He came as nigh to swinging for you, that last time, as any man could without doing it right out. An' if Const'ble Cole hadn't nicked in and got his head broke, too, he'd ha' been maulin' you off an' on right up to now. He's a good man is Const'ble Cole I reckon it was his broken head had more to do wi' putting your man away than anything you did, Marg'ret."

"That last time were bad," acknowledged Margaret, with a reminiscent shake of her head: " but he didn't know how far he were going at that time. You may say what you like, Martha, but he's a good, kind man, is Jim—'cept just when the drink's in him."

"An' that were mostly all the time."

"Mebbe he'll have lost the taste for it when he comes home, and we'll be as happy as we was the first year after we was married."

"D' you mean to tell me you'd take him back ag'in, Marg'ret Rea?"

"Why, of course I would, and be glad t' have him. I tell you it wasn't him that used to knock me 'bout. It was just the drink."

"Same thing," said Miss Wormley.

"No, 'tain't. Jim's all right, 'cept when the drink's in him, and then he's not himself."

"You allus was a fool, Marg'ret."

"Well, mebbe," said Margaret. "There's fools and fools, but I miss him all the same. When you've been used to a man about the house it's mighty lonesome without one."

Miss Wormley sniffed disdainfully. "Better no man at all, than one who knocks you all to pieces!"

"He's father o' them children, you see, an' I can't ever forget how good he was to me when first we was married, before he got in with that Red Lion set. Eh, I wish the time was up and him back."

"Most women's born fools," said Miss Wormley, didactically, "but you're the biggest I've met yet, Marg'ret. If you hanker for another man, I'd try and get a better'n the last, if I was you."

"Why, what do you mean, Martha?"—and Margaret stopped knitting to look at her.

"I mean what I says," said Miss Wormley. "There's better fish in the sea, maybe, than ever came out of it, an' there's more'n one man about these parts that'd make you a good husband and treat you as you deserve, Marg'ret, and that's the very best, though it's to your own face I says it."

"An' me got one husband, already. Why, I'm ashamed of you, Martha."

"What's the use of a husband when he's in prison? Besides, you're separated from him by the law, and anyhow he'll never come back to you."

"Well, I'll wait and give him the chance, anyhow. Jim's my man, law or no law. I never asked for no separation, and I'd sooner have my Jim than any three men I've seen in Sandport yet."

"Well, mebbe you'll think better of it sometime, Marg'ret."

"Not me," said Margaret. "Jim's my man, and them's his kids, and I'll have naught to do with any other."

"Well, thank God, no man ever made a fool o' me," said Miss Wormley, devoutly.

"Mebbe you'd understand some things better if one had, Martha," said Margaret.

There was a sudden knock on the front door. Margaret started to answer it. The children ceased their play and stared with startled eyes, as two men, one thin and the other burly, with their rough coat collars up to their ears, kicked the snow from their boots, stepped into the room, and looked around sharply. At sight of the burly man, the watcher at the back window shivered—and not with the cold—and shrank back behind the screening ivy.

"Are you Mrs. Rea?" asked the thin man, brusquely.

"Yes," said Margaret, "What do you want?"

"Seen anything of that man of yours lately?"

"Jim? No. Why? What d' you mean?"

"He got off a day or two ago."

"Jim—got off? Glory!" she cried.

"Not much glory if he strikes up here and knocks your head off, Missis."

"I'm not afraid of Jim, my man; but, if you're after him, I hope he'll not come this way."

"Well, I'm blowed!" said the burly man. "Women is queer creatures. You can never tell how they'll go. Here's a man knocks his wife's head half off, and she's ready to jump round his neck and promise never to do it again, if only he'll come back to her."

"I was just telling her what a fool she was," said Miss Wormley, who objected to being left out when talking was to the fore.

"Ay?" said the thin man. "And why?"

"Just for that same reason," Miss Wormley said. "She were saying she wished his time were up and him back again."

"Ah," said the man, disappointedly. "Then you ain't seen nothin' of him?"

"No," answered Miss Wormley, with much emphasis—"nor don't want to, neither, 's far as I'm concerned. I were advising her to get a better man, if she must have one, though what women want wi' men at all beats me."

"You ain't a married woman, maybe, Missis?" said the burly man.

"No, I ain't, thank the Lord!"

"We'd like to look round upstairs, Missis, if you don't mind, just to make sure he ain't slipped in through a back window unbeknown to you," said the thin man.

"He ain't slipped in," said Margaret; "but you're welcome to look, if you want to,"—and she took the candle from the table, and moved toward the staircase.

"Ain't seen your daddy lately, have you, sonny?" asked the thin man, as he passed little Jim.

"No, I ain't," said Jim, sturdily, and little Meg eyed the strange man steadily, and cuddled her last-born tighter to her breast, lest he should have designs upon it.

"What's this?" asked the burly man, as he stopped in front of the glorified "dolly"—"What's this?"

"A Christmas tree," said Jim.

"If that ain't the rummest Christmas tree that ever I saw. Cute, too," he said, with an approving nod, and they tramped heavily upstairs. But there were no hiding places in so small a house, and they were soon down again.

"And who made it?" asked the burly man, stopping for another look at the Christmas tree.

"Me," said Jim.

The burly man produced three pennies from his pocket, and handed one to each of the children, saying, by way of apology, "I've got some little ones o' my own at home."

Not to be outdone, the thin man did the same, though he would never have thought of it if the burly man had not shown the way. The boys received them in silence. Little Meg grabbed hers delightedly, and said, "Ta!"

"Well, Missis," said the burly man, "he ain't got here yet, that's plain. But you'd better be on the lookout for him."

"If he comes, I'll tell him you're after him, an' ask him to git quick," said Margaret.

The burly man laughed and said, "Well, good night, and a merry Christmas to you all!"—and with his companion he went out into the snow.

"Well, if that don't beat all," said Miss Wormley "I wonder how he got away. D' you think he'll come here, Marg'ret.?"

"Since them men's about, I hope he won't," said Margaret. "I hope he's far enough away, though I'd fain like to see him again, if 'twas only for a minute, just to tell him there's no ill feeling. Now, you children, it's time you was in bed. You're rich bodies tonight. You can dream all night what you'll buy with them pennies."

"Can we spend 'em all ourselves, mummie?" asked Jim.

"Ay. It's Christmas time and they're yours."

"I'll be going, too, Marg'ret," said Miss Wormley. "I promised to look in at Mrs. Beatty's tonight. She's pretty low, an' a bit of talk cheers her up like"—and the woman threw her shawl over her shoulder, put on her overshoes because of the snow, and hobbled off to spread the news of Jim Rea's escape.

"Now, Meg, my woman, say your prayers by the fire here, so you won't get cold upstairs," said Margaret.

Little Meg, with a penny in each hand and her eyes fixed anxiously on the rag doll which her mother had drawn out of her arms, knelt and said, "Dod b'ess mummie an' daddie an' Zhim an' Zhack an' Meg an' ev'ybody. Amen!"

The boys' petitions were much to the same effect. "Go-ahead" Jim worked in a special plea for "the men what gave us the pennies," and banned Miss Wormley from the universal benediction with, "'cept Miss Wormley, 'cause I don't like her." For that his mother reproved him gently, and declined to argue the matter when he stoutly asked, "Well, d' you like her yourself, mummie?"

Then the candlelight wavered up the staircase and shone in the back room above, and the wonderful Christmas tree, shorn of half its glory, blinked sleepily

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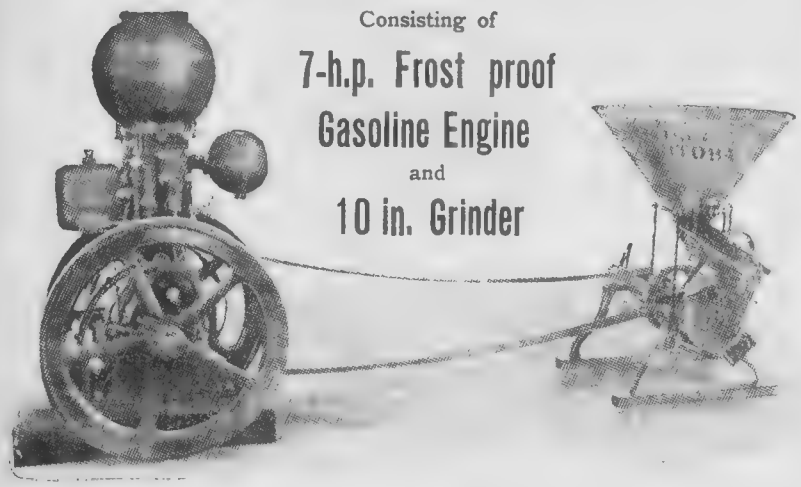

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Dysthe's Face Protector

For then he can face with ease the

Windiest Winds

and feel the greatest comfort in the

Coldest of Colds,

but the most wonderful of all is that he will not feel more of the

Stormiest of Blizzards,

than if he were sitting in the cosiest room looking out through the window

Few are the men whose business calls them out in all kinds of weather who have not had their face frozen in the wintertime, got blinded, lost their bearing because the snow blew into their eyes so they could not see, and many a man who froze to death in the blizzard could have saved himself if he had been able to see and keep in the right direction.

It is simple, convenient to carry, easy to put on and will stay on with hat or cap equally well. Can be fastened to the headgear or put into the pocket out of the and is ready when wanted.

As seen in the cut, it covers the face, runs under the chin and back of the ears, covering same with pockets formed by short elastics.

It is made of flannel, having double transparent Pyralin goggles, making a small air space between the two, preventing moisture from gathering and freezing on and a person can look out as through a window.

The snow can drift against them as it likes it will never hit my eyes, my ears will be covered by pockets, no place left exposed to the storm, still I can use a handkerchief or eat a lunch with it on.

Why not prepare Now for the Obstacles of Nature which You know are going to come?

The cost is so insignificant compared with the comfort derived from it that it will not hinder you in getting a Dysthe Face Protector so as to **stay inside while you are outside and look into the snowstorm and blizzard as through a window.**

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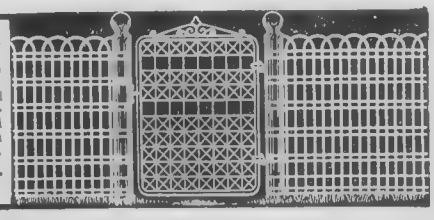

at the fire and settled into a nap on its own account.

The man outside waited for Margaret to come down again. He heard her voice up above mingled with the voices of the children. Then the noises died away, one by one, the light came flickering down the staircase again, and Jim Rea stood staring in at his wife. Perhaps it was the cold, which is a mighty sapper of courage; perhaps it was the sight of those two men so close on his track; perhaps it was any one of a half dozen other things entirely apart from any of these; but, whatever the reason, he was not looking at her as he had come all that way intending to look.

Margaret blew out the candle for economy's sake, and sat down, with her red yarn, knitting, by the hearth. Her fingers worked automatically, her eyes fixed on the fire, but her thoughts—her husband knew where her thoughts were. To the eyes of the man out there in the freezing cold she made a very pretty picture. Should he go away and leave her so? If he lived to be a hundred years old, he would never forget just how she looked sitting there in the firelight thinking—of him.

He tapped on the window, and Margaret started up.

She knew who it was. She went swiftly and drew the curtain across the front window, and, with trembling fingers, unbolted the back door.

"Jim!" she whispered, eagerly into the night.

"Meg!" and he came to where she stood in the doorway.

"Oh, my lad! my lad!" She threw her arms around his neck. There were no doubts, no questioning, no waiting to see how it was with him. Her heart had been sore for him, and he was there.

"Oh, my lad, but I'm glad t' see you. But they're after you, Jim. Dare you come in? You must get away quick, lad."

"I'll come in for a minute, Meg. I'm starvin' cold and hungry. I've been watching you through the window for an hour an' more."

"Have?" Then you saw the men."

"I saw 'em. They'll not come back tonight."

"Come in, then, and get warm. I'll get you something to eat and some tea. I've got ten shillings upstairs. Lad, I am glad to see you again. I were just sitting by the fire thinking of you, Jim, and then I heard the tap and knew it was you. You saw the children? Ain't they comin' on fine? That's Jimmie's Christmas tree. Made it all himself, he did."

She spread the table as she talked, put the kettle on, bolted both doors, and drew the seldom-used curtain over the back window. To Jim Rea it was as if he had been lifted suddenly out of a cold world into the warmth and comfort of heaven.

He sat by the fire warming his blue hands and steaming boots; and, as he watched her flitting about in the firelight, with a flush on her pretty face and new life in her comely figure, it was borne in upon him that he had been a consummate fool and worse.

He was too shamefaced, almost, to speak; and, besides, he was a man, and, therefore, tongue-tied when his feelings were stirred. But he ate hungrily, and Meg hovered about him like a parent hen, and rejoiced in him exceedingly.

It was when he had finished eating—for a full stomach makes a brave man—that he ventured to look up at the sweet face that he had last last seen covered with bandages—his doing—and said, huskily, "Lass—I'm sorry—." She stopped him with a kiss, and he never finished the apology.

Then they sat together in the firelight, and he told her all that had befallen him. He showed her his money, and divided it into five portions. There were five shillings each for the children, nearly ten pounds for her, and as much for himself.

Before they had done talking, the Christ Church bells began pealing, and they sat listening in silence.

"It's Christmas," whispered Meg, "Oh, Jim, couldn't you stop just this one night wi' me? I've been that lonesome."

They went in and looked at the two boys in the little back room, and little Meg opened her eyes and looked at them and murmured—"B'ess mummie an' daddie an' ev'ybody,,—then turned and fell asleep again.

When little Meg awoke at five o'clock next morning—her usual inconvenient hour of waking—someone was striding along the causeway of crackling seaweed, with the yellow wet flats on the one side and the snowy sand hills on the other. But it was not the same man who strode along that way the night before.

* * * *

Margaret was telling Mrs. Vicar the story, and ended with: "And I got this letter from Jim this very morning, saying we're to come out to him as soon as we can, an' he's sent twenty pounds to bring us. He's fallen on his feet out there, an' he's never touched liquor since he got there, an' it's a splendid country. He's been on the new railway there and earning good money, an' he's saved every cent, an' he's taken up one hundred and sixty acres of land himself, an' he's building a little house, an' it'll be a bit rough, mebbe, at first, but we'll all be together again." She was crying by this time, for the very joy of it all, and so was Mrs. Vicar.

* * * * *

Do they keep Christmas out at Rea's, there beyond Calgary?

That's the house. It has grown somewhat in the last four years, but it does not seem half big enough for what it holds this Christmas Eve. The snow is up to the eaves, almost, but the windows have been cleared, and the big room downstairs is bursting with light and laughter, and the merry voices of children, so that the myriad sparkling eyes outside look as if the snow from all the country round has crept up, and is crowding and hustling and standing on tiptoe to see what is going on inside.

All the children from ten miles round are there. Jim Rea was round in the afternoon collecting them in his sleigh filled with straw. They had been looking forward to his coming for a month, for Rea's Christmas parties were something to dream of beforehand and to dream over afterwards, and never to forget all through the year

"They're quiet enough folks as a rule," say the neighbors; "but they do let themselves loose at Christmas, and that's a fact."

Such a Christmas tree they always have! Such a lot of candles and something in the way of a present for every boy and girl there! They're not very much, perhaps, but enough to make the children's eyes sparkle. Such a supper after the tree! Such romps and dances! Old Jeremy Diddler, who played the fiddle, used to vow that his arm was sore for a week after. If Jim Rea had not built that house himself, and known that it was built solid, he might have shaken in his shoes lest it should burst like a bomb on Christmas Eve from sheer overpressure within.

The neighbors say it's all because Christmas Day is little Chris's birthday. So it is, and a great deal more, too.

That is little Christmas, for this is her full baptismal name, sitting on her father's knee, tired out with happiness, though Jim and Jack and Meg, and all the others are still on the go, as merry as corn in a popper, and with never a sign of giving out.

As Jim Rea's rough working hand strokes the sunny head, still bobbing in unison with Jeremy Diddler's active arm, he looks across at the fair, flushed face of Margaret, his wife, and says to himself, "Thank God!"

For his heart is very humble and grateful.

Special Notice.

On and after December 15th, the subscription price of the Western Home Monthly will be $1.00 a year or three years for $2.00.

Jack London: When a meal becomes a ceremony it ceases to be nourishing.

Watrous, Sask.

By Rev. Frank H. King.

Watrous is a town of exceptional opportunities and gifts. Less than three years ago, where is now a thriving town of nearly a thousand population, nothing but bare prairie met the eye. In January of 1908 signs of advancing civilization in the shape of wooden pegs were to be seen. In the following May the town received its birth, and the first business men to arrive where Messrs Koehler, Bjorndahl, Abram and Elsworth, and Dr. J. H. White, and each of these has helped to nurse the infant to its present size and vigour. Interesting indeed to the present inhabitant of Watrous are the stories of the difficulties of these pioneer tradesmen, and almost incredible the tale seems when it is considered that all they tell you is of only two and a half years ago. But the advent of the Iron Horse makes rapid the development of the country served by it. Where two years ago the journey to Winnipeg was a long and uncomfortable one, travelling by construction train, and where much less than a year ago the journey was per the "mixed," now there is a daily service of excellent and well-appointed trains, and the journey is done in fifteen hours. Watrous has now excellent sidewalks, fire protectioin and telephones, and its buildings are a credit to any town many times older. Among the buildings in the town worthy of mention are the Station, Firehall and Council Chamber, the Manitou and Tourist hotels (a third is contemplated) the Dadson, Evenson and the Bjorndahl blocks, the first-named a cement building and the other two brick structures. Handsome and substantial residences are too numerous to particularize.

The mercantile interests of the town are watched and catered to by branches of both the Canadian Bank of Commerce and the Union Bank. A permanent site has been secured and is held by the Merchants' Bank.

The healing city is also a divisional point of the G.T.P. and has a round house with accommodation for twelve engines. There is a rumor to the effect that more stalls are to be added shortly. With these there are the necessary repairing shops and stores with different offices, the whole employing a large number of men.

Watrous, Sask The first stores in the winter of 1907-08. Beginning of Watrous.

The spiritual needs of the people are supplied by the following bodies:—Anglican, Methodist, Presbyterian, Lutheran and Moravian. The first two named have their own buildings, the English church being a pleasing edifice of Gothic design. The Methodists have a finished and substantial building with a parsonage adjoining.

Watrous has what so few towns of much larger size are able too boast of, that is a full brass band; and it is worthy of note that this organization is two years old, and has received numerous requisitions for its services, among others being invitations to play at Regina and Saskatoon. Then there is the Amateur Dramatic and Operatic Society which soon won itself distinction by the talent displayed. Sport is well represented, there being football, cricket, tennis and baseball clubs, while a large rink affords room and opportunity for hockey players.

The Watrous section is particularly adapted for both wheat growing and cattle raising, having excellent farming land. Every homestead has been taken up and the only land that remains available is in private ownership. The grain grown is of a very high grade and prolific in production. Three elevators partially supply the needs, while long strings of grain cars await the incoming loaded wagons.

The official organ of the town is the "Watrous Signal," the editor being Mr. E. Garrett, formerly editor of the Bradford (Ont.) "Witness."

The education of the young, along the most approved methods, with a strong and capable board, is provided for by a large and commodious school, with a staff of a principal and three teachers. At the recent Government examination, all entrants but one passed the tests for the teachers' entrance exams.

But, after all the foregoing has been considered, there remains to be mentioned with it perhaps the greatest asset of Watrous, insomuch as numbers of towns can boast of all that has been stated, but few if any can pride themselves on a possession of such material and therapeutical value as is the well-known Lake Manitou. To give a full and historical account of this wonderful body of healing virtue would be to occupy pages, but a few remarks will not be out of place. Longfellow in his "Hiawatha" uses words which might well have referred to this Lake. These are the words:—

"Forth then issued Hiawatha,
Wandered eastward, wandered westward,
Teaching men the use of simples
And the antidotes of poisons,
And the cures of all diseases.
Thus was first made known to mortals
All the mystery of Medamin
All the sacred art of healing.

The scene of Hiawatha, we know, is among the Ojibways, on the southern shore of Lake Superior, but this Lake of the Manitou was known ages before the author of Hiawatha was heard of. Among the Indians time is reckoned by moons and it is very difficult to arrive at anything like an exact idea of time beyond two or three generations, but one has only to converse with any of the older Indians to know that large companies from the different tribes travelled annually towards the north bringing their sick and suffering to receive the gift which

"Gitche Manitou the Mighty,
The Creator of the nations,
Who looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity

had ready to offer to those who would accept it. The author of this article was told by one of the half-breeds of the Gordon band of the Touchwood Indians that he himself came with a party in his boyhood days to this lake, where so many of his fairer brethren are resorting to in these days. So, though the great American poet builds his story further east and south, his hero, Hiawatha, is more likely to have been to the site of the present Watrous than even to the places formerly believed. The

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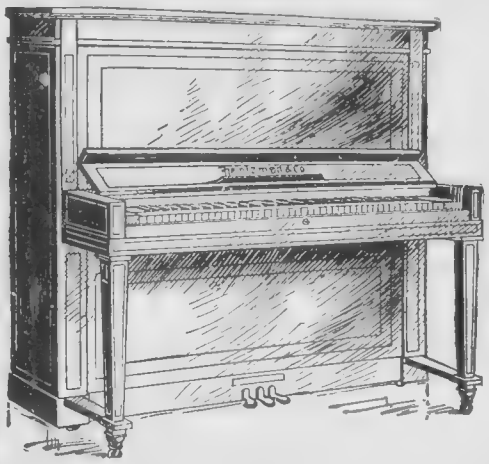

Great Artists

who are authorities on piano tone, brilliancy, touch, singing quality, power, in fact in the entire construction of pianos are strong in their praise for the Heintzman & Co. Pianos. Some of these are Arthur Friedheim the great Russian pianist, August Hyllested, the great Danish pianist, Alberto Jonas, the famous Spanish pianist, Adela Verne, greatest woman pianist in the world and De Pachmann, the world's greatest pianist, and dozens of others. Doesn't their word carry to you the advisability of buying a piano of worth ?

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Watrous, Sask. Main street at July 29, 1910.

last party of Indians to be seen at the lake, was, it is stated by one who saw them, about five years ago. But there are signs abundant of their journeys, for about fourteen miles west of Watrous there are the red-river cart trails which can lead to no other place than the wonderful lake. These trails, the author thinks, issue from the district of the Willowbunch Hills, and another from the country of the Pie-a-pot, the Muscowpeetung and the Pasquah Indians, up on the western side of the Last Mountain Lake, then in a northerly direction to the Manitou Lake. There are also remains of the old "sweat lodges" of the Indian still to be seen towards the western end of the lake. The method of procedure, which was described to the author, was as follows:—After the hole was made, a teepee was erected over it. Meanwhile stones were being fired to a great heat, these were placed in the hole and the medical water was slowly poured in the extemporised bath. One of the stones was sometimes left in for a seat, and into this primitive and rudly constructed but efficacious Turkish bath the patient was placed. And what the Indians of so long ago availed themselves of, we are placing at the service of our brothers, only in a little more improved and hygienic method.

When the Government surveyors passed through this part of the country in 1882, the peculiarity of the water was only partly discerned, for they reported it as "salt."

With the retreat of the Indian, the notoriety of the Healing Lake passed away for a time and it was only when Watrous came that its wonderful curative powers were utilised once again soon its fame spread and means were devised to turn its beneficial waters to good account. Now the water is being shipped far and wide, and companies have been formed to finance the building of two sanatoria on the lakeside. The present needs of the invalid are supplied at different places in town, at the hotels, boarding houses, etc, where hot mineral baths are to be had. This year large numbers of people have come to Watrous en route to the lake which is only three miles distant and have made their homes in camps along the shore, and were to be seen disporting themselves in its invigorating waters two or three times a day. One party came from the States, another from Oak Lake, Man. The latter party came also last year. Most of the businessmen live at the lake during the best part of the year and drive to and fro, or else come to business in the automobiles which ply for hire. While it would be foolish to attribute to this lake the legendary effects of the mythical elixir of life, yet the astonishing results of its healing power are so markedly apparent in numbers of cases, that the future of Watrous as a health resort alone is already assured. To those coming to derive benefit, it would be well to remind them that so great are the powers of the waters, they should place themselves under medical treatment here, just as they would if they went to Marienbad or Carlsbad. As a gargle, this water is wonderful in its effect, as the writer has proved. For an aperient, taken judiciously, it is Nature's own remedy, while used as hot compresses, or as hot baths, it is marvellous in its effect in the not too advanced stages of rheumatism and for various skin diseaces. One old missionary informs the writer, this water has not been known to fail to cure among the Indians. Manitou Salve is now a market commodity, and is useful for all that ointments are generally used.

A mineral water factory has been erected at the lakeside and the water is now obtainable in various forms, both for medicinal and beverage use.

As a pleasure resort Lake Manitou attracts those who desire the combination of a country and seaside holiday, for apart from the invigorating bathing on a perfectly safe beach, there are launches and boats plying for hire throughout the season, and one can take a sail on this inland sea with perfect safety. The buoyancy of the water is traditional the specific gravity (1.06) being so great that non-swimmers can lie on the top of the water with perfect ease and safety. The lake is about three quarters of a mile in width, and numbers of swimmers accomplish the entire distance, resting en route by turning over and lying on the top of the water. Tradition asserts that it is impossible for one to drown there. Whether there is any foundation for this statement or not, this much is certain, that there is not the knowledge of a case of drowning, in the history of the people, or of the lake. Hundreds have enjoyed the bracing bathing afforded. Three large bathing houses have been built, but the accommodation was quite inadequate this summer at times. A refreshment pavillion was erected in the spring of 1910 and was in great demand. A number of cottages and chalets have been built, for residents not only of Watrous but of other places. The lake is being unanimously chosen as the ideal place for camping parties, picnics and celebrations.

Such is Watrous and its Lake, but what it is to be, time alone will tell; yet with all its advantages it is not difficult to see in the picture of the future a large town and a prosperous holiday

Near Watrous, Sask. Floating on Manitoba Mineral Lake.

resort at Watrous, with street railway between the two for already there have been two applications to secure the franchise for both electric lighting and a street railway.

Watrous is also the terminal point for railroad to Prince Albert, and the construction of the road to Regina is well under way.

With all tnis development Watrous and its Lake is bound to go ahead.

Brandon, Man.

By C. A. Cooke.

Nestling on the broad, gentle slope of the Assiniboine valley, in the heart of the farthest famed and most extensive hard wheat belt on the North American Continent, numbering together with her own, a tributary population of close on 30,000 prosperous farmers, a tilled acreage of seven and a half millions of the twelve millions cultivated in Manitoba, and an elevator capacity of twelve million bushels, Brandon's claim to the pretentious title of "The Wheat City" is founded on the bed rock of indisputable fact and figure.

In a country such as the province of Manitoba, where "Wheat is King" the sobriquet is one to foster a sentiment of pride, and Brandon is proud, justly proud of her title. To the land, the wonderful black wheat growing soil of the district, Brandon owes her growth and present splendid prosperity, and the citizens, quick to recognize wherein lies the mainstay of their progress, accord the farmer every encouragement. That this is so is evidenced by the energy and effort expended in furthering the two great agricultural exhibitions which take place yearly in the city, the Summer and Winter Fairs, each in turn the Mecca towards which the grain growers and stock breeders of the whole Great West make their pilgrimage.

Not alone in the encouraging of big results does Brandon lend her aid to the farmer: She is also deeply interested in the actual achievement, by the most scientific and economical means, of those results; hence the city has become the great distributing emporium of the West, for agricultural machinery and labor saving devices of every known species. With a live, and energetic Board of Trade and Commercial Bureau, a never ceasing campaign of publicity of the most modern type is conducted, resulting in constant additions to the distributing houses already in operation here.

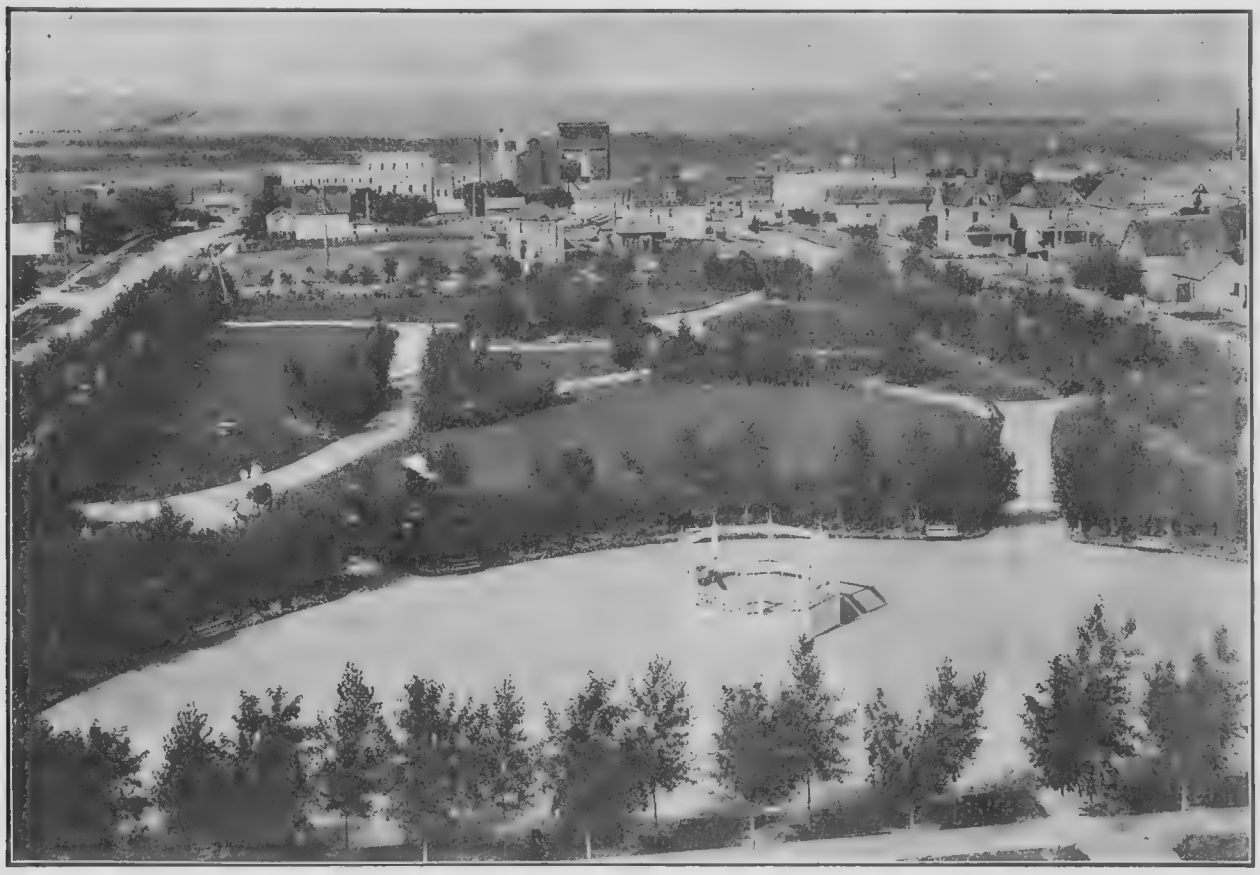
It is not, however, simply in exterior facilities that Brandon excels in this direction Right at home she has inducements second to none in the West. An up-to-date and splendidly equipped electric light and power plant; parallelled in efficiency and general utility by an extensive gas works for light, heat and power; a projected transfer railway, coupling up the C.P.R. and C.N.R.; and industrial spur line which will provide some miles of unequalled track sites, besides a power system, for which the city is now negotiating, that will give Brandon unlimited motor power at a maximum cost of $35 per horse power, are among the commercial inducements she has to offer.

From a residential view point Brandon yields the palm to no city in the Dominion. With a population today of some 15,000, she stands well to the front for her beautiful homes, her excellent streets and sidewalks, resplendent in their avenues of trees and boulevards, her superb parks and public buildings. The repute of her college for men and women has penetrated into every corner of the land, while her public school system and collegiate institute offer unexcelled opportunities in the matter of primary and secondary education.

Brandon is especially proud of her churches, which are architecturally, well in keeping with the splendid spirit of progress which marks the commercial side of the city's growth. Socially the Wheat City lacks nothing and her numerous clubs and institutions, her Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. and innumerable other facilities for social intercourse and uplifting render her an ideal home city.

Born of the rich wheat lands that surround her, and inseparably identified with the golden treasure of her harvest fields, Brandon has nothing of mushroom growth in her constitution. Today her credit is unassailable and she reaches a higher point on the wave of prosperity than ever before in her history. The present year has been one of unexampled activity in the Wheat City, and her building permits for the season are greater than those of any two former years. Three magnificent new hotels, among them the mammoth seven storey Canadian Northern Railway hostelry, two new churches, a Catholic convent, the magnificent new court house for the Western Judicial District, several large warehouses, apartment and business blocks, the latter including an absolutely fire proof concrete block of nine storeys, all testify to the remarkable progress made by Brandon this year.

For the coming year equally pretentious undertakings are projected, equally enhanced prospects are in view, tending to the belief that Brandon has entered on an era of prosperity and rapid advance hitherto unknown in the Wheat City.



Brandon, Man. View coming to West Park, and showing Assiniboine Valley in the background.

Honesty the Best Policy.

In a small western town is a liveryman who has ideas of his own about conducting his business.

Not long ago a drummer, known for his ability to get over ground in a hurry, had one of old William's rigs with which he drove to a neighboring town. Part of the way was over a corduroy road. The drummer's business detained him longer than he expected, and he found that he would have to drive some to catch a train.

When he struck the corduroy road, going strong, he felt something snap and knew that he had broken a spring. He saw visions of having to make the damage good to old William. When he reached the barn he jumped out and said: "Bill, I broke a spring. How much do I owe you?"

"How did you break it, Henry?" asked the liveryman, looking the rig over.

"Driving like the Dickens over a rough road," the drummer answered frankly.

Then you don't owe me anything, Henry."

"Why, how's that?"

"Well, that's the first time, Henry I ever had a spring broke that way. It's a new way o' breakin' them. All I ever had broke before was broke drivin' easy over a smooth road."

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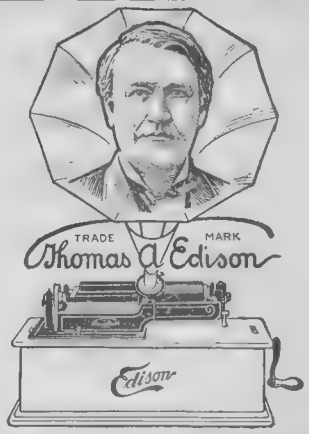

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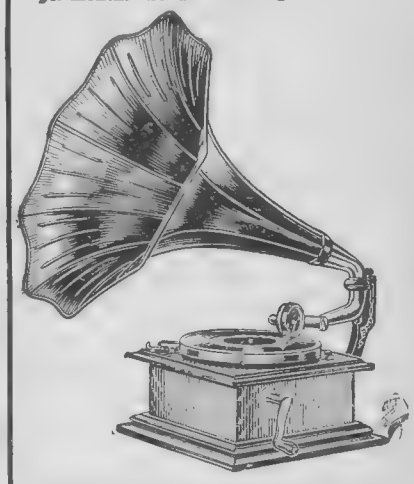

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on easy terms, you are getting in absolutely on the ground floor and will double your money three and four times over in a few years.

Our lots, which are within half-a-mile of the Grand Trunk Townsite and adjoining Main Street, are dollar for dollar the cheapest property on the market at Edson to-day.

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Over ten thousand weekly lessons are now being sent to homes all over the world to pupils in all walks of life, from seven years of age to seventy.

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Moose Jaw, Sask.

By Gordon E. Leighton.

When the history of these remarkable times is written, in the records of the province of Saskatchewan the name of Moose Jaw will be written large. Distinctive in name, and at this time predominant in prestige commercially, it is daily forging ahead at the rate equal in rapidity to the best of the mammoth locomotives on the railway which has had a great deal to do with the establishment and growth of the city. To its natural strategic position it owes its birth. The C.P.R. surveyors, pushing through their lines in the early eighties noted its favorable position. And it was decided by those who sat in high places at that time, that Moose Jaw was to become a big railroad centre, and it has. The same policy, is being pursued now, as in the past, and the latest development is its promotion to the largest and most important centre in the province. In making the city the Grand Divisional point for Saskatchewan the Company placed it on the same level of importance as Calgary and Winnipeg as a railroad centre, and there are not wanting those who prophecy that by reason of its important position it must of necessity become the most important point on the western system of this great corporation.

The company is ever spending and spending to make its equipment here equal to the calls, always increasing, upon it. At the present time is has under construction new yards estimated to cost $500,000. And its monthly pay roll here in twelve months in the year is $150,000. That is one of the reasons why Moose Jaw is called a cash city.

Besides being aided on the high road of prosperity in this manner the city is nobly helping itself. Having now a population of 15,000 it is becoming something more than a mere splurge on the map of the west. Its problems are those of a city, its revenue is that of a city, but, here's the point, its assessment is low and its rate of taxation compares more than favorably with its neighbors. Its schools and school system are the most up-to-date and the records of its scholars are eloquent in favor of the merits of its first-class teaching staff of forty five persons. The population of its five public schools and magnificent Collegiate Institute is twelve hundred.

Water and sewerage questions are being dealt with in such a manner as to leave no doubt for the future efficiency of either. A complete disposal plant for sewerage is now under way which will cost over $200,000 and be of ample capacity to accommodate the city for many years to come, and it is hoped to solve the water supply problem by the exploitation of the Moose Jaw river as a source of supply, as well as by the future development of the springs which supply the city at present.

That the financial position of the city is strong is well proven by the fact that recently 4½ per cent. debentures, aggregating $512,000, were sold for the price of 97.08. The borrowing powers of Moose Jaw, notwithstanding its remarkable development, including such improvements as paved streets, have been depleted only to the extent of 50 per cent., even on the admittedly conservative assessment for this year.

Moose Jaw River. Showing the City of Moose Jaw in background.

This point is growing in favor as a suitable centre for the location of industries and warehouses. Why this be so is not hard to explain. It is as before stated the most important point on the C.P.R. main line in Saskatchewan, besides which it is the gateway for the entrance and exist of all traffic to the United States, by virtue of its being the terminus of the important Soo Line. Edmonton and the North land shortly will send all their traffic to the states through Moose Jaw because the Edmonton branch of the C.P.R., having its starting point here, will offer the most direct route to them. The C.N.R. and G.T.P. have lines under construction and the C.N.R. branch from the south, expected to reach the city at the beginning of next year, will give us additional connection with the emmense coal deposits in the south.

Lastly, the permanence of the prosperity which the city is now enjoying is assured, if only for the reason that it is the centre of one of the best agricultural and grain raising districts. There were 18,000 quarter sections of

On the Moose Jaw River.

land taken up in the district during 1909 by newcomers. That in itself is a proof of the excellence of the land, but there is yet to be settled an immense area. The excellence of the agricultural land in the district led to the establishment here two years ago of the Saskatchewan Flour Mills, which has increased its out put from 500 to 1,500 barrels per day in that short time. It is now erecting an oatmeal mill which will turn out 350 barrels of oatmeal and tons of feed per day. Taking as the authority the official figures of the Department, Moose Jaw is the largest milling centre between Winnipeg and the coast. Gordon Ironside & Fares, the big western meat packers, have decided to locate their western plant here, plans for which and for the machinery have already been drawn. Wholesale and distributing houses, a glass wholesale and manufacturing machine works and foundry are among other things which contribute to the present prosperity of the city. The faith of the citizens in the future is shared by others, for the latest improvement to be undertaken in the construction, by a firm of Ottawa capitalists, of a Street Railway system.

The permanent improvement and beautifying of the wide streets of the beautiful and a city prosperous sum up the desire of all members of this community and they are in a fair way to realize them.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Mrs. Nellie L. McClung.—A home can never be replaced by anything else.

Ernest Thompson Seton:—There is little doubt that few men live their full term.

Marion Harland:—There is a closer connection between cooking and conduct than is often admitted.

Dr. James W. Robertson:—No children should be allowed to leave school before they are sixteen years of age.

Arthur Stringer:—Much that has been written might have remained unwritten, and the world no worse off.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson:—If political power becomes divorced from knowledge and sense of duty it will be disastrous.

Capt. Clive Phillips-Woollley:—There are some orators to whom the discharge of a certain number of speeches is necessary for health.

Principal Schurman:—The cause of temperance can be fostered and pushed forward better by educational work than by anything else.

Agnes C. Laut:—When women have got over their want of confidence in their own sex the number of women doctors will largely increase.

Mrs. Margaret Scott:—The most thankful, joyful, and glad-hearted people we come across are often those who have least in this world to make them happy.

Premier Botha:—On broad national lines, with aspirations and ideals in harmony, Canada is moving rapidly ahead—east and west, in city, town, and on prairie. South Africa will do likewise.

Special Notice.

On and after December 15th, the subscription price of the Western Home Monthly will be $1.00 a year or three years for $2.00.

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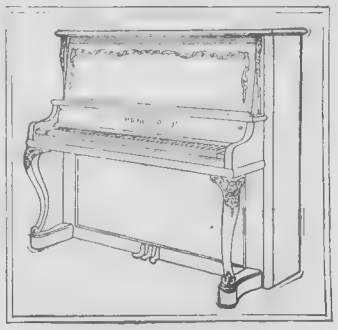

By carrying superior grade goods; by always having something new; by having plain prices marked on every article; by pleasing our customers and having them recommend their friends. These principles, together with our policy of giving the best value for the money and no misrepresentations of any kind, make this the most popular Piano Store in Winnipeg.

LOOK AT THESE UP-TO-DATE STYLES OF

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No old worn-out, back numbers, but each and every one an up-to-date style and as fresh and good as when new.

25 Splendid Uprights

used less than twelve months; look exactly like new; World's Best Makers. Remember they are not second hand pianos that have outlived their usefulness. They are not damaged; in most cases not even soiled, perfect in tone, action and appearance, fully guaranteed in every way, just the same as brand new fresh-from-factory-stock. These are the Pianos we rented to Summer Resorters and now offer at such remarkable discounts in order to relieve the over-crowded condition of our ware-rooms. The following is a partial list:—

Newcombe—7⅓ octave Upright Piano, in walnut case with plain polished panels; case is of simple though attractive design Regular price $400.....now **$225**

Mendelssohn—A very attractive small sized Upright Piano, in double veneered mahogany case with plain panels; tricord overstrung scale, 3 pedals, practice muffler, 7 octaves. Maker's price $350.....now **$215**

Palmer—A very handsome Cabinet Grand Piano by the Palmer Co., Toronto, in burl walnut case with full length music desk, full iron frame, 3 pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc.....special **$220**

Bell—7 octave Upright Piano by the Bell Co., Guelph, of attractive design with plain panels; has double folding fall board, 3 pedals, ivory and ebony keys, practice muffler, beautiful full rich tone.....only **$225**

Heintzman—A 7⅓ octave Heintzman & Co. Piano of medium size, in walnut case, full length music desk, tricord scale, ivory and ebony keys.....only **$240**

Heintzman—Ionic style, cannot be told from new; walnut case. Regular price $425; only **$325**

Haines—A handsome Louis XV. Upright Piano, in beautiful crotch mahogany case of artistic Louis XV. design, with hand carvings; pedals, hinges, etc. of solid copper, brass fittings, full steel plate with bushed pins, brass instead of the ordinary wooden flanges and is built on the "grand" principle, producing a sympathetic richness and fullness of tone that has found favor with leading musicians .....Special Sale price **$340**

Gourlay—A Cabinet Grand Upright Piano, "Colonial" design, in attractive walnut case; full length plain panels and music desk, Boston fall board, 3 pedals, etc. This piano has been in no way impaired either in tone, touch or appearance. A most attractive sweet-toned instrument of which we have sold duplicates to the best musicians in Winnipeg with perfect satisfaction in every case. Regular $550.....only **$350**

Player Piano—A Self-Player Piano, in walnut case, with all the latest improvements in expression devices, such as the Phrasing Lever, the Melodant Melody Buttons, Sustaining Pedal Devices, etc.; guaranteed to be as good as a new one, with 15 rolls of music of your own selection. This is the biggest bargain ever offered the buying public. Plays any style of music rolls. Regular $850.....A snap—only **$475**

Every piano described in this list is worthy of a place in your home. Every one is in first class order, having been overhauled by our expert tuners and polishers. All were so nearly new that nothing but tuning and polishing were necessary. Every one is guaranteed for ten years and will be shipped on approval. We pay the return freight if not satisfactory. Better order to-day to secure the instrument of your choice. Send a second and a third choice in case the first should be sold before receipt of order.

Full List No. 43 mailed free on application.

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Size 22 x 22—4 rooms, $412.50

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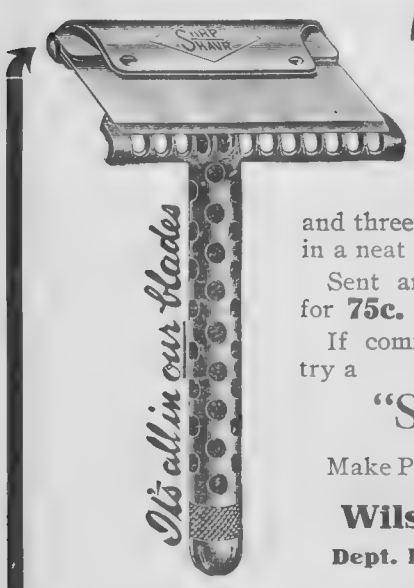

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NOTA BENE—We have a few strops left; we will include one with each order while they last.

When purchasing from Western Home Monthly advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

Dauphin, Man.

By W. D. King.

Dauphin, the fifth place in importance in Manitoba, lies 178 miles northwest of Winnipeg, and is an important divisional point on the Canadian Northern Railway. It is situated in an excellent agricultural district, with the Riding Mountains twelve miles to the south, Lake Dauphin ten miles to the east, and the Vermillion River, which rises in the Riding Mountains and empties into Lake Dauphin taking its winding course

Baptist Church, Dauphin, Man.

through the town. Few places have such an ideal location. Is it any wonder that Dauphin, under so favorable physical conditions, has made such wonderful progress?

"The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air."

Where the town now stands, thirteen

McKenzie School, Dauphin, Man.

years ago a splendid wheat crop was harvested averaging forty bushels to the acre.

The population of Dauphin, according to the latest census, taken is 3,239. Since then three subdivisions have been added to the town limits which will increase the population some 500 people.

Dauphin can boast of as fine buildings as are to be found in places much old-

Whitmore School, Dauphin, Man.

er. The town hall and opera house is a fine, large brick building. Dauphin rivals the larger places as an educational centre, there being two fine large public schools and a collegiate having a staff of twenty teachers. There are five churches, comprising Episcopal, Roman Catholic, Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian; three good hotels, two weekly newspapers, a fine hospital, grist mill, four elevators, three chartered banks, three large departmental stores and several general stores, four hardware stores, two drug stores, two bakeries, five livery stables, two pump, sash and door factories, a creamery, steam laundry, together with numerous other places of business incident to a thriving town.

All the modern improvements are to be found here. The streets are wide, with granolithic walks and many beautiful trees. A few years since a splendid power house was built and an electric light plant installed. The Manitoba Government system has over 300 telephone subscribers. A good waterworks system is being built at a cost of a quarter of a million.

The excellent farming lands of the surrounding district are utilized in the production of grains, dairying and stock-raising.

Surprising as the progress of the town has been in the past, the future seems even more assured. The West is growing in a phenomenal way and Dauphin will contnue to march in the forefront rank.

In Style.

'Arry and his best girl were discussing recent events in the High Street, Bethnal Green, one day last week.

'Arry: "Did you read the list of presents Ann Smith had for her weddin?"

'Arriet: "Yes, I did. The hidea for such as them 'avin' the weddin' put in the paper! They might be bloomin' haristocrats."

'Arry: "Fancy her mother giving her sich a 'andsome present as a 'orse and trap!"

'Arriet: "Garn! It was a clothes-'orse and a mouse-trap. I've seed 'em. That's their bloomin' pride!"

"Kerchunk" Did It.

A train on one of the new railroads in southern Kansas was running down a grade, says the Kansas City Star, when one of the side-rods of the engine broke. The train stopped at the foot of the grade with the good cylinder "on centre," and when the broken side had been uncoupled the engine could not be started.

The engineer, the conductor and the passengers took turns trying to devise a way to start it. At last a farmer's boy crawled through a barb-wire fence, and came over to make a suggestion.

"Why don't you let 'er go kerchunk?" he asked.

"What?" demanded the conductor, not grasping the idea.

"Why, let 'er go kerchunk. Unhitch the last car and shove 'er up the grade a-ways. Then let her come down kerchunk against the train. That'll bump her along some."

The railroad men sniffed contemptuously, but the passengers sided with the boy, so at last it was decided to try his scheme. All hands turned to and pushed the car a little way up the hill. Then it was sent with increasing speed back against the train, which it struck with the foreseen "kerchunk." The "kerchunk" did the work. The engine was bumped off centre, the engineer gave it enough steam to keep it slowly moving, the passengers scrambled aboard, and the one-legged outfit limped away on its journey.

Bird's Eye View of Dauphin, Man.

Yorkton, Sask.

By S. N. Wynn.

Yorkton, the metropolis of Eastern Saskatchewan, is destined to become the next city of Canada's premier grain growing province. It is now the commercial, railway, lands, police, legal and educational centre of one of Saskatchewan's richest agricultural districts, and having enjoyed a steady, solid and substantial growth since its incorporation as a village in 1894, there is not that uncertainty as to its uture, inflation of land values and general unsettled condition that has marked the growth of newer and more widely advertised places. Yorkton's growth has been natural, its future is assured, and its business and realty condition are on solid bottom.

A scene in the heart of Yorkton's Business Section.

Yorkton is situated 180 miles south east of Saskatoon, 150 miles northeast of Regina and 280 miles northwest of Winnipeg, in the park district of Saskatchewan. It is the largest town on the Winnipeg and Edmonton short line of the C.P.R. east of Saskatoon, and enjoys a similar distinction on the Regina-Yorkton branch of the G.T.P. The Canadian Northern is also expected to reach Yorkton shortly. It is the greatest oat-shipping point in the world, its annual exports being 2,000,000 bushels for the past few years, and nothing more than this may be said as to the wonderful productiveness of the soil of the district tributary to it. In former years this was the greatest cattle shipping point in Western Canada, but the steady encroachments of the settler have left the rancher but a memory of the past; where once the steer was king, 100 bushel-per-acre crops of oats and 40 bushel-per-acre of wheat hold sway. Oats predominate at present, about 65 per cent of the entire crop being put in that grain. But a larger percentage of wheat is grown from year to year.

Yorkton's $75,000 Collegiate Institute, now nearing completion.

As a distributing centre no point in Northeastern Saskatchewan can compare with Yorkton.

The educational advantages of Yorkton will, in the near future, equal those offered in any city in Saskatchewan. At present there are two public elementary schools employing eleven teachers and a high school employing three university graduates as teachers in which pupils are prepared for teachers certificates. A collegiate institute costing $75,000 will replace the present building early next year—a building that is unequalled as an exemplification of the most approved principles in school architecture. When this is completed a larger teaching staff will be engaged and no effort spared to make Yorkton second only to Saskatoon—the university city,—as an educational centre in this province.

Premier Laurier and party waist high in a Yorkton, Sask., Wheat Field.

Yorkton can already boast of manufactures—a rare thing in western towns. These are the products of its machine shops, flour mill of a daily capacity of 150 barrels, two large brickyards and cement yards employing fifty hands, and an oatmeal mill with a daily capacity of 250 barrels. There are splendid opening here for several other industries, such as an abattoir, foundry, pork packing plant, another creamery, another flour mill, strawboard factory, tannery, linseed oil mill, automobile assemblying plant and wholesale businesses of all kinds.

Yorkton's population has now passed the 3,000 mark and up-to-date churches have been erected to minister to the spiritual needs of the people. Of these the Presbyterian and Roman Catholic churches each cost about $25,000 and are among the finest town churches in the West. An excellent hospital, with

Yorkton, Sask., Automobile Club.
Previous to a 100-mile spin through the territory tributory, which is excellent for motoring.

MUNRO'S 614 PORTAGE AVE. WINNIPEG, MAN.

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One of our strongest lines and a line on which we can effect a great saving to our customers is

Coal Oil

We realize that most farmers are paying out from 25 to 40 per cent. more money for their Coal Oil than would be necessary were they able to buy it direct from the refiners. Such a connection is now possible. We have just completed arrangements to have the best grades of Coal Oil shipped to our customers direct from the oil wells at the price ordinarily charged the coal oil merchants by the refiners. This direct connection will mean a big saving to every consumer of coal oil in Western Canada. While we are handling all grades of oil marketed by the refiners, we quote prices only on the four best grades possible to procure.

Note particularly the Refiners' prices quoted by us on the following four excellent lines:

"OLD HOMESTEAD"—An excellent grade of oil, being several points higher in quality than is required for Government test. A grade which has been sold extensively throughout the West in recent years at a much higher price. F. O. B. Winnipeg, **per gal. 19c.** F. O. B. Regina, **per gal. 23c.** F. O. B. Saskatoon, **per gal. 24c.** F. O. B. Calgary or Edmonton, **per gal. 26c.**

"RELIANCE BRAND"—This brand is one grade higher than Old Homestead, and is guaranteed to give a nice white light. F. O. B. Winnipeg, **per gal. 21c.** F. O. B. Regina, **per gal. 25c.** F. O. B. Saskatoon, **per gal. 26c.** F. O. B. Calgary and Edmonton, **per gal. 28c.**

"EXCELSIOR BRAND"—A still higher grade, which will give longer and steadier light than is possible to obtain from 75 per cent. of the oil sold. Price, F. O. B. Winnipeg, **per gal. 23c.** F. O. B. Regina, **per gal. 25c.** F. O. B. Saskatoon, **per gal. 28c.** F. O. B. Calgary and Edmonton, **per gal. 30c.**

"BURNBRIGHT BRAND"—Is the most perfect coal oil ever put on the market, a quality which is seldom distributed to country towns. This oil gives a white, steady light, burns longer than the ordinary oils, and will not smoke the chimney. The price at which you can have this oil, delivered to your own town, will be found much less than you usually pay on a much inferior grade. F. O. B. Winnipeg, **per gal. 25c.** F. O. B. Regina, **per gal. 30c.** F. O. B. Saskatoon, **per gal. 31c.** F. O. B. Calgary or Edmonton, **per gal. 33c.**

All oils are put up only in 45 gallon barrels, no less quantity being sold at these prices.

We make an extra charge of $2.00 for the barrel, which may be returned to us, when we will allow the same price, but as these barrels are solid oak many of our customers prefer to use them for private purposes.

Barrel tap supplied free.

Order your Coal Oil now and avoid paying the retailer's price.

To those who might consider 45 gallons of coal oil too much for their own private consumption, we might suggest that last season a great many of our customers ,taking advantage of our low prices, bought a 45 gallon barrel and retailed it to two or three of their neighbors, to whom they sold it at a less price than was charged in their own town, as well as making a profit for themselves.

THE KODAK?

You cannot evade the demands of the XMAS SEASON.

Permit us to aid you in the selection of your Xmas Gifts.

Here's one that

SOLVES THE XMAS PROBLEM

The Kodak Box No. 2 contains everything for picture making by the daylight method. No dark room is necessary, and even the beginner can get good results by following the simple, explicit directions contained in the instruction book. This outfit is simple enouge for boys and girls, while at the same time it will take pictures which will please the grown-up people.

THE PRICE

One No. 2 Brownie Camera, $2\frac{1}{4}$ x $3\frac{1}{4}$	$2.00
One No. 2 Brownie Developing Box	1.00
One Roll No. 2 Brownie Film, $2\frac{1}{4}$ x $3\frac{1}{4}$	.20
Two Brownie Developing Box Powders	.05
One ½-pound package Kodak Acid Fixing Powder	.15
One 4-ounce Graduate	.10
One Stirring Rod	.05
One No. 2 Brownie Printing Frame	.15
One Package (1 dozen) $2\frac{1}{4}$ x $3\frac{1}{4}$ Brownie Velox	.10
Two Eastman Metol Quinol Developing Powders	.10
Three Paper Developing Trays	.30
One dozen $2\frac{1}{4}$ x $3\frac{1}{4}$ Mounts	.05
One Dozen $2\frac{1}{4}$ x $3\frac{1}{4}$ Kodak Dry Mounting Tissue	.05
One Instruction Book	.10
	$4.45

Price, complete, neatly packed, $4.00

Robt. Strain & Co.,

KODAK DEALERS

281 SMITH STREET, - - WINNIPEG.

a separate nurses' home, costing about $20,000, provides medical aid for a very large territory and is served by well qualified local physicians and surgeons. The residential advantages of the town and district are many and the homes now being erected are all of the most modern style and handsome architecture. Cement walks are laid on all the streets and avenues of the town, and with the spacious, well treed lawns and boulevards, the treeless aspect of many western towns is entirely absent here. A compressed air waterworks, the most modern in the world and the first to be installed in Canada provides an ample water supply for domestic and fire protection purposes, and a very modern sewerage system connected with the most approved style of sedimentation basin for treating the sewerage, serves all who desire to connect with it. A municipal electric plant, costing $35,000, is being installed this winter to provide light and power for citizens and manufacturing firms.

York Lake, a beautiful stretch of water, six miles long and about a mile wide, is the summer resort of the citizens, and promises to become the popular pleasure ground of Eastern Saskatchewan. Thousands are attracted to the twon annually at the time of the midsummer exhibition, an up-to-date and educative fair, which has been held continuously for 25 years. A large 80-acre exhibition and park site has been purchased this year to accomodate its growing needs. The town is served by four branches of chartered banks, the stores are numerous and well-stocked, and sittings of the district and supreme court are held at regular intervals. Three large hotels cater to the wants of the travelling public, two up-to-date newspapers chronicle the happenings of the town and district, and, taken all in all, all the requirements of a city, though on a more limited scale, are found at Yorkton, and an excellent openings await the investor and settler at all times.

Battleford, Sask.

By Mrs. E. L. Storer.

Battleford has been so much before the public of late owing to the fact that it is twenty-five years since the Rebellion and so much has been written along that line that it seems unnecessary for more to be said. However, it may be interesting to some to know that the improvements in the facilities of travel through the West can be traced through the history of Battleford.

For instance, in the dim, distant past when the only method of travel was by York boats which plied the Saskatchewan River and were propelled by oars or towed (or as it was then called) "tracked" along the shore by a husky crew of half-breeds when the current was too swift, we find the Hudson Bay Trading Post situated on the north bank of the Saskatchewan, opposite the present town and close to the water's edge. Later, about the time of the original location of the Canadian Pacific Railway line and the erection of the telegraph line, and when York boats began to give place to the squeaking Red River cart the Hudson Bay Company built their store on the flat on the south side of the Battle River close to the ford where the freighters on their way to Edmonton were obliged to cross the Battle River. The business was conducted there for some years when, owing to the river overflowing its banks it was deemed advisable to move up on the hillside near the site of the present traffic bridge. This store was luted and burned by the Indians in 1885.

A couple of years previously a line of steamers was placed on the Saskatchewan which connected with steamers from Winnipeg at Grand Rapids. These steamers competed successfully with the carts as a means of transport but loaded the freight on the banks of the Saskatchewan near the site of Prince Bros. mill. One business after another moved over to the present townsite to be[illegible] th esteamboat landing, and, after the rebellion, the remainder of the town finally moved over and the old town on the Battle River became a thing of the past. The advent of the railway has now given a premanency to the business part of the town and it is not liable to move any more. The town is now located on the broad plat eau at the junction of the Battle and Saskatchewan rivers where it is laid out with magnificently wide streets which have been the constant source of comment by our visitors; while the high wooded banks of the two rivers form a fitting background to what is recognized

Battleford ,Sask., looking west.

Scene on Saskatoon River. Between the two towns of Battleford, Sask.

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by all to be one of the most beautifully situated towns in Saskatchewan. Both rivers are bridged by steel structures which only those who have stood the inconveniences of a ferry boat can fully appreciate.

Gradually the steam boat and Red River cart have given place to the locomotive until now a journey, which used to occupy months then weeks, can now be accomplished in hours. And although Battleford, at present, has only one railroad, the Canadian Northern, in operation no other to has a fairer prospect of becoming a transportation centre. Already the Grand Trunk Pacific are engaged in construction of a line from the south to connect Battleford with their main line and the Canadian Northern is laying steel on the line which eventually will be part of a system running to Hudson Bay. There are also two lines being surveyed into Battleford from the direction of Saskatoon and two lines are already located westward from the town to serve the cut knife and more southern district. And while at present, we are served with but one train a day the splendid line of busses from Battleford which meet the trains daily in North Battleford render the drive of o little over three miles between the two towns, more of a pleasure than in inconvenience.

Battleford is a judicial centre, with its handsome Court House and Registry Office, thus assuring a permanency in a greater degree than that of other of the rising towns. It is also divisional headquarters of the Royal North West Mounted Police, with modern buildings erected on the original site of the Barracks, where the refugees sought shelter and protection during the Indian insurrection.

The headquarters of this part of the district of the Indian Department are also here and the resident agent has supervision of a large number of reserves. There is also a large Industrial School, in the original Government House, which is conducted by the Church of England.

The town enjoys a system of electric light and a scheme providing for waterworks is under consideration, an engineer having been engaged to make the necessary surveys.

The Government system of town and rural telephone is in operation and in the near future the long distance telephone will form another link between us and the outside world. The Canadian Northern and Government telegraph services carry the news and business of the world and the metrological observatory in connection with the Government telegraph office supplies a regular metrological report.

A volunteer Fire Brigade equipped with chemical engine and hook and ladder truck afford fire protection.

Music is provided on all important occasions by the Fire Brigade Band.

As is only natural, the attention of outsiders, as well as residents of our town, is being turned to the splendid water power the Battle River will provide and a project is now on foot with a view to utilizing it for industrial purposes.

Battleford is one of the few places in the West with separate public schools and although the school buildings are by no means small, already they are becoming too crowded and the erection of a large high school building and a boarding school are under consideration.

Two newspapers are published weekly. The Saskatchewan Herald, founded in 1876 by the late P. G. Laurier, the pioneer editor of the North West Territories, and now conducted by his heirs, and The Press edited by W. W. Smith.

Travellers through the West would do well to plan to stay a day en route and see for themselves the beauties and advantages of our town.

The ratepayers have just passed a by-law providing for the erection of a large city hall to cost in the vicinity of $30,000. And word has also been received that the Provincial Government has selected a site for the Asylum on the banks of the Saskatchewan at the end of the traffc bridge. Work has also commenced on a Dominion public building which is to accommodate the Post Office and Dominion Laands Office.

Waiting for land at Battleford, Sask.

The Unattainable Standard.

If the girl had been born in Italy she might have been a poet; but she came of no dreamy race. Her ancestors had braved the snows of many New England winters, and had bequeathed to her, instead of poesy, energy and a robust body

It was when she was a mere child, standing, at sunset, in her father's orchard, that the creative desire leaped into her soul. Oh, if she could paint a sky like that! She lay awake that night longing for greatness. But neither artistic nor musical gifts were hers. She strove to put ambition from her heart. When her village schooling came to an end, she helped her mother in the kitchen.

The railway crossed her father's isolated farm, and a fierce blizzard stalled a train at the foot of the south meadow. The girl and her mother sent basketfuls of food to the famishing passengers. The president of the road came himself to thank the cooks.

"I want to see the woman," he said, "who made that deviled ham." and the girl blushed at his unstinted praise. "I'd give fifty dollars a month if I could have such cooking in my kitchen!" he declared.

Fifty dollars a month! The girl gasped. It seemed like a small fortune.

Within a few weeks the farmer's daughter was preparing the president's meals: she had found her vocation. She had done more than this; she had caught inspiration from her patron's praise, and had resolved to be the greatest cook in the world.

Discouragements and heartaches came to her, as they come to all who set before them a high task; but she did not falter, and her way grew bright. She studied under the best cooks: she had classes of her own: she issued her best receipts in a volume. Her fame spread; money poured in; she became an authority in cookery. Letters came to her from all over the land, telling how brides and matrons had found her little book of priceless value. Yet she never rested on her reputation, but strove continually to surpass her latest efforts, always holding to her first resolve—to be the greatest cook in the world.

She may not quite have reached her girlhood's aim, but happiness was hers in fullest measure. Joyous wifehood and motherhood crowned her years, and husband and children joined in the people's praises of "mother's cooking."

"The unattainable standard of absolute perfection!"—what matter whether it be lifted above the desk, the easel, the violin or the molding-board! To be and to do one's best—this is true greatness, and this can be reached by every soul if the standard is high enough—if it is unattainable.

The Ruling Passion.

Threadbare clothing, one arm in a sling—that was the first impression gained of the man. Good looking, well dressed, very much in love—that was the impression gained of the young couple opposite. At the Grand Central Station the happy pair separated. They said good-bye regretfully. The tender radiance of the girl's face slightly dimmed when the young man left the car, but her dejection was only momentary. Happiness such as hers was buoyant even under the strain of a few hours' separation.

By the time the train was racing past the Forty-second street station her ebullient spirits again soared high. Then she began seeking an outlet for her great joy. She smiled at the tired laborer who had to stand. Next she said "Pretty darling" to the fretful baby across the aisle. Presently she turned her attention to the man opposite. He had an evening paper and was trying with his one available hand to turn the pages. She leaned forward sympathetically.

"Can't I help you?" she said.

Without waiting for a reply she took the paper, deftly straightened out the pages and handed it back.

"Thank you, miss," said he, but even though he held the paper at the proper reading angle it was noticed that he did not read,

At 116th street the girl left the car, Then the man with the injured arm began to rattle the paper once more, That time another passenger who had been interested in the little pantomime volunteered assistance.

"Let me help you," he said. "Perhaps you want to turn to a particular page?"

"I do," said the disabled man. "I was reading a rattling good article on the sporting page and was dead anxious to get to the end of it, but the young lady turned to the fashion page instead. That, I see, contains three illustrations of wedding gowns and other articles belonging to a bride's trousseau. I don't take much interest in such things any more, but I couldn't hurt her feelings by telling her so.'"

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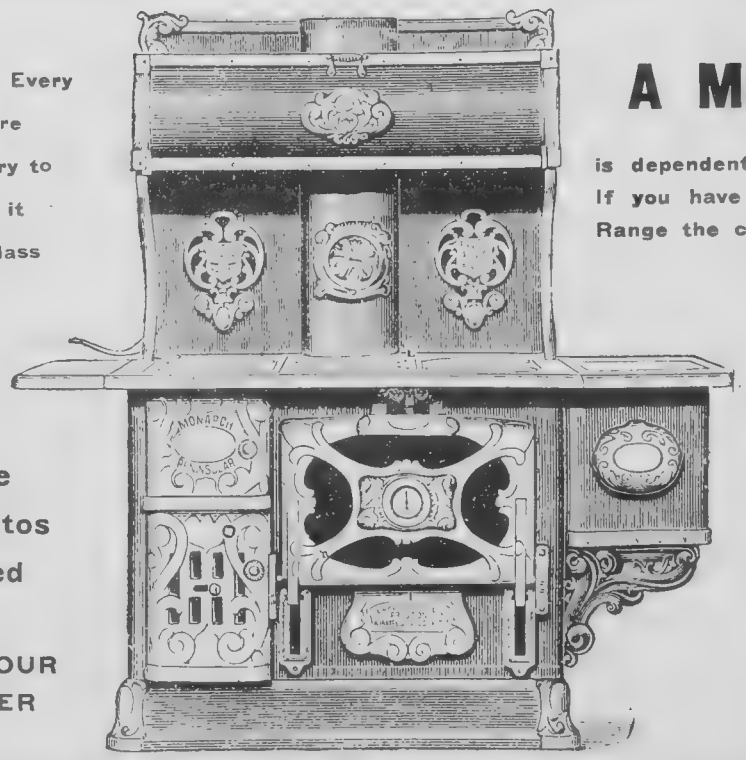

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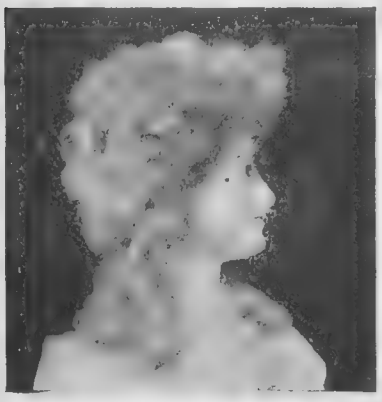

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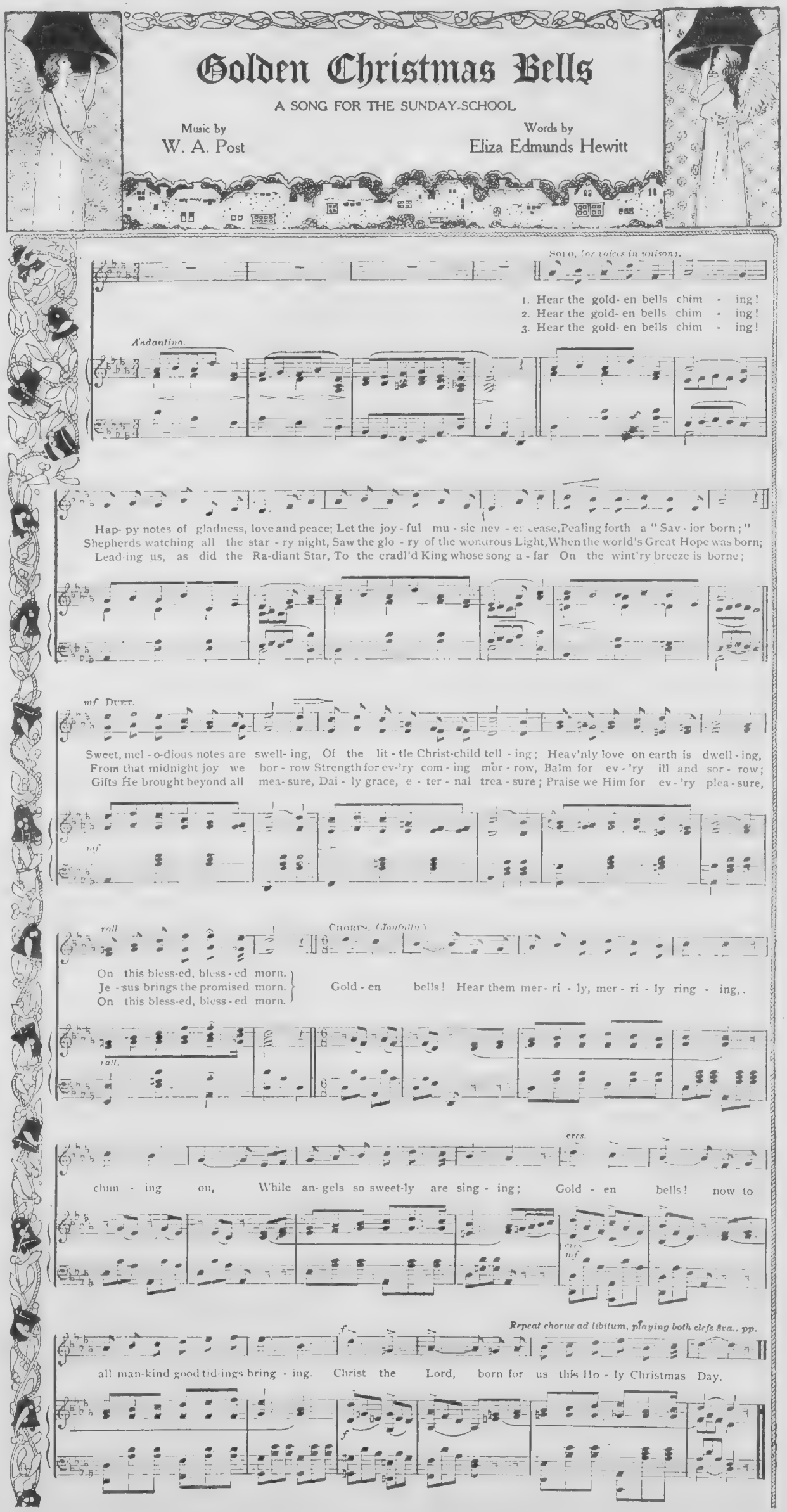

Music and the Drama.

Is absolute music dying? Are we given over to sensationalism in music? Music is always growing, and quite right, too; but is it growing in the right direction? Are we striving for better music or more noise? Music, the youngest of all arts, is progressing by leaps and bounds, and every true musician should do his best to help it on, and at the same time set his face against anything that is derogatory to its proper development.

Music would be impossible without form of some kind, and the more perfect the form—all other things being equal—the better will be the music. Like everything that progresses, music is always trying to express itself in new forms, and these new forms are generally based on the old ones, and developed and extended from them. First we had the "suite," then the sonata was developed from it. Now the sonata only resembles the suite in being a composition consisting of different movements; but in other respects it is quite different. In the suite, all the movements are in the same key; but in the sonatat only the first and last movements are in the same key; but in the sonata only the movement is generally in the same form —simple binary; in the sonata the forms differ, the usual scheme being: First movement—sonata form; second movement—ternary form; and third movement—rondo form. of course, there are some deviations from this, but this is the rule. A suite may consist of any number of movements, but a sonata is generally composed in only three—quick-slow-quick; but this has been extended to four, by introducing a scherzo between the slow movement and the last.

In the symphony, we find the same thing; and even since Beethoven's Symphonies, composers have been developing or extending the form. Liszt's Symphonic Poems are cases in point. They are not by any means like Beethoven's Symphonies. The subjects are treated in a different manner—they are transformed rather than developed. They are very unlike the ordinary classical symphony, but in one sense they may be considered as a development, or, at least, an extension of that form. Then in our own time there are the Strauss Symphonies. They go even further, and often for the sake of some desired effect, result in cacophony. Progression is very desirable, but composers of the present day seem to be trying after something they never get. We shall get it some day when another Beethoven is born into the world. But all this striving is good for music, for even if we sometimes go back a little, we soon see our mistake, and hasten all the more rapidly on the right path.

It is comparatively an easy matter to acquire technical facility in composition as it is in playing, and the technical facility of some of our modern composers is little short of marvellous—but that does not make a composer. He must have the "divine inflatus"—he must be a true poet in the highest sense of the word, and then the facility he has acquired will enable him to express his ideas in the clearest possible manner. Let us never forget that music is an art as well as a science, and in order to make good music the one is as necessary as the other. But some of the music of the present day seems all science, and the art is almost forgotten. Look at Richard Strauss' later works! If there is any art in them it is so overwhelmed and obscured by his wonderful science, that it is all but lost! Why do our modern composers write like this? Is it because they cannot write in any other way? I do not think so. The reason appears to be because they want to be original—they want to write as no one else ever wrote—and in this I must acknowledge they have only been too successful. But the question is, is this music? Legitimate development in music is one thing, and trying to make music do what it can never do and was never intended to do, is another.

Nearly all our new music is descriptive, and absolute music seems to have departed from us. But absolute music is the only true music. Descriptive music is on a much lower plane. What is easier than to depict the singing of birds, the running of water, storms, battles and many other noises? I remember the time when the most popular piano piece was the "Battle of Prague," and another that ran it very close was "The Maiden's Prayer." Was there anything more unlike a prayer than this? How stupid and insane it all was! How it lowered the dignity of the "divine art" to try to illustrate the "cries of the wounded," "the ring of cannon balls," and "Maiden's prayers"! As if the art of music was ever intended to be desecrated in such a manner! Some of you may say, "Thank goodness, we know better now. But do we? If so, why do many people praise Strauss' description of a battle in "Der Heldenleben"? It certainly surpasses everything else in noise and hideous sounds, but it cannot by any stretch of imagination be called music. And music that requires explanations in order to be understood and enjoyed is certainly not of the highest class. If music cannot stand by itself and tell its own story alone, it is not worth much.

Perhaps when composers have exhausted all the horrible discords they seem so fond of, music will begin to get purer and more melodious. It seems impossible for them to go much further on the complicated path they have chosen. They will be compelled to turn back and express their ideas in simpler and better forms. Music cannot exist without melody. Even Wagner acknowledged as much. But many of our composers seem to avoid it as much as possible, and by their far-fetched harmonies and involved part-writing they relegate it to an inferior position. Melody and harmony should be equal. The one is not more important than the other, and when these two indispensable elements are properly balanced, the one against the other, and controlled by genius, then we have true music.

What will music be a hundred years hence? Will there ever be an end to its development? Perhaps not. It is impossible to say to what lengths it may be developed, or what it may ultimately become. One thing is certain. True music will not be mere noise, as it sometimes is now. The best music, whatever it seeks to express, will always be beautiful; and we may take it for granted that in the future, music will be more beautiful than ever.

Alessandro Bonci, who is to appear in Winnipeg on January 30, gave his first recital this season at Carnegie Hall, New York, on Tuesday, November 22.

That Maud Powell, the reigning queen of violinists—has been booked for a second appearance in Winnipeg, under the auspices of the Women's Musical club, will be welcome news to music lovers and the public generally. To those who heard this superb artist two years ago. Maud Powell needs no introduction. To those who have not heard her, it is only necessary to say: If you want to be transported to a heaven of delight by the pathos of a simple and sweet song; if you want to feel the uplift which an evening of aesthetic enjoyment gives, in short, if you want to find out how much can be got out of a fiddle, go, listen to Maud Powell. Whether in the classic or romantic school, whether interpreting a big work requiring strong masculinity of treatment or a dainty trifle that seems the quintessence of enchanting feminity, Maud Powell is equally at home and is equally masterful.

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But Once a Year.

By Guy Wetmore Carryl.

In the crisp air's tingle there's a jingle, jingle, jingle,
Jolly, full of folly, and of right good cheer.
And the sleigh bells, gay bells, first far away bells,
Now come nearer, falling clearer on the ear.
As the brisk wind blows o'er the bright white snows,
Clouds run in crowds o'er the clear blue sky.
There's a trample of horses, and laughter flying after:—
Crack goes the whip, and the sleigh's gone by!

Later, when the daylight softens into grey light,
Stealing o'er the ceiling see the warm red go;
The shyer light of firelight grows to a higher light,
Red corn hopping as it's popping in the glow;
Apples in a host at the same flame toast,
Hark! through the dark how the bells ring high—
Midnight is striking. Touch glasses, lads and lasses!
Clink goes the crystal, and the toast's gone by!

That, all said and done, is the best moment when one is on the threshold of Christmas, with the door ajar and Expectancy whispering all kinds of pleasant suggestions in one's ear. She's a cheering sort of person, Expectancy, and her company is greatly to be preferred to that of her sister Reality, whose principal business is clapping an extinguisher over the bright little tapers which her relative has been at such pains to light. The bard of Erin was quite right about that dear gazelle, and, for my part, I wouldn't take the entire contents of the best organized grab bag in existence for the thrill of that supreme moment when I close my eyes and plunge my hand down among the tidy little packages, in blissful conviction that I am about to secure a treasure supremely superior to anything which cold logic could possibly convince me was there.

So I am heartily for Christmas Eve as against Christmas Day. Will you tell me, sir, what is in that package, the knobby one there, at the extreme left of the chimney place? Do so, and you will have cut down my pleasure and pride to half their present proportions. It has my name on it, and, for the time being, I have the right to believe that it contains a whole regiment of the finest Nuremberg infantry. As a matter of fact, it is probably one of those games with a checkered board, a lot of little red and yellow counters, and set of directions of which it is impossible to make head or tail—a detestable form of diversion.

Think of it! The Infant Walter, has himself all in readiness to receive a train of cars, with a locomotive which can be wound up to pull them around a circular track, and on opening the box he finds himself the possessor of parchesi or loto. Oh, it is a barbarous trick to play on an innocent child at this season of peace and good will! Teaches the young idea how to shoot, you say? Well, then, more's the pity that the young idea doesn't immediately bring its knowledge into play at once, with the giver of the game for target.

When I fare forth on Christmas Eve, it is expectancy, then, whom I choose as a companion, and what times we have together, to be sure! Frankly, in all the catalogue of life's pleasures can there be found one comparable for an instant to the joy of flattening one's nose against a toyshop window and "choosing" things from the glittering array within? I am of the opinion that there cannot.

What we do not seem to realize is the point of view of the toys themselves. As if they were not doing their part of the "choosing," as well as we! Allow me to call your attention for a moment to that extremely well dressed young person from Paris, with the flaxen hair and the blue gown. Her name, if we are to beleive the ticket hung at her waist, is "Bebe Jumeau, No. 12." (A large family, the Jumeaus.) Can any rational person suppose that a lady of her appearance, dressed in the extreme of fasnion, and with pink pendants in her ears, would be apt to sit still and allow herself to be "chosen" by the first person who came along? Can one imagine her the pretended property of that fat child with the amber necklace and the white satin turban and the garnet ring who left the window just now? I would wager my chance of getting something off tomorrow's tree that in her heart she has already "chosen" Miss Ellen Macnamara, who even now is looking at her through the glass.

Oh, you may tell me that Ellen is ragged! You may even say contemptuously that she is a street brat. That is because you are a worldling. I saw her eyes, and it was enough. If Mlle. Jumeau is half the girl I think her, she knows what tenderness lies behind eyes that are like violets under a mossbank of brown hair, and would fainer be cradled in the arms of the little Macnamara in Cherry Street than tossed in the corner of Cresus Jr.'s nursery on Central Park, East. Good night, little Macnamara! You are nearer to heaven, I think than many of us will be tomorrow when we sing of herald angels in the front pews!

If I were a Jack in the Box I do not think life would be worth living. To have one's front door in the roof, with the latch on the outside, and, every time a passer by saw fit to open it, to be forced to shoot out into the cold air and make faces and silly gestures with one's arms! In less time than it takes to mention it, the thing would become an onous bore. This is what a Jack with whom I am on terms of intimacy said about it last Christmas, and I think it highly probable that he feels the same way still:

Now, how would you like it yourself, old chap,
How would you like it yourself,
If you had to sit with your head in your lap
In a box on the nursery shelf;
If your house hadn't parlor or bath or hall,
Or bedroom in which to nap?
I do not believe you'd like it at all,
I really do not, old chap!

I'm not a bit proud, and I don't complain;
I don't want to put on airs;
But you must confess that now and again
One likes to run down some stairs!
And, upon my soul, 'tis hard to atone
For the fact that I haven't a thing
In the way of a heart, and instead of backbone
I've only a spiral spring.

And how would you like it yourself, old chap,
If you had to be always prepared,
Whenever a boy your latch should snap,
To jump and pretend to be scared?
And if some fine day you had to allow
Him to pull you apart, mayhap,

(Continued on Page 74.)

THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE DEATH OF TOLSTOY.

Among the notable world-events of the past month a foremost place is held by the death, in his eighty-third year, of Tolstoy, the greatest Russian of his time. Possibly there was a touch of insanity as well as fanaticism in his sudden determination to go away to die in solitude. As Macaulay wrote in reference to the last clouded days of Clive, supreme pity is aroused by the contemplation of the spectacle of "a great mind ruined." Before his death there was much belittling of Tolstoy. He was pictured as a seeker after notoriety. Cheap flings at his personal habits in his extreme old age and at the alleged contrast between his teachings and his practice were indulged in. The world has not at any time so many men eminent for moral striving that it can afford to speak of or foolishly misapprehend them. Whatever his failings and defects were, Tolstoy was a man whose memory should be venerated. Thirty years have passed since he wrote his famous letter to Czar Alexander III., begging him to deal mercifully with convicted volutionists; and no passage in Tolstoy's subsequent writings is more moving than the plea he then made:

"Monarch! If you were to do this, were to call these people and give them money and send them away somewhere to America, and write a manifesto headed with the words, 'But I say, love your enemies,' I do not know how others would feel, but I, poor subject, would be your dog and your slave. I would weep with emotion every time I heard your name, as I am now weeping. But why do I say, 'I do not know the others? I know that at those words kindliness and love would pour forth like a flood over Russia."

Not the least of Tolstoy's titles to be remembered with respect is the high seriousness with which he discussed the greatest problems of human destiny. Not many months ago the mocking George Bernard Shaw sent Tolstoy a copy of his play "Blanco Posnet." In the letter of acknowledgment which it drew from Tolstoy, there was the grave rebuke that "the problem of moral evil is too important to be spoken of in jest."

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON.

The heart of Christendom is once more stirred with joy at the coming of Christmas, the one day in the year when the children drink deepest of children's joy, the day when the happy may be arbitrarily divided into two classes, the children and the givers. It is the satisfaction of the children that associates the Christmas season with its great delight for the men and women who hail its advent. It is, indeed, because it has become essentially the children's festival that Santa Claus has been recognized as its presiding genius. The course of events that has ended in this usurption is of curious interest, but it need not concern us now. In very truth, the great feast of the Nativity has itself an indisputable claim to be held sacred to the joys of childhood. The history of Christian art bears witness to the blessed fact, and the Christmas service in every Christian church is made glad with anthems in acknowledgement of it. That is what gives to the Christmas season its note of household love. The simple story of the shepherds that watch their flocks by night, while in mid-air the angels of glory make their presence felt, as they send forth the great announcement of the Birth which Christmas celebrates, calls attention, not only to the Child, but to the Mother, to the Holy Family. It is to a family group that the thoughts of worshippers are directed, as they sing the praises of the Infant Redeemer. This, apart from its ineffable burden as the message of redemption is the human meaning of the scene. It is a humble family gathering, but sublime beyond conception in its simple humility. The message of Christmas is to the world of men, to each nation, to every family, to every child of man

THE SANTA CLAUS MYTH.

It is declared by some good and very earnest people that children should not be encouraged to run after a myth like Santa Claus, but should have impressed upon them, rather, the religious significance of Christmas. But the two things are not contradictory. The true spirit of Christianity is shown in the good will that prevails in the Christmas season, and especially in the fact that Christmas is the children's festival. That the childish imagination is excited by a narmless, time-honored myth like that of Santa Claus is surely not a very serious evil. The illusions of childhood pass away, and the grim facts of life show their hard outlines soon enough, God knows. Full soon the years bring the inevitable yoke—

"Full soon their souls shall have their earthly freight,
Aud custom lie upon them with a weight
Heavy as frost and deep, almost, as life."

Children are soon disabused of their mythical ideas connected with the celebration of Christmas; and it is well that when these disappear, their place shall be taken by a truer and stronger conception of the meaning of the festival. And is not this just what happens in the general run of families? The boys and girls whose childish imaginations are fed on the Santa Claus myth grow up into men and women whose desire is to make Christmas be what it should for young and old. If they choose to disguise their kindness to the children of the next generation in a mythical garb, and refuse to let their left hand know what their right hand doeth, it can scarcely be said that they are disobeying the Scriptural command. The spirit of Christmas is truly Christian and unworldly. Over the whole festival broods the sense of the spiritual—"the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal." And if Santa Claus embodies for the child the sense of the wonderful unseen things and the sense of benevolence, we surely need have no fears that his influence is against the truest and deepest spirit of religion.

A LOCHINVAR OF OUR OWN DAY.

We are apt to think that romance belongs exclusively to the poetic past. The elements of romance are about us every day. Human life is as full of romance as ever it was; and occasionally a romance gets into the news of the day. A case in point was the elopement described in a dispatch in the newspapers a couple of weeks ago of the daughter of a leading farmer of Cleveland township in Minnesota with her lover, not on his trusty steed, but on his motor cycle. The names of all the parties were given. The young man, with his lady love perched upon the handlebars of his motor cycle, sped along over the none too smooth roads, with the irate father pursuing in his automobile, until a blowout of one of his tires landed him in the ditch two miles north of Waterloo village. The lovers sped on to Waseca, where they were married, and soon after forgiven by the bride's father by telegraph. Where is the poet to give us a stirring ballad of this Lochinvar of our own day? Romance is still with us; but the poets to sing to us of romance are lacking. Not only that, but we pick to pieces the romantic poems that have come down to us. For example, take these lines of Scott's famous ballad:

"So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung.
'She is won, we are gone, over bank, bush and scar—
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' said young Lochinvar."

A recent writer has been pointing out that it would have been a physical impossibility for young Lochinvar to swing the fair lady to the croup and then vault into the saddle in front of her. But surely to examine a stirring ballad in such a cold-blooded, calculating, carping spirit is, as Hamlet says, "to inquire too closely."

CONTRASTING POLITICAL SYSTEMS

This month the world is being given a striking illustration of a highly important difference between the British parliamentary system and the system in the United States. The essential feature of the British system is Ministerial responsibility. The leaders of the political parties in Great Britain and in Canada and each of the other self-governing nations of the Empire, must hold seats in Parliament. The leader who is supported by the majority of the elected representatives of the people is the Premier. He is Premier only as long as the people elect a majority to support him in Parliament. When he ceases to have a majority, he becomes leader of the Opposition. As Premier, he forms his Government, and every Minister in his Cabinet must hold a seat in Parliament. In the United States, on the contrary, the President selects his Cabinet from outside the Congress. The Cabinet Ministers at Washington are responsible only to the President. The British Premier and all his colleagues sit in Parliament, and they are accountable to Parliament. This month a general election campaign is on in Great Britain. Last month there was in the United States the equivalent of a British general election—that is to say, a new House of Representatives was elected. In that election a majority of Democratic members was elected. But the old House, with a Republican majority, is holding its final session this month, presided over by Speaker Cannon, though the electors have registered at the polls their condemnation of it. The New House will not assemble until next March, and will probably not get down to dealing with the tariff until a year from now. In Great Britain, as in Canada, the life of a Parliament ends just before the general elections; and if the elections go against the Government, there is an immediate change of Government. As an example of how different the United States system is, take the case of President Johnson, in the reconstruction period after the close of the Civil War. He was absolutely at variance with Congress, and could, and did, baffle the will of Congress. Under the British system—our system—the first vote of want of confidence in the House of Representatives would have compelled at once a change of Ministry and forced the adoption of the policy willed by Congress. A still more striking and memorable instance of a similar defect in the United States system is the case of Lincoln's first election to the Presidency in 1860. The opposite party threatened during the campaign to rend the Union, if the policy of Lincoln and his policy triumphed at the polls. Every President is elected in November, but does not take office until the following March. The outgoing President, James Buchanan, whom Lincoln was to succeed, was an honest man, but a weak character, surrounded by men who took every advantage of the closing months of his term to facilitate the plans and strengthen the resources of the slave power for the terrible war that ensued. Lincoln, the President-elect, was absolutely powerless to interfere; he was an impotent spectator of that work of destruction and could not as much as lift a finger to prevent it. Under the British system of Ministerial responsibility he would have taken office immediately after his election, and formed his Government at once. There is no place in the United States system for party leaders like Gladstone, Disraeli, Asquith and Balfour in Great Britain, or Macdonald, Laurier and Borden in our own country.

EAST AND WEST.

There are editors—and others—in Eastern Canada, who should come and see Western Canada for themselves and be cured of the Little Canadianism which prevents their realizing rightly the greatness of the country of which they are citizens. It is a pity, for the sake of our country as a whole, that there should be any of that Little Canadianism. There is not a great deal of it; but there should not be any of it. Such an expression of it as the following, in the Canadian Shoe and Leather Journal, of Toronto, is, perhaps, hardly be taken seriously:

"The relations between West and East often remind one of the attitude of a growing boy or conceited young fellow towards his parents. The old folks are 'so unprogressive and cautious, don't you know.' To read some of the articles in Western papers and to hear some of the young fellows talk who have lived a year or two out West would make your old sawhorse laugh. One might imagine that all the old fogies in the country lived East and were all trying to make their living out of the West. It is strange to those who know what it has cost in money, brains, men and effort to open the West to hear those who are reaping the benefit of the enterprise tell those who made life out there possible their shortcomings. Every dog has his day. Some of these extra smart Westerners will be effete Easterners some day. Some of the places in the Western states that were once so wide awake that they kept it up all night are now worse than Sleepy Hollow."

While we may smile at the leathery pointlessness of the above remarks in the Shoe and Leather Journal, it is a regrettable fact that there is much of that sort of thing in Eastern journals which is seriously intended. A great deal of it takes the form of opposition to the opening up of the Hudson Bay route. Editorials are not at all infrequent in Eastern papers rebuking the people of Western Canada for their "unreasonableness" in wanting to have a railway built to the Bay and operated as a publicly-owned service. Some of these Eastern rebukes of Western "unreasonableness" are against the building of the Hudson Bay railway, others against the Western demand that it shall be a state road and not a mere adjunct and portion of a corporation-owned transcontinental system. The climax of this Eastern Little Canadianism is reached in such an utterance as the following, which appeared recently in the columns of a Nova Scotia paper, the Truro News:

"Is it not about time that the Eastern Provinces were making a stand against the extravagant demands of the West? If we reckon up the cost of its purchase from the Hudson Bay Company, the suppression of two rebellions, surveying the country and policing it, the cost of railways, etc., etc., we will run over $300,000,000,—or if we reckon the land subsidy to the C.P.R. at present values it would total nearly $500,000,000. But the West is not satisfied. It wants a railway to Hudson Bay, built by the Government, to cost probably $50,000,0000."

The cost of building the Hudson Bay railway will be defrayed by the proceeds from Westren land preemptions, amounting now to more than $21,000,000, exclusive of interest. The West will thus provide for the building of that necessary national work, as the West has provided the land subsidy to the C.P.R., which the writer in the Truro paper figures out, "at present values," as some $500,000,000 abstracted from Eastern pockets in hard cash for the benefit of the greedy West. All those outlays in connection with the acquisition and development of the West have been national outlays of borrowed money. The people of the West have borne, and will continue to bear, their full share in providing for all such outlays. The growth of the West is the main factor in the progress and prosperity of the whole of Canada.

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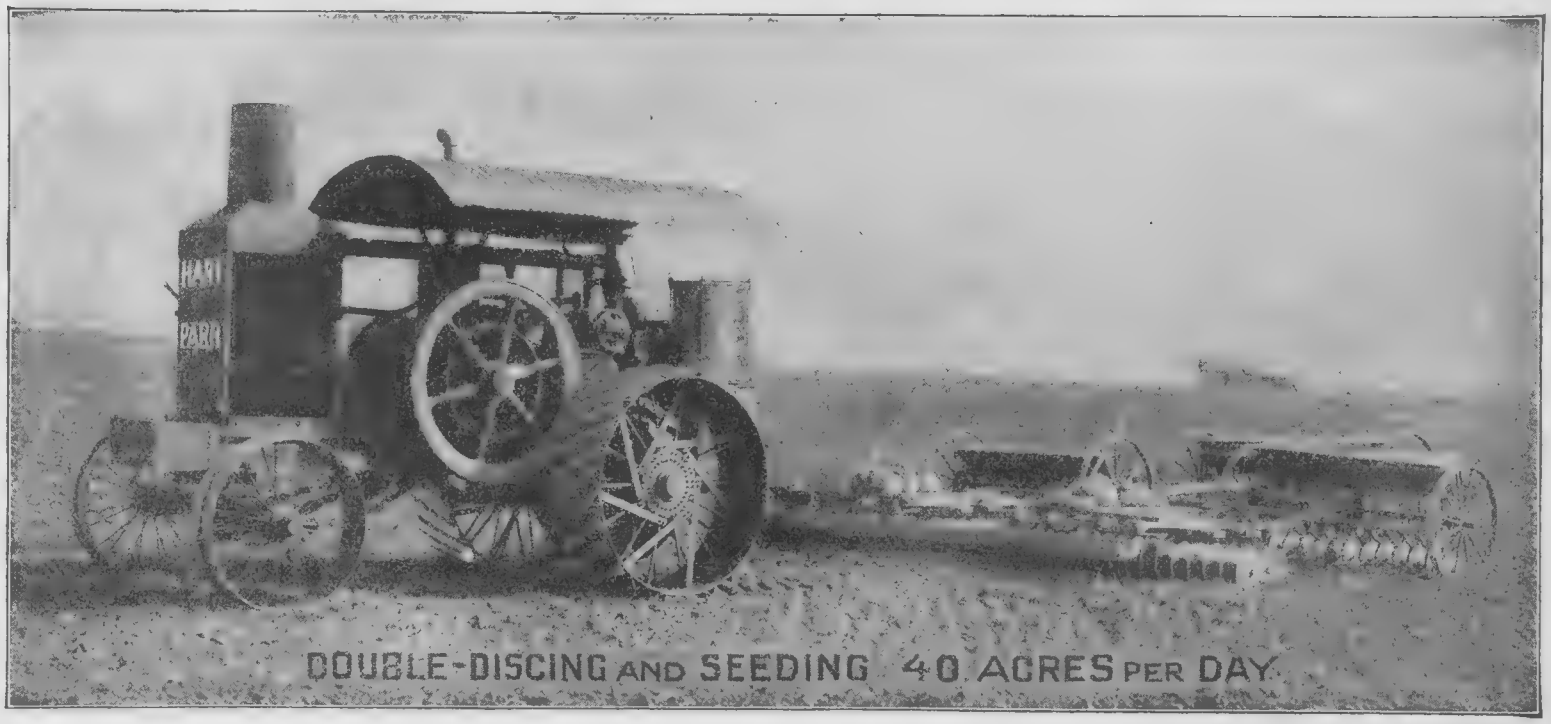

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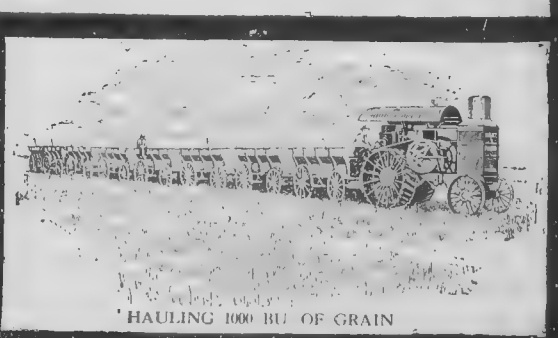
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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By Rev. James L. Gordon, Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

A SPLENDID FAILURE.

It's a nice thing to go to bed, dead tired, and wake up the next morning and find yourself proclaimed a hero. It is a beautiful thing to find that your night of apparent failure has bloomed out into the Morning Glory of a splendid success. It is an inspiring experience to learn that when you thought everything was going wrong that you were really walking in the pathway duty, destiny and reward. The

REV. J. L. GORDON.

Chicago Advance provides the following thrilling Illustration:—"A farmer went to visit his son who was starting in life as a physician in a great city. He found the young man almost discouraged, for patients were slow in coming to him. Then he went to a free dispensary where his son gave his services for an hour every day, and watched him as he skillfully cared for the poor. "I thought you told me you were not doing anything!" he exclaimed as the last one left. "Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in one morning, I should thank God that my life counted for something." "But there is no money in it," returned the young physician. "Money!" thundered the father. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm, and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live,—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."

IT CAN'T BE DONE.

Try and do the thing which "can't be done." Weave the fabric of the possible out of the slender threads of the impossible. Skate on the thin ice of humanity's "may be," "perhaps" and "it's barely possible." If you move fast enough you will get over the half-frozen surface of the river of human doubt and uncertainty. Remember that the man who says "It can't be done!"—can't do it. The worst kind of "can't" is expressed in four words "you can't do it!"

"It won't go," said the old farmer when Fulton launched his steamer upon the Hudson. "It will never stop, it will never stop!" said the same individual as the uncanny thing moved from its moorings.

THINK STRAIGHT.

The only difference between an original thinker and a stupid man is that one thinks and the other does not. Think within yourself. Public opinion is private opinion in the aggregate. Think and you will create thought. Create thought and you will coin sentences. Coin sentences and you will add to the sum total of human proverbs. A proverb is a great thought in a short sentence. The man who thinks in short sentences thinks for the centuries, if he can only get his epigrams into the limelight of public consideration:—Under the caption of "All Around The Horizon" an exchange remarks:—

"The late Senator Dolliver, like so many other prominent men, was a minister's son. Doliver had a gift for happy phrasing. Once, when he was for William McKinley, before a rather hostile audience, someone called out, "Who is William McKinley?" Quick as a thought Dolliver answered, "The advance agent of prosperity," a phrase that carried the audience. In a speech in Kansas once he intimated that the influence of John D. Rockefeller was so potent in the teachings of the professors of the University of Chicago that the campus "smelled like a Kansas oil town."

EASY RELIGION.

Are you looking for an easy time? Don't knock at the door of the preacher's study—He is investing blood and tears in next Sunday's preparation. Are you looking for an easy time? Don't enter the editor's private office—He is trying to construct a timely editorial, while his visiting neighbors drop in to inform him that if they could not conduct a paper better than he does, they would take to the woods. Are you looking for an easy time? Don't enter the home of the town physician, for he is wondering why a family, whom he has treated continually and successfully for thirteen years, has, suddenly, gone over, in a body, to some new semi-religious fad. The only folks who are having an easy time are the victims of the faddist who sleep soundly in yonder cemetery having sweetly "passed over."

An English preacher, the Rev. Joseph Hocking, recently preached his farewell sermon at the close of a ten years' pastorate. In his closing message he pictured life as a battle in which the man who is with God will certainly be victor. "During this last ten years," he said, "I have never once preached that life is an easy thing. I have preached that it is glorious, for so it is, but never that it is easy, for easy things are not glorious." It is worth remembering that "glorious things are not easy, nor easy things glorious.

YOUR ANCESTRY.

"My father was a poor man, without place, position or financial standing." Well thank a kind providence for that; people will not be looking over your shoulder to get a glimpse of your "dad." They will not be wondering why you are not, at thirty, as brilliant, famous and renowned as he was at seventy-two. They will not be explaining to the friends of your less mature years, how it is that "genius always skips a generation." That grand old editor, Dr. Buckley, says:—

"Charles Francis Adams, who was Minister to England during the Civil War, when he was quite young, was introduced in the following words: "I have the great pleasure to introduce to you the son of President John Quincy Adams." There was tremendous applause. The son turned in high indignation to the chair and said: "I do not wish to be applauded on account of my father. I could not help that. If I am applauded at all I want it to be for myself." And so it is in cases of great men."

FACTOLOGY.

Factology is a great science. It is hard to play with a man who deals in fact. He is "delivering the goods and there is a fact in every package. He is "cutting ice" for every fact has an edge. He is "getting there" for facts move fast. He is "going some" for facts revolve with rapidity. He is "landing on his feet" for facts are quarried foursquare. My Friend, Editor Adams, remarks:

"Congressman Weeks says that he had not long been in the House until he made a discovery. He found that a member who was "thoroughly familiar with even one subject could maintain the attention of his audience better than a congressman who could talk fairly well on almost any subject." A measure came before the House involving the custom of hazing at Annapolis Naval Academy, and Mr. Weeks was asked to speak upon it, because he was a graduate of the academy. When he rose to make his speech "the members were in the usual state of disorder, talking, writing, lounging or coming in or going out." But as soon as Mr. Weeks told them that he was a graduate of the school and spoke with first hand knowledge they gave him their profound attention."

A GOOD WIFE.

A good wife is a wife who believes in her husband. What a fool a woman is to marry a man in whom she does not believe. But believing in a man helps to make the man. The fact that somebody believes in you compels you to fight for the justification of that belief. The young man who is married is surer, steadier, and more reliable because there are those who believe in him and depend on him. Confidence creates character. Dr. Vincent, of Chautauqua fame, says, in his biography:—

"One day, after the farewell given to the soldiers who went to the front during the war of 1861-65, I called on Mrs. Grant. Her husband had raised a company of men and I had just delivered at the railway station a few words of farewell. Calling on Mrs. Grant we got into a bit of discussion on "North and South, slavery," etc. At last I said, "Well, Mrs. Grant, we won't discuss this question. I hope your husband will be restored to you in safety." She promptly and with some warmth replied: "Dear me! I hope he'll get to be a major, general or something big." I was amused at her courage and ambition and optimism, and not dreaming of any such outcome myself I smiled at her enthusiasm, and at her high opinion of her husband. When in Washington after the close of the war she one day drove me over to see General Rawlings, who was then dying, I reminded her of her confidence in her husband before his war record had justified her high hopes. She promptly replied, "I always knew what was in him if only he had a chance along with the other fellows."

TREAT HIM DECENT.

Treat a man decent and he will turn you down. Get him a position and he will regard you with suspicion. Take a stand for him and he will forget that you ever had an existence. Lend him ten dollars and he will dodge you on the street. Hand him your last year's fur coat and he will envy you your new persian lamb ulster. Give him a room in your residence and he will wonder why you did not surrender the right to sit down in your own parlor. And yet, thank God, all men are not like the man which I have just been describing. No matter who treats you mean, treat all men decent:—

When Admiral Dewey touched our shores again after Manila, and it seemed for a time as if a madly acclaiming people might take it into their heads to make him President, Mr. McKinley is reported to have said in Washington: 'Well, I gave him his chance and enabled him to make of himself what he is to-day, and if he chooses to turn against me it will be all right.'

CONCENTRATION.

If you are ever to accomplish anything in this world you must cut something out. You cannot be everybody, be everywhere, and do everything, at the same time. Societies increase, organizations abound and committees are contagious. There are more meetings to preside over than there are days in the week. If we were presented with every chair which we have been requested to occupy on the platforms of the universal societies of the universe we could seat a church. We are being encircled by circles and clubbed to death by clubs. In the inspired words of the great apostle (we are not quite sure just where the exact reference is to be found) we propose to "Cut it Out." When E. Hubbard visited Mr. John Ruskin, he wrote:—

"Mr. Ruskin is a very busy man. Occasionally he issues a printed manifesto to his friends requesting them to give him peace. A copy of one such circular was shown to me. It runs, "Mr. J. Ruskin is about to begin a work of great importance, and therefore begs that in reference to calls and correspondence you will consider him dead for the next two months." A similar notice is reproduced in "Arrows of the Chace," and this one thing, I think, illustrates as forcibly as anything in Mr. Ruskin's work the self-contained characteristics of the man himself."

CONFIDENTIAL

Learn to say much in the little conversations of life. Much—much—much. Much that is innocent, kindly, and cheering. When you can't think of anything to say, ask questions. "How are you?" "How is your wife?" "How is the new preacher getting on?" "How does your new automobile work?" "When will David be home from college?" "When are you going to Europe?"—Really a man can say "so much" without verging on gossip, slander, or distasteful personalities. But learn to say little. Keep folks guessing. Because you have said so little—so little that means much—people will wonder how much you know. And when people begin to wonder—there is only one more step to take, and when they take that step you are "the Sage," "the Philosopher," "the Wise Man" of the community.

This is what Miss Nightingale says:—"Every nurse should be one who is to be depended upon, in other words, capable of being a 'confidential' nurse. She does not know how soon she may find herself placed in such a situation; she must be no gossip, no vain talker; she should never answer questions about her sick except to those who have a right to ask them; she must, I need not say, be strictly sober and honest; but more than this, she must be a religious and devoted woman; she must have a respect for her own calling, because God's precious gift of life is often literally placed in her hands; she must be a sound and close and quick observer; and she must be a woman of delicate and decent feeling."

Bicycle No. 11152.

A Story for Boys, by Henry E. Haydock.

"Father, may I come in?" said a fresh young voice.

"Certainly, my son," answered a man who had been but a moment before bending over his writing.

He glanced toward the door as it opened, and seemed relieved at the interruption.

A handsome, manly-looking fellow of about fourteen entered the library, advanced toward the table and stood opposite his father. As they thus faced each other, one could see a striking resemblance. The same dogged perseverance, the same resolute look and determined expression which characterised Mr. Stillwell's face, and which showed what had made him superintendent of the R. and W. Railroad, without friends or influence to back him, appeared also in the face of his son.

This resolute look was now the most pronounced expression on the son's face as he said:

"Father, I want to send for a bicycle to-night."

The happy look that had come over Mr. Stillwell's face changed to a rather stern expression.

"Well, Charles, you know how much they cost, and at present I can ill afford to get you one."

"I know that, father," the boy replied, "and had thought of it long ago. For a year I have been working in spare moments and saving all I could until I have now half of the price of a bicycle. Unless I get it at once, I cannot have it this summer. If you will advance me the rest of the money, I can get the wheel and pay it back before fall."

Mr. Stillwell dropped his head upon his hand as if in deep thought, but under the shadow in which his face was placed there came a pleased, happy look. Already the boy was showing what was in him. He had not begged for a bicycle, but had set out to get it himself. Mr. Stillwell did not like bicycles. He regarded them as one would regard a costly toy. Although he was secretly pleased with the way his son had gone about getting it, he still thought it a useless expenditure of money.

When he looked up it was with a grave expression, and for a moment Charles' heart sank.

"You know what I think of bicycles," he said. "I think they are very costly and practically useless. The proposition you make, however, is a thoroughly business one. It is your own money you are spending, so I will advance what you ask for, and shall expect to have it repaid by next fall. If I felt differently in the matter, I would gladly help you to get it, but, feeling as I do, it is best you should buy it with your own money as you propose. I, therefore, ask you to consider well, because there must be no mistake about your returning me the money when it comes due."

"I have thought it over carefully," his son replied, "and I will hand you the money then. Here is the other half now," he continued, as he laid on the table a roll of bills of various denominations.

How much that money meant to him! How much self-denial, hard work and persevering effort. Perhaps his father guesed what was passing in his mind, for he drew the money toward him almost tenderly.

"When do you want my check for the full amount?" he asked.

"To-morrow. I will write the letter to-night, and in the morning you can look it over and enclose the check to the manufacturer."

Charles then bade his father good-night and left the room.

For a moment Mr. Stillwell gazed toward the door, and away from his work; then he smiled happily and went back to his writing with renewed energy.

* * * * * * *

Bicycle 1152 had at last arrived. Charles noticed the number when he unpacked it from its crate.

The bicycle represented more to him than anything he had ever possessed. How fond he became of it! The self-denial, hard work and study he had given to get it were all repaid a hundredfold when he sped over the road with the bright, steel machine beneath him. He never seemed to tire of its company. When not riding, he was working over it, polishing the nickel or wiping the dust from the enamel. The summer was nearly over before he realized it. The days had sped away from him as the road had under his wheel.

The amount he owed his father seemed to grow larger as the time came near to pay it, although he had raised as much as half of it. The thought of this money added a deeper gloom to the landscape as he wheeled down the road at the side of the railroad track to the depot on a dark day in the early part of September.

He noticed particularly that day the long curve the railroad made to save a grade on the opposite side of the valley. The highway, by descending a steep hill, saved this detour and fully one-fourth of the distance.

When he reached the station, which was a small, unpretentious building, he did not enter into conversation with the stationmaster, as was his custom, but began reading the notices and studying time-tables.

"What's the matter?" the station agent said. "You seem out of sorts."

"Oh, nothing," Charles replied, and he began to whistle, but it sounded forced, and he soon stopped.

The agent took up the tune where Charles had left it, but he, too, suddenly paused.

"Goodness gracious!" he exclaimed. "I forgot that key. I must go to the house for it. You'll keep your eyes on things, won't you? I will only be gone a minute."

The agent's house was almost in sight of the depot, and he started on a run to get the key.

Charles looked at the depot—at its tiny office, its few seats for passengers, its view of the tracks stretching away in the distance, with a new feeling of pride, for were they not left in his charge?

Suddenly this feeling was followed by a sense of responsibility. Then, without being able to account for it, this gave place to one of dread. As the last feeling stole over him there came to his ears the heavy, dull rumble of an approaching train.

Nearer and nearer it came, but there was nothing in this of itself to cause alarm, for he knew No. 18 well. It always went through without stopping. So he stepped toward the door to see it pass once again. As he did so, the telegraph instrument began clicking loudly. He paid no attention to this as he did not understand telegraphy and had often heard it make as much noise when the sound had no import. Standing on the platform, he watched the freight train rumble majestically by. A brakeman whom he knew waved his hand to him, and he waved back in response. Car after car passed, until at last came the caboose with its fluttering flags.

The long train had hardly crossed the last switch, and the click of the rails, as the trucks of the cars passed over them, still sounded in his ears, when he heard his name called in an agonized voice from the station. He rushed into the room. There stood the agent, his face ghastly white, with one hand upon the keyboard of the telegraph as if frozen to it.

"Orders to hold No. 18.—Got back too late to stop her.—No. 5 to pass her here.—No. 5 has left V—— station.—Nothing between the two trains."

The agent fairly gasped the words, but Charles understood him at once.

No. 18, the through freight, and No. 5, the express, between stations on a single track road, were rushing together with nothing to stop them!

Charles turned as white as the agent, while a look of despair crept over his face. Suddenly his eye rested upon his wheel, and hope came to him.

He remembered the long curve of the track and the short cut of the road, and how they came together again further on almost at right angles, and then continued in parallel lines. He thought of the slow progress of the freight. It was one chance in a hundred, but perhaps he could head off the freight train and stop her, particularly as he had so much less distance to go and could get great speed on the down grade.

He was on his wheel in a moment, riding as he had never ridden before. At first there was a smooth stretch of road leading to the steep hill, which threw the road at right angles to the track, and over this his wheel fairly flew. With his head bent low over the handlebars, he glanced neither to the right nor left, but fastened his eyes upon the road, which seemed like some white, silent river flowing by him with great rapidity. It took but a moment or two to get over this road, at the speed he was riding, but it seemed to him to be years.

He was now on the down grade, and although he could not see the freight, he knew it was near from the presence of the cloud of thick, black smoke, which hung above its course.

He soon reached the crest of the hill. In a moment, he thought, he could see the freight and know whether he could stop her or not. At length the train came into view, and he saw at once he could not hope to head it off, but that by using all his speed he would be able to reach it before all the cars had passed the place where the road curved in by the side of the track.

As he started down the hill he put all his weight on the pedals until the bicycle shot down the grade at a great pace, gathering speed with each revolution of the wheels. He was going so fast that when he came to the level it seemed to him that his speed increased instead of diminished.

Now, he is approaching the track with lightning swiftness. The road and railroad begin to converge. Moments pass which seemed like years. He raised his eyes, the train is directly ahead of him; he will just reach it before it passes entirely. The engine has already passed and some of the cars.

Once more he looks down and puts all his remaining strength upon the pedals. He raises his eyes again, and finds he is shooting along the road beside the freight, which is now going at good speed. He cannot hope to keep this pace long; already the freight is gaining upon him.

A brakeman is half asleep on one of the cars. Charles waves his hand frantically and tries to shout, but to his surprise his voice makes little sound, and that is drowned in the rumble of the train. The brakeman laughs and waves his hand in response, as if it were a good joke, his riding a race with the train.

Would he laugh, Charles thinks, if he realized that that great mass of wood and metal, Passenger No. 5, was coming toward him with the force of a tornado?

The freight is surely gaining, and they pay no attention to him. A short distance ahead the road and track diverge again; what shall he do? He rides with the energy of desperation, and the brakeman at last calls to a fellow brakeman to look at him. They can't seem to make out why he should try to beat the train, when it is so hopeless a task.

His heart leaps with hope for a moment, but it is soon dispelled, for the other brakeman laughs, and then both wave their hands at him in token of farewell.

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So Obvious.

"Do you know," said a Sunday-school teacher, addressing a new pupil in the infant class, "that you have a soul?"

"'Course I do," replied the little fellow, placing his hand over his heart; "I can feel it tick."

What the World is Saying.

Regarded as a Curiosity.

Speaking of the Provincial Museum, yesterday we met a man who had never been asked to buy a town lot in Saskatoon.—Toronto News.

Progress in Saskatchewan.

There will be 140 local option fights in Saskatchewan this winter. By which fact we are reminded that Saskatchewan is surely growing some—Monetary Times.

A Reason for Tariff Reduction.

An increase of over seven million dollars in the Customs revenue of Canada for the first seven months of the fiscal year looks like a pretty good argument for tariff reduction.—Ottawa Free Press.

Progress in Calgary.

The time has arrived when the number of new churches that are being established in Calgary, exceeds the number of new bar rooms that are being opened.—Calgary Albertan.

Another Change Due to the Auto.

Another American heiress is to wed her chaffeur. The coachman used to be the favorite in this role, but feminine fashions have changed since the auto came.—Hamilton Spectator.

Administering an Estate.

A New York lawyer who acted as administrator of an estate valued at $7,500 has finally turned over $750 to the heirs. He probably gave them that amount for the purpose of showing them that he was no hog.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Free Trader in Everything But—.

Senator Melvin Jones, head of the Massey-Harris works, favors a broad measure of reciprocity, but not in agricultural implements. Cobden used to tell of a fish dealer who was a free trader in everything but herrings.—Prince Albert Herald.

The Way the West Advances.

Calgary is fifth among the cities of Canada in volume of bank clearings, being over-topped by Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, and Ottawa, but we shall soon have the capital's scalp hanging at our belt.—Calgary Herald.

A Mania for Scribbling.

Why will some people—old or young, we know not—persist in that pernicious pastime of writing with chalk or pencil upon the walls and pillars of our public buildings—both inside and out.—Ottawa Citizen.

Not Yet—Very Evidently.

Japan wants $40,000,000 for naval increases, "necessitated by the sheer requirements of maintaining peace." Some day civilization will find a way of maintaining peace that is not as wasteful and costly as war. But not yet.—St. Paul Dispatch.

An Honorable Distinction.

Winnipeg stands first, and Ottawa second, among all the cities of Canada in the care of delinquent children. This is the testimony of Earl Grey. This is an honorable distinction. Other cities not so large may enter into rivalry for such a distinction.—Kingston Whig.

Score One More for Canada.

Another "greatest" taken from our neighbors who are intensely fond of big things. The highest mountain in North America is a newly-discovered peak in the Mackenzie basin within Canadian territory.—Lethbridge Herald.

Port and Fort to Unite.

It looks as though the rival cities of Port Arthur and Fort William will soon be united. The trouble will come when the name is being chosen for the new city, one side advocating "Billarthur" and the "Artwilliam."—Vancouver Province.

This Country's Need, London's Superfluity.

London has hundreds of unemployed teachers, many of them starving. Ontario and Western Canada need hundreds of teachers. Are the resources of the Empire not able to solve the problem presented by these facts?—Brantford Expositor.

One Shipment of Gin.

One European firm of gin distillers sent Canada a "Christmas" shipment of their product consisting of two and a half million pints. It seems fortunate that an entire year's supply was not sent at once, for, at the above ratio, such would seem to be sufficient to block all other shipping from the St. Lawrence for the remainder of the present season.—Toronto Star.

Handwriting on the Chinese Wall.

The days of the Manchu dynasty in China are nearing an end. The throne rests entirely on Manchu bayonets, and when a Chinese Parliament sits in Pekin we may be sure that enough Chinese bayonets will be nearby to enable the Constitutionalists to defy the armed supporters of the dynasty.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Apple Orchards vs. a Gin Cargo.

An American physician recommends the eating of apples as a natural cure for alcoholism. Wonder how many hundred acre orchards would be necessary to counter-balance the two and a half million pints gin shipment, that arrived at Montreal this week?—Brockville Recorder.

Trial by Jury is Safety.

Trial by jury is not an infallible mode of obtaining truth. It has imperfections. But it is perhaps the best protection for innocence and the surest mode of punishing guilt that has yet been discovered. It has borne the test of experience longer and better than any other legal institution that has ever existed among men. England owes more of her grandeur, freedom and prosperity to it than to all other causes put together. In this trial it has lost nothing in respect and dignity.—St. John (N. B.) Telegraph.

The Inflow from Across the Line.

Canada's immigration inspection bureau expects that when the books close for this year they will show the entrance of no less than 150,000 settlers from this side of the line. Here is doubtless to be found a partial explanation of the extraordinary fact that such a rich farming state as Iowa has been losing population the past ten years.—New York Tribune.

"Didn't Know It Was Loaded."

An Ottawa paper in a headline describing a "didn't-know-it-was-loaded" accident, relates how the gun went off, "without the slightest warning." Apparently some people are accustomed to a gun that blows a whistle and waves a red flag and then gives five minutes' notice, before deciding to send someone to the Kingdom Come.—Brockville Times.

The Finns and Russia's Navy.

In crushing Finland, Russia is making impossible the creation of an effective Russian army. The Finns are the only real sailors at Russia's disposal, and they will not be very willing to serve in the navy of a tyrant power that has destroyed their national liberties.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

A Sourse of Untold Evil.

Weedmark, the Smith's Falls wife-murderer, explained in his own defence that he had drunk three and a half pints of whisky on the afternoon of the day before the crime was committed. He added that "there would never be any rows until there was whiskey around."—Montreal Witness.

"Why Did We Not Go to Canada?"

A party of Western Nebraska ranchers drove from their claims at the points of guns a number of homesteaders who had settled on the pasture lands. The dispossessed settlers are asking themselves, "Why did we not go to Canada."—Victoria Times.

Canadians All.

We all recognize, be we Irish, Scotch, English, French or Welsh, that we all as Canadians must be united Canadians if we would realize the true destiny of our country. We must feel and apply the spirit of the slogan of Dumas' Musketeers: "One for all and all for one."—London Advertiser.

Another Boast from the Coast.

The oyster of this continent is, beyond doubt, the finest oyster in the world. It is not so many years ago that the Atlantic coast oyster was the best that was produced; but of late years the beds in the Pacific coast, stocked from the choicest of the Atlantic brand, have produced a variety unequaled in the world, and there is little doubt that in the future with the growth of the industry here, the Pacific coast oyster will easily lead in the market.—Victoria Colonist.

The "Unspeakable Turk."

The latest authentic news from Macedonia reminds one of Carlyle's grim epithet, "the unspeakable Turk." It is discouraging to the sympathizers with the Young Turkish movement that under the present Government brutalities equal to the worst of the old regime are perpetrated in the course of the search for arms. Europe will not long stand such practices.—Toronto Globe.

Municipalities Operate Rink.

Two Saskatchewan towns, Humboldt and Melville, have municipally owned and operated skating rinks. Skating is the principle winter amusement in the prairie towns, and it is important to have the rinks large and well managed. The cities took action only when it was found that private parties did not come to the rescue.—Municipal Record.

In Regard to Railway Crossings.

Federal legislation has pretty well settled the responsibility of railways as to level crossings. Railways do not want gates that are a perpetual charge. They do not want subways for which they have to pay. Railway managers are inclined to think that they can show small cost to their company by obstructing the traffic of the town from which their own business radiates. But business men know that is all wrong, and it is high time that decisive action should be taken.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

A Straight Tip to the Duke.

The Duke of Sutherland is sending out young farmers to ready-made farms in the irrigation district of Alberta. It is to be hoped he has dropped the idea, once held by men of his order, that the Scottish landlord and tenant system can be transplanted to the West. It cannot. The young Scotchman is not going to farm for the Duke when he can get a farm for himself. The experiment has been tried and has failed.—Vancouver World.

Sighing for the Unattainable.

Too bad that we were not born to-day. We are growing old, and will have left this earth before the conquests are complete. We would like to live to see the aerial express leave Peterborough for Toronto or Montreal. We would like to see the mysteries of electricity still further solved. Edison says that we are only on the outskirts of its possibilities. But we are growing old, and must pass out and leave it all. Too bad, isn't it?—Peterboro Review.

A Vision of the Future.

Rudyard Kipling told the members of the Winnipeg Canadian club a couple of years ago that he had seen the visions of the young men of a former generation translated into brick and stone and mortar. What of the visions of the young men of to-day? There is an empire sleeping to the north of the province, and another empire rousing itself north and northwest of Edmonton. Into what will these visions be translated? Assuredly the young men of to-day will see the shores of Lake Winnipeg burst forth into quarries and mills, from which a fleet of ships and barges will deliver heavy burdens at a long line of Winnipeg docks.—Morden Chronicle.

Jewish Immigration to Canada.

Toronto bids fair to be one of the chief centres of Jewry in America. The purchases of property in the lower end of the Fourth Ward indicate that in five years it will be almost as exclusively Jewish as old St. John's Ward is at present. We do not yet appreciate the fact that the Jew is fast transferring his sphere of interest from Asia and Europe to America. In Paris and London, for example, but two per cent. of the people are Jews, in Berlin five, in Constantinople scarcely six. New York alone has 1,100,000 Jews, or over a fourth of its entire population. Montreal has seven per cent., and Toronto about six and a half. The Jew as a rule does not go far into the interior of America. In Chicago, for example, only three and a half per cent. of the population are Jews. Toronto and Montreal get the Jewish immigation into Canada, because, like New York, they are great centres of cloth-working, and the Jew is a remarkably good tailor.—Toronto Telegram.

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On Novel Reading and its Educative Value.

By H. D. Ranns, Winnipeg.

There has been in the past—and still remains—a strong prejudice in some quarters against novels and novel reading. Good people, whose piety no one would wish to dispute but whose judgment may be open to question have placed their ban upon the reading of fiction. Even some of the great novelists themselves suffered under the restrictions imposed through the prejudice of their elders. George Eliot was, in her girlhood, forbidden by her parents to read fiction of any kind, and yet she became one of the most powerful novelists of all time. To take a more modern instance—in that remarkably intimate piece of autobiography by Dr. Edmund Gosse called "Father and Son," the author reveals to us the horror entertained by his too Puritanical father of any work of fiction, and the consequent exclusion of all such books from his reading as a youth. In some degree this prejudice has been due to narrowness of intellectual vision, the product of early training and environment—but to some extent also it is certainly due to the abuse of the practice of novel-reading. Because many have read novels indiscriminately to their hurt, and because novels of an undesirable tendency have had often a ready sale, some have condemned novels wholesale. But to do this is to take up a position both illogical and unwise. We can no more condemn "David Copperfield" because of an unhealthy dime novel than we can condemn the preaching of the late Dr. McLaren or Dr. Alex Whyte because there may be here and there a preacher with small piety and less wit whose deliverances distract and unman his unfortunate hearers. Let us then appreciate rightly the best fiction, and thank God for the great novelists.

But we may be assured that, whatever our personal attitude, the novel is a form of literature that has come to stay. It satisfies an instinct inherent in our nature—the passion for a story. That fiction is so popular is due to the persistence in grown-ups of that same instinct which leads the child to ask its elders for "a story, please." In our love for novels we are but "children of a larger growth." This delight in "stories" has been existent always, and will continue with humanity to the end. The ballads and folk-tales of earlier ages were of the nature of stories—then came the epic poem, telling the story of nations in the making, and the epic was followed by drama as supreme type of literature. To-day the novel reigns—this is emphatically the age of the novel. Much of the finest writing and certainly a considerable amount of the most forcible social teaching of recent years has found its vehicle of expression in the novel.

Careful worthy reading of the right type of novel cannot be properly classed as light reading. Great novels embody great thoughts. They demand attentive study not the mere cursory scanning that serves to pass an idle moment. One primary reason why so many readers get so little benefit from their reading of fiction is because they read hurriedly paying no attention to the form or the substance of what they read. Consequently, when they have finished their reading they can give no intelligent account of the book, having gained no very definite impression of its plot or purpose. Fiction certainly is intended to be recreative in its effect, but any novel worth the reading has also a greater or less degree of educative value.

That brings us to the question. In what directions has the novel educative value? First of all to the intelligent reader the novel gives a better understanding of human nature. The great novelist is a seer—one who has gazed with fascination and sympathetic insight on the numerous little acts of everyday life which go to make up the great play. Having seen with his keen and trained observation the drama of life as it is enacted before the eyes of all of us, he paints his vision with a faithfulness and a glow which is arrestive and impressive to him who reads. Herein consists the wonderful power of a Dickens or a Thackeray. As we read and reread (for the appreciative reader will surely do that) our "David Copperfield" or "Vanity Fair" we feel David Copperfield and Becky Sharp to be very real and human so strikingly like the rest of humanity, yet we are also conscious that they are wondrous creatures. When once their acquaintance has been made they bulk largely in the imagination for ever. Their lordly figures strut and pass across the stage of our imagination in moments of leisured expansion and we watch them with pleased and complacent gaze. Is not our interest in them largely due to the fact that they are so often our "larger selves?" These great characters of fiction are not men and women of a day but types which will have representatives to the last moment of time. Who thinks, e.g., of Micawber as a dead type—have we not all known him in the flesh, though, maybe not of such magnificent mein as Copperfield's immortal friend. R. L. Stevenson once remarked concerning Meredith's masterpiece, "The Egoist," that we all knew Willoughby Patterne well enough; in fact, most of us were Willoughby Patternes! In such large characters the great novelist holds up a mirror to nature. Therefore, if the "proper study of mankind is man," to read of these representative men (it were sacrilege to think of them as fictional creatures), to understand and to love them, will help towards a liberal education enabling us the better to understand and love our fellow men.

Again, many great novels are but thinly disguised sermons. The story is as the sugar coating to the pill of didactic purpose. Many who will give the preacher no opportunity to rebuke their sin or arouse their conscience yield to the spell of the novelist's power and perforce listen to his message. The novelist thus becomes a moral instructor, and in setting forth before us how evil runs its course to the ultimate wreck of character, gives us a beacon light, warning us off the perilous rocks of evil living. This is particularly true of the novels of George Eliot, who may be called the prophetess of the nemesis of evil. If we wish to find an illustration of the inevitable result of duplicity and hypocrisy where can we go better than to "Romola," and there study the character of Tito Melema in that novel of Florentian life when Savonarola thundered from the pulpit of the Duomo? Or if we wish to see the "expulsive power of a new affection" in operation to see how a deadened and dull nature is revived and glorified we should follow the story of Silas Marner in the novel of that name. George Eliot is emphatically a novelist to read, her books being rich in ethically suggestiveness.

Further, let us look at the novel as an educative force in relation to social questions. In recent times the novel has been much to the fore in drawing attention to crying social evils, dragging them into the light, thus revealing their ugliness and insidious power. The most powerful foe of evil is the light, and to turn the searchlight of naked truth upon a grievous evil is the first step towards its destruction. Most of us as we go through life, though we have eyes, see not; though we have minds think not, and hearts, yet we feel not. Here and there is a man who does see, who thinks and feels. Sometimes we call him preacher, sometimes prophet, often novelist. When our novelist has seen his vision and unburdened his soul, we catch his burning indignation and scorn, our hearts are stirred, and so reformative action is born. Was it not so with Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which inspired a great republic in the combatting and overcoming of a vast social evil? On this same continent, but of our own time, we have a conspicuous instance of the social novel in Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle." In England a novelist of serious "social" purpose is Richard Whiteing, with his great and moving novel "No. 5 John Street," and also "The Yellow Van." The former of these novels draws vividly our attention to the glaring contrasts of life in the great world metropolis, "the most miserable, the most melancholy opposites, the the haves and the have-nots, the educated and the ignorant ,the rulers and the ruled." "The Yellow Van" shows us not the life of the overcrowded metropolis but the sequestered life of rural England, where squire and parson reign supreme. Again we have a study in glaring contrasts, and we are made to realize what the land problem means to England to-day. It is safe to say that these novels have made many men think, investigate, and bestir themselves to help on the fight for social reform. As says the writer in his preface to "No. 5 John Street": "Why should the great causes which stir so much the passion of pity on one side, the sense of wrong on the other, be shut out of romantic literature—democracy, the cause of our age, above all?" Why, indeed!

Another aspect of the novel's usefulness is that so often by the faithful and vivid pen of the writer we are enabled to appreciate the life lived in countries distant to our own. Certain localities and countries have an intimate place in our minds, and we seem to know their topography though our feet never were set on their land. The reason is that one who has known and loved these places and their peoples has caught the very spirit and genius of them, and in his writing has conveyed their "atmosphere" to us, so that we feel we have come also to know, and knowing, to love them. So by our reading is the "country" of our mind thus enlarged, our sympathies broadened, and our outlook made more cosmopolitan. Is it not a delightful thing that without the inconvenience of crossing the seas or the discomfort of Transcontinentals we can be transplanted to another land, and if our powers of concentration be great enough, can live through the scenes, stirring or tranquil, that our novelist depicts? Even if this be the only kind of "travelling" our purses will allow, we need not be totally unacquainted with the life of other countries.

The last form of the novel's educative value to which we wish to draw attention is the insight which we gain from many great novels into phases of history. Phases of history which the regular historian has necessarily to describe briefly the novelist is able to elaborate, and we understand more completely the genesis, the development, and the outcome of particular events. There is no lack of rich historical fiction in our language—we need only mention the names of Walter Scott, Dickens' "Barnaby Rudge' and "Tale of Two Cities," Thackeray's "Esmond," Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" and "Hypatia," and in our own day such novelists as Sir A. Conan Doyle and Sir Gilbert Parker. For one who will read some ponderous and pretentious tome on an historical theme there are a thousand who will eagerly read the historical novel, which quickens their imagination in regard to the times in which the events described took place, and the novelist succeeds in enlisting their interest and informing their minds where the duller orthodox historian fails. So with reference to historical knowledge the novelist serves mankind.

In these various ways does the novel possess educative value; is it not therefore well that we treat novel-reading as a serious part of our general culture, and read with due care such novels as tend to interest, instruct and inspire.

A Good Catch from Lake George V.

Looking for the Number.

The following story I heard in the Sunday service for children:

There was a very clever and bright little boy once gazing anxiously on the table. His mother passed through the room several times, and the boy was still looking on the table. "What are you looking at, Willie?" his mother asked.

"That, mother," he replied, pointing on the table.

"But I can't see anything," she said.

So Willie picked up a hair and held it in his fingers.

The Prodigal Son.

He was a young local preacher, filled with the zeal of his office, who was giving a sermon the other evenng on the return of the prodigal son.

"Yes, dear friends," he said, "You see how this young man's father greeted him—he killed the fatted calf. The fatted calf which had been in the family for years and years."

Then he wondered why his congregation smiled.

Tact.

For nine long years he had been wooing the fair daughter of the farm.

"Jennie," he mused, as they sat by the old mill wheel, I read the other day that in a thousand years the lakes of Killarney will dry up."

"Jennie clutched his arm excitedly. Oh, Tom!" she exclaimed.

"What's the matter, lass?"

"Why, as you promised to take me there on the honeymoon, don't you think we'd better be a little careful that they don't dry up before we get there?"

N.B.—Within a month the wedding-bells rang in the village church.

Not on the Map.

"You say you left home on the tenth?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.

"And came back on the 25th?"

"Yes, sir."

"What were you doing in the interim?"

"Never was in such a place."

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Sound teeth and healthy gums are an admitted safeguard against disease. The regular use of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream will not only improve your appearance but also your health.

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deliciously and antiseptically

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It is a treat, not a task, for children to brush their teeth with this pleasant-tasting dentifrice—delicious without the presence of sugar—an efficient cleanser without the presence of "grit," and all that is beneficial without any injurious effects.
Schools all over the country are giving attention to Dental Hygiene, and educators realize that a good dentifrice of pleasant taste is necessary to enlist the co-operation of the children in the regular care of the teeth.

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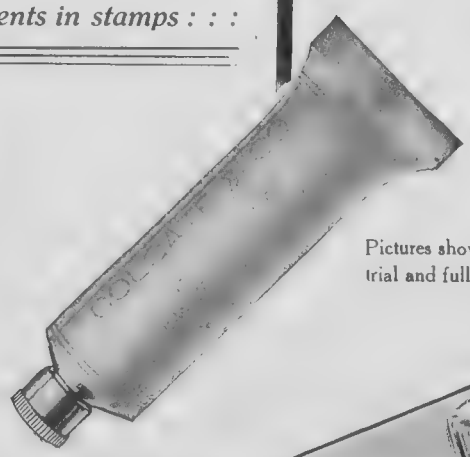
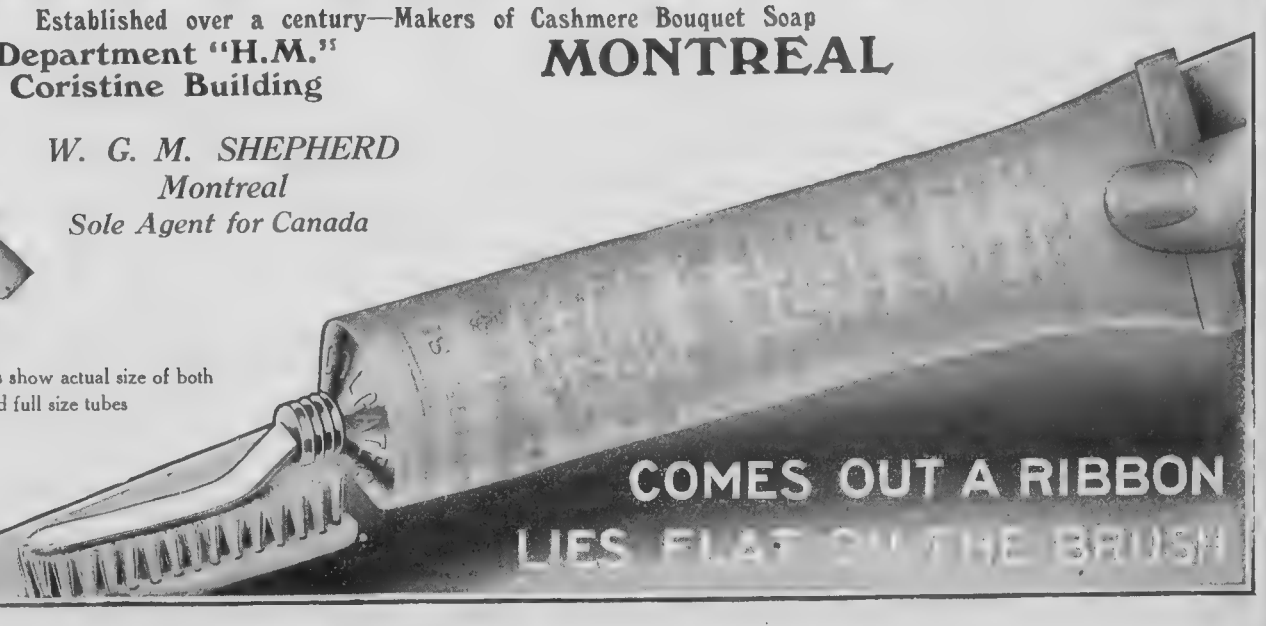


Pictures show actual size of both trial and full size tubes



Household Suggestions.

Making Mincemeat.

I can see a kitchen table, scrubbed as white as white can be.
And three wide-eyed wistful youngsters standing round it I can see;
Oh, the tables piled with good things, there are raisins in a bowl,
There are currants washed and drying, and six hands beyond control,
Six hands that grab for raisins and for currants, and once more
I see mother making mincement as she used to do of yore.

I can hear her sweetly saying, "Now, you children mustn't touch:
Not another raisin for you; you've already had too much."
I can see the almonds blanching in hot water at her side:
I can see the candied lemon peel, with sugar hard and dried;
I can see a hand now reaching for another raisin fine:
Yes, mother's making mincemeat, and the thieving hand is mine.

But I awake now from my dreaming, and I sit and sadly sigh,
For the grey hair at my temple tells me time has travelled by,
And the Christmas season nearing does not mean the self-same joys,
For there is no dear old mother, and there are no little boys
To slyly pilfer raisins as we used to do of yore,
When mother made her mincemeat and our lives lay all before.

Early Christmas Preparations in the Kitchen.

The last of November and the first of December are none too early for the busy housekeeper to begin her Chirstmas cooking. Not the actual cooking, but the getting ready for it. There is a great deal of pleasure in quietly doing a little day by day for the great event, and in the end having a perfect meal for the family.

About the first thing to be made is the fruit cake, which should be out of the way at least by the first week in December, and be in the cake can or jar ripening. Bake by any reliabe recipe, and store in a cold, dry place for the great day. Mince meat is better made some weeks in advance of the great day, and the specked apples can be thus worked up in leisurely fashion. No mince pies need be baked until the holidays, but if the mince meat is all ready early, the housekeeper will find it a great help.

Enlist the children in the work of getting ready by persuading them to pick out quantities of nut meats, and have them stored away in self sealing jars. There is nothing in the world so good as home made dainties, and nut meats add richness to the creamy fondant which every housekeeper should know how to make. Select a bright, sunny, crisp day and follow the directions to the letter, and you will have some of the best sweets in the world for the Christmas feast. Plain walnut taffy, hickory nut fudge, cream dates, peanut brittle and all sorts of easy candies can be manufactured in the home kitchen, provided everything is not left till the last minute. A hurried, worried candy maker is sure to fail.

Bread for dressing for the turkey may be carefully saved and dried, the herbs for seasoning pulverized and placed in a convenient place, the menu written out and every needed article provided, the fruits for the centre piece carefully selected and placed in a cold place so they will not shrivel, the celery protected in a special way to furnish the pretty, white leaves so necessary for the table, the little pot of parsley coaxed into fine foliage in the sunny window for garnishing and a dozen and one other tasks accomplished that will add to the joy of the holiday.

It makes the Christmas season last longer to begin in time, and it also makes it more enjoyable. The family feast will be perfect in every detail if preparations begin in time and there will be time and opportunity to help others who have not the bountiful store the thriftly country housewife daily beholds in her kitchen, and no Christmas can be perfect without that spirit.

"Plum pudding hot, plum pudding cold,
Plum pudding in the pot nine days old;
Some like it hot, some like it cold,
I like it in the pot nine days old.

Plum Pudding.

One and one-half pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, one pound of suet, one pound of candied citron or any other candied fruit, five eggs (the whites and yolks beaten separatey), one pound of sugar, two nutmegs, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, one and one-half cupfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of salt and one pound of grated bread crumbs. Dredge all the fruit with flour, and add three-quarters of a pound of sifted flour, one and one-half pounds chopped apples, two ounces blanched almonds (chopped), and one lemon. Mix well, and fill pudidng molds, allowing room for the mixture to rise, then boil continuously for five hours. These puddings can be made weeks before they are wanted. They must be steamed for an hour when they are to be eaten.

A String of Beauties from Lake George V.

English Plum Pudding.

Stone one pound of raisins, wash and dry a pound of currants and put in a deep basin. Add one and a half pounds of finely chopped beef suet, three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar, two ounces of candied lemon peel, two ounces of orange peel, two ounces of citron peel, one teaspoon of salt, one and a quarter cups of flour, one teaspoon of grated nutmeg and one cup of bread crumbs. Moisten with eight well-beaten eggs, the juice of a lemon and half a cup of milk. English plum pudding, according to the old rule, is stirred till the spoon will stand upright in it, then it is left covered over night in a cold place. Early on Christmas morning it is tied in a well-floured pudding cloth, leaving room to swell, and is boiled briskly for five hours in a deep kettle. If the water leaves off boiling for a minute, the pudding will be soaked and lose the fine brown coloring which is its prerogative. Send it to the table with a sprig of holly stuck in top and brandy poured over it. Just before serving, scatter a few plumped raisins about the base of the pudding.

Canadian Plum Pudding.

One and a half pounds of raisins (stoned carefully), one-half pound of currants, one-half pounds of mixed peel, three-fourths pound of bread crumbs, three-fourths pound of suet (chopped very fine), eight eggs, one wine-glass of brandy, one-fourth pound of almonds (chop part and reserve a few to ornament pudding), spices to taste, not forgetting one teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly, dropping in eggs one by one. Boil six hours, without stopping, in a mould, or tied in a cloth.

Extra Nice Plum Pudding.

One and one-fourth pounds of beef suet, one-half pound of freshly made bread crumbs, three ounces of dried cherries, three ounces of figs cut into small pieces, three ounces of pastry flour, one-half pound of stoned and chopped raisins, one-half pound of Sultanas, one-half pounds of washed and dried currants, four ounces of Valencia almonds (blanched and chopped), three-fourths pound of brown sugar, one-half pound of mixed peel chopped, three-fourths pound of apples chopped, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, four tablespoonfuls of ground rice, one-half of a grated nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, five eggs well beaten, one-half cup of molasses, one wineglassful of brandy.

Mix these ingredients well together in a basin, then tie them up tightly in a clean pudding cloth that is dusted over with flour and brown sugar. Put it into boiling water and boil for about twelve hours. Or the pudding may be boiled in a mold, in which case the mold should be buttered and then dusted over inside with any course brown sugar, the ingredients put in and a cloth tied over. When the pudding is cooked, turn it out, dust it over with castor sugar and serve with caramel, hard or brandy sauce.—Mrs. O. B. Marshall.

Sauces for Extra Nice Plum Pudding.

Caramel: Put one-half cup of water and one cup of sugar into a saucepan, boil until the mixture is a very dark brown, then add one teaspoonful of butter and one-half teaspoonful of arrowroot dissolved in one cup water, and cook till clear.

Brandy: Put into a saucepan the yolks of two and the white of one egg, one tablespoonful of fine white sugar, one-half wineglassful of brandy, one tablespoonful of warm water. Stand the pan in boiling water and whip briskly from four to six minutes, when the sauce will present the appearance of a souffle, and is ready for use. This sauce should not be prepared until just before serving, as over-cooking spoils it, and it is impossible to keep it warm without continuing the cooking process.

Mince-Meat for Two Pies.

Chop fine half a pound of cold roasted beef. Add to it two ounces of suet, chopped, a pound of seeded raisins, a quarter of a pound of shredded citron and orange peel mixed, half a pound of clean currants, one pound of apples, peeled, quartered and chopped, a level teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves, same of allspice, and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Mix thoroughly and add sufficient orange juice or cider or grape juice to make the desired consistency. The mixture is improved by adding half a cupful of cracker-crumbs at baking time, before you add the liquid.

Christmas Cake.

Three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pound brown sugar, two pounds raisins, one and a half pounds currants, one pound dates, one pound figs, half pound mixed peel; half cup molasses, eight eggs, one and a quarter teaspoonful cinnamon ½ teaspoonful cloves, ½ teaspoonful mace, one teaspoonful soda, one cup sour cream, one nutmeg, half pint brandy, half pound almonds, flour to mix properly.

Christmas Candies.

Who could imagine a Chrismas without candy? Who would want to imagine it?

Yet the candies are a serious item in the holiday expenses. That is, if you get good ones, and you don't want the cheap sort. Better make them at home, not only for yourself but also for Christmas presents.

You need have no lack of variety, but I would recommend your concentrating your attention upon two or three kinds and make them your specialty. Candy cookery is not the simple thing some persons think; it requires judgment and experience as much as any other kind of cooking. Try your products on the family and intimate friends before you reckon on them as Christmas presents, and don't put off making them until a day or two before Christmas. Have wax paper a-plenty in which to wrap them, and you may trust to their keeping as well as those made by the confectioner.

To my friend the cooked candies are preferable to the so-called French candies, and I accordingly give more space to them.

Sea Foam Fudge (Chocolate).

Put over the fire in a clean saucepan one cupful of light-brown sugar, a half-cupful of water and a third of a cupful of grated chocolate and boil without stirring until it spins a thread from the point of a spoon. Have beaten stiff the white of an egg; pour the boiling mixture upon it and stir until it begins to stiffen. Drop from a spoon on wax paper in little bon bons or pour into a greased pan before it begins to stiffen and mark into squares or diamonds with a buttered knife.

Sea Foam Fudge (Nut).

Put into a saucepan three cupfuls of light-brown sugar, a cupful of cold water and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Bring this to the boil gradually and do not stir after it is once heated. Boil steadily and when a little of it dropped into cold water forms a hard ball take it from the fire. Beat stiff the whites of two eggs and when the syrup has stopped bubbling pour it on these and beat well. Well it begins to stiffen, flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla and add a cupful of chopped nut kernels—hickory, pecan or English walnuts. Drop on paper or turn into a greased pan and mark off in squares or triangles.

Peanut Brittle.

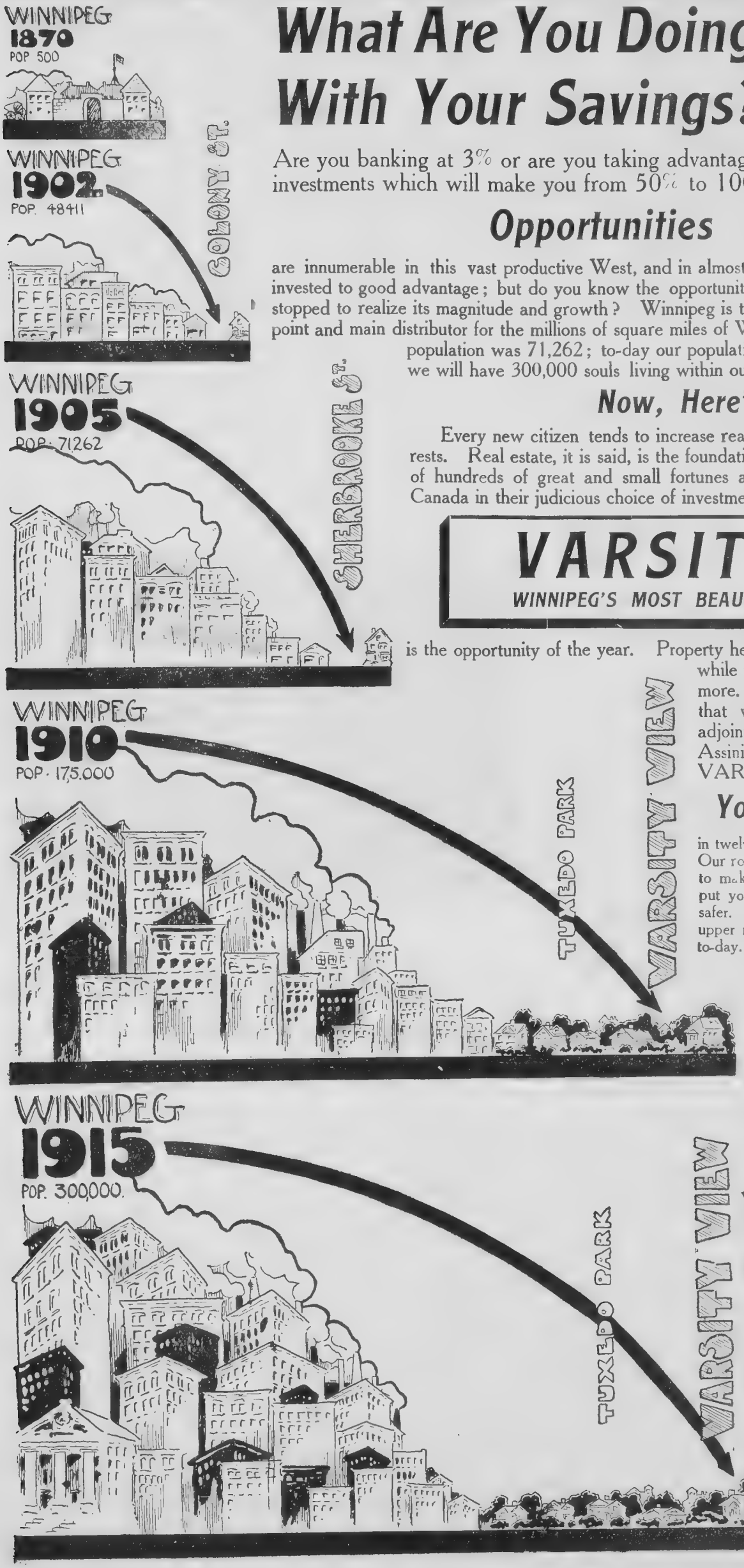
Boil together a cupful of brown sugar, one of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of butter and a tablespoonful of vinegar. When a little of the syrup is brittle if dropped in cold water, add a cupful of peanuts from which the inner skins have been removed. Take from the fire, stir in a teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in a little cold water, beat well and turn into greased pans.

Popcorn Balls.

Make some old-fashioned molasses candy and just before taking from the fire stir in enough popcorn to thicken it. After stirring the mixture for a minute set the kettle at the side of the stove, take the mixture from it by the large spoonful and lay each on greased paper or a greased tin. As it hardens roll each spoonful into a ball, greasing the hands well first, and roll each ball over and over in freshly popped corn until this ceases to adhere to the surface. Wrap in waxed paper.

Taffy.

Sugar, two cupfuls; butter, one tablespoonful; vinegar half a tablespoonful; water, a cupful and a half. Boil the sugar, butter, vinegar and water until it hardens sufficiently when tried in cold water. Add vanilla. Pull until snowy white.



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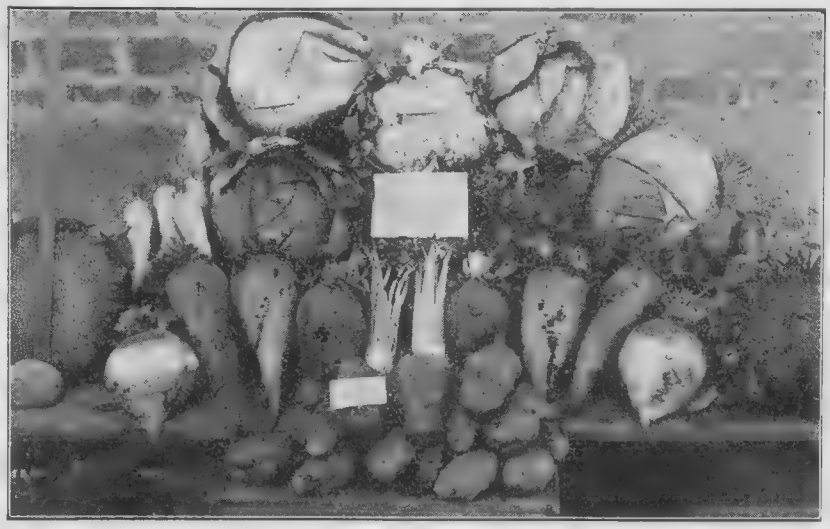
Canada's Crops.

The census office issues today a bulletin on the crops of Canada as prepared from reports made up to the end of October.

The closing months of the year give good reports for nearly all of the field crops of the Dominion. Potatoes alone indicate partial failure, and in all the provinces there are complaints of rot in the fields and in the heaps for winter storage. The area is 503,262 acres and the estimated yield 74,048,000 bushels, being an average of about 147 bushels per acre, which is nearly uniform for all the provinces. The quality is 84.42 per cent. Turnips and other field roots show a quality of 88.57, a yield per acre of 402 bushels and a total yield of 95,267,000 bushels for a crop of 236,622 acres. Hay and clover are computed for 8,515,400 acres and a yield per acre of 1.82 tons. The quality is 90.45 per cent and the total yield 15,497,000 tons. Fodder corn has an estimated yield per acre of 9.38 tons, which upon an area of 271,960 acres gives a product of 2,551,000 tons. Sugar beets are grown most extensively in Ontario and Alberta where they supply roots for three sugar factories. The area in crop this year is 16,000 acres, which is a substantial increase upon last year. The yield per acre is 9.69 tons, the total yield 155,000 tons and the quality 93.15 per cent. The roots supplied to the Berlin factory are testing 17 per cent. of sugar and at the Wallaceburg factory 16 per cent.; but a product of 5,000 acres in Ontario is being shipped to factories in Michigan. The product of 8,200 acres in that province is marketed at Wallaceburg and Berlin, where the average price is about $5.86 per ton, or better than $57.80 per acre. Computed at the average local prices the market value of potatoes this year is $33,446,000 of fodder corn $11,957,000, and of sugar beets $887,000. The report on fall wheat sown this year shows an area of 790,300 acres, whereof 682,500 acres are in Ontario and 107,800 acres in Alberta. turnips and other roots, $21,444,000, of hay and clover, $149,716,000, of Last year the area was 669,700 acres for Ontario and 98,000 in Alberta. The condition of the crop is reported at 98.40 per cent., as compared with 93.60 last year.

The per cent. of fall plowing completed this year compared with the area planned for is less than last year, but the report is made for a period one month earlier. The per cent. of summer fallowing compared in the same way is somewhat lower, but increases are shown for Saskatchewan and Alberta.



A Fine Collection
Potatoes weighing 1½ lbs. each; Cabbages 14½ lbs. each; and Cauliflower 10½ lbs. From semi-arid region, Medicine Hat.

The Margin of Cultivation and Prosperity.

By A. Percy Chew, Winnipeg.

The general prosperity of the Canadian people at the present time is undoubtedly high as compared with that of other people's. The great problems that in other countries clamor so insistently for solution,—the problem of unemployment, child-labor, poverty, etc., are here almost unknown. This is apt to have one effect not altogether desirable. It tends to make the people self-complacent and indifferent to the sufferings of others not so fortunately placed. If one tries, for instance, to tell the average well-fed, comfortable Canadian something of the almost indescribable misery constantly endured by the women chain-makers of Cradley Heath, England, he is very liable to shrug his shoulders and ask why the women are so foolish as to marry men that cannot support them, or why they do not emigrate.

This state of mind is quite unreasonable, yet hard to combat. I am inclined to think that in some cases it is the result of repeated efforts to still the voice of conscience. Since Darwin's doctrine of the Struggle for Existence gained such wide acceptation, comfortable people have generally upheld the comfortable theory that the sufferings of the poor are due to their ignorance and incompetence, while on the other hand the wealth and ease that they themselves enjoy are the just reward of their own high qualities. Even if this theory were sound, which is to say the least a matter for doubt, there would still remain the question of a man's duty to his fellows, which can never be held discharged while conditions such as I am about to cite, prevail. The information is gathered largely from the writings of Mr. Charles Edward Russell.

The winter of 1891-2, in New York, was unusually severe. Even in favorable times, when work is comparatively plentiful and prices are not unduly inflated, the citizens of the East Side endure much hardship. When work is not plentiful, and the operations of the trusts have temporarily increased the prices of the necessaries of life, the misery that exists needs to be seen to be appreciated; it cannot be described. It seems that in this particular winter the combination of three railroads running into New York, was effected. One of the first acts of the new combine was to increase the wholesale price of coal fifty cents a ton. Now the general practice

of the slum-dwellers was (and is) to buy their coal by the pail. Before the formation of the "trust" the price was nine cents: afterwards it rose to eleven. This apparently insignificant increase was the direct cause of much suffering to the poor of New York. As Mr. Russell remarks, people who enjoy anything like a normal income will regard a difference of two cents as a small matter. But to the inhabitants of the East side it was a very serious thing. Even at nine cents, warmth had been a luxury not to be extravagantly indulged in. At eleven, it was beyond the reach of many.

Some pitiful incidents took place on account of this rise in the price of coal. In order to keep expenses down and yet not be entirely deprived of heat, one family took the lids off the kitchen stove before retiring. They were asphyxiated by the escaping gas as they slept. An old lady who up to that time had managed to scrape along by doing needle work for the sweat hops found the extra two cents above her slender means. She died of cold and hunger.

The number that in America alone thus live constantly on the verge of starvation may conservatively be estimated at many hundreds of thousands. And it will not do for us to say that all their misfortunes are to be referred to their intemperance and idleness. That argument would hold good only if it could be shown that their intemperance was the cause, and not an effect of their poverty, and if it could be proved that inhabitants has been one of general prosperity and peace. So long as the free land remained the labor market was comparatively favorable to all workers, owing to the perpetual tendency of excess labor to drain itself away, on to the margin. This tendency, of course, affected the supply of labor power favorably (considered from the wage workers' standpoint) and their wages for that reason were somewhat higher than otherwise would have been the case. (As every one knows, wages are regulated by the law of supply and demand).

But now the land is all taken up and there is no longer an outlet for surplus labor, the tide of prosperity, at least for the wage earners, begins to ebb. The labor market becomes glutted; there arises the nucleus of the future Army of Unemployed. Naturally, the first to suffer by the changed conditions are the unskilled and the least efficient, and this very obvious fact has lent some color to the comfortable theory before mentioned. It is now argued that these unfortunates, as a matter of fact, are unfit to survive anyway; they are unemployable, you know, and must soon perish in the never-ending struggle for existence. But when the unemployed problem becomes chronic, as is already the case in most European countries and in the United States, this argument of the Pharisees falls at once. It is at once seen that the unemployed are by no means composed entirely of "inefficients." In them are thousands of skilled, thoroughly competent producers.

Aren't They Beauties?
Grown in semi-arid region, Medicine Hat, season 1910.

the opportunity to work is always open to them. No one will assert that it is. It is a known fact that about two million people in the United States are always unemployed.

Since we are aware that this state of affairs does not exist in Canada, it might be well to enquire the reason. The enquiry will be neither long nor laborious. We need not seek the cause in the superior qualities of Canadians; humanity is much the same everywhere. It is due to the existence in this country of what the economists call a "margin of cultivation." It is like this: When men first begin to fill up a country as a rule they occupy the most accessible and desirable land first. As the population increases the cultivated area naturally expands, of course diminishing inversely the amount of unoccupied land. This frontier land, unused, unoccupied, and free to all, is called the "margin of cultivation."

The effect of the existence of this free land is to provide the laborer that cannot find other employment with a final resource. He has the alternative of applying his power to labor to the virgin soil. If he is entirely without modern means of production, his life on the margin of cultivation will at first be little superior to the life of a savage; but since nature, though reluctant, is not unkind, he need never lack the bare necessities of existence; the horrors of unemployment he need never know.

A time quickly arrives, however, when the whole of the available country is settled or has become private property. Up to this time the condition of all the

This condition of things is the fault of no one in particular; it is an inevitable result of the present system. And if I say that to me it appears certain that Canada too, must soon experience a like unhappiness, I hope I shall not be accused of being possessed of a spirit of gloomy pessimism. I try to call attention to the unmistakable evils of the present day world because I believe that a better day is close at hand, a day when the welfare of mankind shall be a consideration of greater moment than the mere production of goods. Do you doubt that today it is production first, —man afterwards? It is a fact that the United States Government would not pass a really effective Pure Food Law because of the bad effect such a law would have on business. Meanwhile, all manner of abominations continue to be eaten.

I have said that we cannot properly fix the blame for social wrongs on individuals. The Southern cotton manufacturer, for instance, employs child-labor. He has tiny mites of five and six years of age working for him all day long in the unhealthy atmosphere of the mills. The facts are well attested, and beyond dispute. Do you imagine that the manufacturer is alone responsible for this heartless crime? The truth is that competition obliges him to employ child-labor or go out of business. The cotton consumers of the world demand cheap cotton, and for the production of cotton of the required cheapness, child-labor is essential. If a particular manufacturer is noble-minded, and will not crucify the children on the altar of Profit, there are others not so scrupulous that will. He can do no good by refusing to play the game. Such an act would not keep one child away from the mills.

We absolve individuals then, from responsibility. But we do not absolve society. On the contrary, we desire to "convict society of sin,"—of criminal negligence for the welfare of all but a favored few. The collective conscience must be aroused before any real betterment is to be hoped for; if this can be done, the end is not, then far away; for history proves that the sentiment of the great mass of the people has ever been on the side of mercy and benevolence and equitable dealing between man and man.

The problem is to dethrone competition and substitute co-operation, to stop the robbery of the many by the few. It is no light task; many bitter battles will be fought before success is achieved. But it is a good fight, the object is well worth while.

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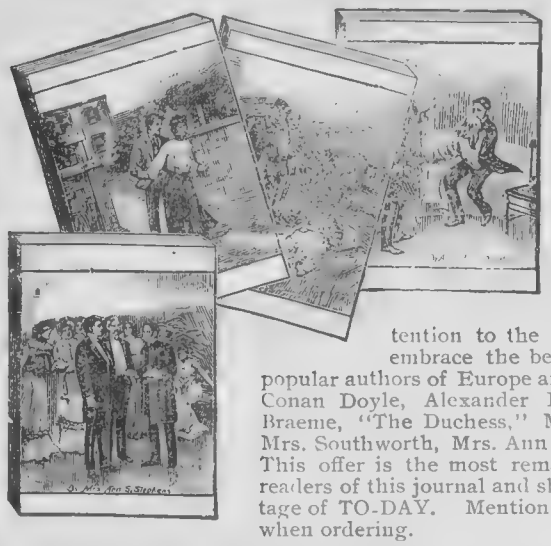

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Women's Quiet Hour.

The Miracle Night.

The inn is asleep.
Yet the loaves and the wine
Hold a sweetness divine;
And the gourds of dried seeds,
And the roots and the reeds
All know the earth sings
Of wonderful things—
Of plenteous feasts
And delights manifold!

The desert tribes sleep,
Yet their wind-blown tents
Dream of goblets and scents
As the worshippers speed;
Dream that Love is the creed
Of the Little New King,
And every glad thing;
(Dream naught of the thorn,
The hate of the tree).

Outworn Mary sleeps,
Yet the child on her breast,
Like a bird in its nest—
Like a little weak lamb
Against its warm dam—
Doth still sweetly wake
For His Great Kingdom's sake.
Wake to guard thee and me,
The Holy Christ-Child.

—Antia Fitch.

Christmas Greetings.

This will be the last issue of the Western Home Monthly before Christmas, and the editor insists on having his copy in the middle of November, and wants it to be made Christmassy. Personally I never can get up Christmas enthusiasm so long ahead, especially this year, when the autumn has been so mild that it does not seem possible that Christmas can be so near. It will not be too late, when the magazine reaches my readers for suggestions as to the making of Christmas presents, and it will not be at all too late to purchase books as gifts, and I have thought that it would perhaps be both useful and interesting to women in the country districts and smaller towns to know of books that are suitable for Christmas gifts.

New Book.

One which reached me very recently and which I can most cordially recommend is "Love of the Wild" by Archie P. McKishnie, who, by the way, is a brother of Jean Blewett, whose verses are familar to almost all western readers. This book will be of very special interest to people from Ontario, as it deals with the heavily wooded districts in the south, along Lake Ontario —districts where the hickory and the walnut trees grew in the old days. It is a beautiful tale, exquisitely told, and evidently the brother has much of the same poetic temperament as the sister. His description of woodland life and the passionate love of young McTavish for the wild animals is the most appealing thing of its kind that I have read since Roberts published his "Heart of the Ancient Woods." You can smell the odor of the upturned dead leaves as you read the book, and the little scene in the first chapter where the red squirrels make war on their big brothers, the blacks, will recall familiar incidents to all those who, in their childhood, roamed the woods of old Ontario. The book is prettily bound and has a very charming illustration of the heroine, Gloss.

Many Westerners will be interested to know that Mary Markwell (Mrs. Kate Simpson Hayes) has a new book of verse out for Christmas. It is called "Derby Day in the Yukon and Other Songs of the Northland." I have not had time to read it, but opened on this bit:

"I could not sing unless my song had in its symphony one broken string,

"I could not say the thoughts that in me rise unless my heart had been a broken thing.

"Why is it that the voice of song so holds music till the heart hath bled?

"Why should we find most fair and far-off fields by thorny by-paths led?

"But if this little weakling song of mine might carry cheer to one lone, grieving soul,
"Most gladly would I
"And smiling, drink the lees left in the bowl."

This book is issued by the Musson Book Co. of Toronto, and has silhouetted on the cover a group of husky dogs, the horses of the Yukon.

A book that will prove interesting to both Canadian and English dwellers in the west is "The Land of his Fathers" by A. J. Dawson. The text of this book is based on Rudyard Kipling's poem:

"I am the land of their fathers,
"In me the virtus stays,
"I will bring back my children,
"After many days.

"Scent of smoke in the evening,
"Smell of rain in the night,
"The hours, the days and the seasons,
"Order their souls aright.

"Till I make plain the meaning,
"Of all my thousand years,
"Till I fill their hearts with knowledge,
"While I fill their eyes with tears."

Mr. Dawson is an ardent Imperialist and visited Canada some 18 months ago, and addressed both the Toronto and Winnipeg branches of the Canadian Club. In this book he has attempted to show the debt of the colonies to the Motherland, and has paid Canada the compliment of suggesting that Canadians rather than Australians are the type of men and women best calculated to deal with the terrible question of the unemployed poor in the old land, as they have less leaning toward socialism than the Australians, and are not so conservative as the people of the home land, and above all, they are most strongly impressed with the idea that giving people money is of little use unless you teach them how to make money and give them the opportunity of making it for themselves. The book is impossible in many respects, but the idea running through it is a fine one and it is well written. There is a rather charming love story in it, which helps to lighten what would otherwise be a somewhat sombre tale.

"A Year out of a Life" by Mary Waller, the author of the "Wood Carver of Lympus" is one of the new books that is offered for Christmas, and though I have not seen it, from the little sketch of it I read in a recent magazine, it is quite as charming as the book which brought such pleasure last year. There is also a beautiful special edition of "The Wood Carver of Lympus."

The author of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" has another book out—"Your Child and Mine," which is quite as fascinating as "Aunt Mary." By the way, if anyone has the opportunity of seeing "Aunt Mary" played, they should certainly not let it go by. The book is charming; the play is even more so.

An author that we have not heard from for a long time, Marietta Holly, is again to the fore with "Samanthy on Childrens' Rights." This book is as quaint and forceful as any of its predecessors from the same author, and in her homely phraseology she gives some sound advice about the right of children, and bespeaks for them from their parents the fair dealings and courtesy they would show to their equals in age.

I don't think there has ever been a Christmas with a greater profusion of beautifully bound editions of books that have become almost classics. The publishers seem to have vied with each

other this year in the matter of illustration, printing and binding, and this is especially noticeable in children's books. There are all the old favorites and many, many new ones being offered. All the books that I have written about may be obtained from either J. A. Hart & Co. or Russell, Lang & Co., of Winnipeg, if they are not to be had in the home bookstores.

One book which is not new but which is beautiful as a gift book is "Aunt Jane of Kentucky" by Elizabeth Calvert Hall. It is a series of reminiscent sketches, and the one called "Sally Ann's Experience" is quite sufficient amusement for the whole price of the book.

Colonel Steele And The R.N.W.M.P.

The Woman's Canadian Club of Winnipeg were fortunate enough, during November, to secure Colonel Steele as a speaker, and he gave us a delightful hour of reminiscences, one of which dealt specially with the debut of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police at Edmonton, in, I think it was, 1874. There was no man in the corps over 25 except the Colonel, and he was under 30. There are probably in the west both men and women who remember the famous ball of Edmonton, when, from that seemingly uninhabited country, three hundred people were gathered together at the new fort of the Police and the old fort of the Hudson's Bay Co., and spent three never-to-be-forgotten days.

As I sat listening to the Colonel's talk, I could not help thinking how much the Royal Northwest Mounted Police meant and had meant to the women of the Canadian West. Wherever one of their red tunics appeared above the horizon it has been a sure sign of help in difficulty and protection always. There is an old saying that every woman loves a red coat, and there is probably some truth in it, but if the women of Canada did not love and respect the red coats of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, they would be ingrates indeed. Three years ago, after that terrible winter of 1907, when there was shortage of fuel all over the west, when the country lay deep under the snow and railway travelling was almost at a standstill, I met with a woman, the wife of a homesteader in one the the remote parts of Saskatchewan. I asked her if she had suffered during that winter, and she told me that they had had very little fuel, that they had run almost entirely out of provisions, that her husband was sick and she had two little children. She was an old country woman, wholly unaccustomed to pioneer life, and they had not a neighbor within 35 miles. They had homesteaded late in the previous autumn, and with characteristic old country reserve, had, I could see, rathur turned down the overtures of friendliness from the people in the nearest railway town, little dreaming that a knowledge of just where they were located might mean a difference between life and death to them in the winter.

When they were almost at the end of their resources, she said she was looking, one day, through a little hole which she had scraped clear of frost in the window, and she saw, coming across the absolutely trackless waste a man on a horse. At every step the horse went down almost to his belly, and still they struggled on. When the man got to the door he proved to be a trooper of the Police. He saw to his horse first, putting him into the wretched little shelter where their yoke of oxen were daily growing thinner, and before he had stopped to talk or anything else, he went to a bluff, nearly a quarter of a mile away and cut some wood to replenish their fire. She asked him how he came to find them, and he told her that the Saskatchewan Government had furnished the Police with the names and the quarter sections of homesteaders in remote districts and they had been sent out on patrole to round up every homesteader. He had made inquiries at the little town 35 or 40 miles away, but had not been able to get any word about them, as no one seemed to know whether they had stayed on their homestead or not, but on the off-chance of anyone being in distress, he had ridden through the unbroken snow and the bitter cold, to make sure.

She said, and I did not wonder that her voice grew thick and her eyes moist: "As long as I live, I shall never forget that day and I shall never see a police uniform without feeling that there is a friend inside it." That is only just one incident that might be multiplied by the thousand, of the work done by these men; and without meaning the slightest disrespect to either churches or missionaries, the Canadian west owes more to the Royal Northwest Mounted Police than to any other single influence that has been brought to bear upon its development. No other new country has a record so free from border roughness and lawlessness. No other country has a record for so few tragedies as the Canadian West.

As Colonel Steele rightly said, British law and British justice preceded the settlers into the wilderness, and he might have added, British fatherly care for its sons and daughters was admirably represented by the corps of which Colonel Steele was for so many years the distinguished head.

Electing Officers.

From now until the end of January, women's organizations will be holding annual meetings and electing new officers. I have attended a great many annual meetings for all kinds of organizations, both of men and women, and one of the things which has struck me particularly about the election of officers in women's societies and clubs is the element of sentiment which is allowed, far too frequently, to prevail over that of common sense. Officers for any organization, no matter how small it may be, should be elected on account of their fitness for the office they are required to fill. In men's clubs and societies, sentiment does not seem to enter. They may, and frequently do, elect officers who are not of the best, but it is far oftener for some mercenary motive than it is because of the fear of hurting anybody's feelings. With women, on the other hand they are so afraid of hurting the feelings of Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones, that they will not only elect, but will from year to year continue in office women who are totally unfit for the office, and who will not take the smallest trouble to post themselves on what they should do; and when called to order for some serious breach of parliamentary procedure, laugh and say they did not know anthing about it, seeming to be wholly oblivious to the impertinence of wasting the time of a score or a hundred busy women.

I think there is more time wasted by the disorderly conduct of women's public meetings, or perhaps I should say, the unbusiness-like conduct of public meetings, than would suffice to do all work in connection with charity and philanthropy which remains undone because no one has time to do it.

A president should be elected who is capable of presiding. That is her duty and no really sensible woman would be hurt at being passed over if she is at all aware of her own deficiencies in this respect. Another fatal habit about women is to make rules and regulations, and then, for some motive of interest or sentiment, wholly to ignore them. There was a most amusing instance of this in Winnipeg recently, when a society which had a special by-law to the effect that any member of the executive absent from three consecutive meetings without sufficient excuse should cease to hold office. The members of the executive had been singularly flagrant in their non-observance of this rule, but when one business-like member suggested that the rule be enforced and these members dropped from the executive, she was calmly informed by the president that of course they had that rule, but they never enforced it, because, you know, it would hurt the ladies' feelings. As a matter of fact, throughout the entire year, it had been almost impossible to get together a working quorum of the executive, because these women whose feelings must not be hurt, had so little respect for the feelings and so little regard for the time of other members that

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This neat little coat is of imported cheviot; has wide facing of self cloth extending to waist, forming a lining and making a very warm coat; storm collar of grey and white squirrel; has turn back cuffs and fancy pocket flaps. Colors are navy, brown or green. See cut of this coat on page 23 Eaton Catalogue. Be sure to state age of child when ordering.

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404501—Child's Fur Trimmed Coat, $11.50 to $14.00 regular price, now selling at $7.50. Sizes for 4 to 14 years.

Child's Fur Trimmed Coat of all wool imported cheviot; collar and revers of grey and white squirrel, lined to the waist with mercerette, trimmed with strapping of self and tabs of silk military braid; strapping of self on sleeve forms a cuff, colors blue, brown or green. See cut of this coat on page 23 Eaton Catalogue. Be sure to give age of child when ordering.

404604—Misses Fur Trimmed Coat, $11.50 regular price, now selling at $7.50.

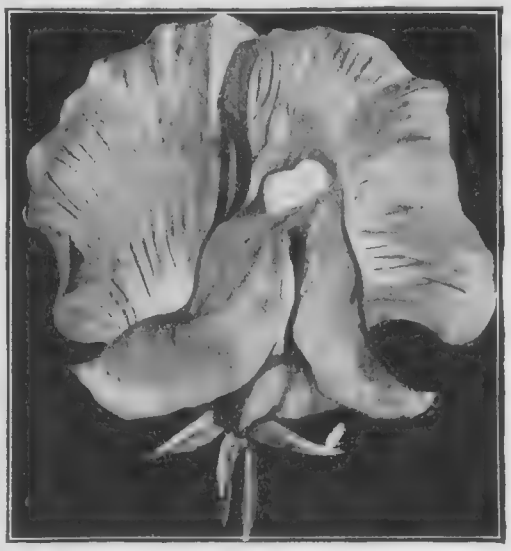
Misses Fur Trimmed Coat of heavy imported cheviot; has high storm collar of western sable; has a wide facing of self cloth, which extends over the shoulder and across the back, forming a lining to the waist; is loose fitting, double-breasted style; pocket flaps and turn back cuffs are trimmed with silk military braid. Length 45 inches, colors black or navy. Sizes 32-34 and 36 bust. For ages 14, 16 and 18 years. Sample of material sent on application. See cut of this coat above.

404601—Misses Fur Trimmed Coat, $17.50 regular price, now selling at $15.00.

Misses Fur Trimmed Coat of all wool beaver cloth; plain loose-fitting style, lined throughout with plain mercerette; high collar and large revers of dyed opossum; has mannish flap pockets and turn back cuffs; fastened with loops and barrel buttons; 45 inches long. Colors black or navy. Sizes 32-34 and 36 bust. For ages 14, 16 and 18 years. Sample of material sent on application. See cut of this coat above.

404600—Misses Fur Trimmed Coat. $21.50 regular price, now selling at $15.00.

Misses Fur Trimmed Coat of heavy weight imported vicuna cloth in loose-fitting style; lined throughout with quilted mercerette; has high storm collar and large revers of select blended muskrat; length 45 inches; down each side of coat, back and front, also on turn back cuffs, silk military braid is used as a trimming. Colors black or navy. Sizes 32-34 and 36 bust. For ages 14, 16 and 18 years. Sample of material sent on application. See cut of this coat above.



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they continually absented themselves, and made no apology.

Canadian Women In Literature.

I wonder how many of my readers could name, off-hand, a dozen Canadian women writers, with the names of the books which they have written. I am very glad to see that the Canadian Century is devoting space to this subject. In a recent issue Ethel Kirk has a charmingly illustrated sketch, which includes Helen Merrill, Jeanne Graham, Virna Sheard, Catherine Hale, Agnes Laut (who, by the way, has a new book on the market), Nellie McClung (who is going to Eastern Canada on a month's trip, to give readings from her own books), Jeanne Blewett, Isabel McKay, Miss Montgomery, Marion Keith, Isabel Valancy Crawford. These are only a few of the Canadian women writers. The list is being added to daily, and I think it is almost time that more space was given to this in our public schools. Both the boys and the girls growing up should be made familiar with not only the names but the work of the people who are slowly but surely building up a literature for Canada.

Women's Meetings.

I am more than glad to report that the meetings that have been addressed by Miss Juniper and Miss Kennedy have been a great success. Miss Juniper, I know, is very much encouraged by the cordial reception tendered to her by the women of Manitoba. I would be very glad if any of my women readers who have had the pleasure of attending any of these meetings would write me a brief account of the impression made upon them by the gathering they attended. From Russell comes the report that 200 women gathered to listen to the talks on household science and home conveniences. At Minnedosa, Birtle, Morris and Carman they were equally enthusiastic, though at some points the numbers were not so great. Surely among those women there were some readers of the Western Home Monthly, and though I know all women will be busy from now till after Christmas, still it would not take long to write a very short letter, and if we could have a number of these for publication in the January issue, it would be of great interest. In order to get them in for the January number, it would be necessary for them to reach me by December 15 at the latest. Will not some of my readers be good to me in this respect, and write? I do not want merely a description of the meeting; I want to know how it affected you, whether it was the kind of meeting you hoped for, whether you found it helpful, whether you can suggest anything whereby similar meetings in the future could be made more helpful to the women who attend.

While I am on the subject of women's meetings, let me say that the Management of the Agricultural College at Winnipeg are making arrangements for a big gathering of women at the time of the February Convention, and at that meeting it will be decided what these women's clubs through the country are to be called—whether they will be known as institutes or clubs or household science societies. Let me remind you also of the horticultural meeting to be held at that time, under the auspices of the Western Horticultural and Forestry Society. Do not forget my request for suggestions along this line, or the names and addresses in your own district, of women who are making a specialty of flowers, vegetables or trees. In conclusion, I hope that all my readers will have the very merriest of old time Christmas days.

A Useful Gift.

Piece-bags which suggest their contents may be made as follows: For the white pieces make a bag of white cotton or muslin; for the woolen pieces, a bag of outing flannel; a gingham bag will suggest colored wash goods; a bag of cambric will be good for pieces of lining, and one of silk for silk pieces. These bags may be hung from hooks, in either the sewing room closet or the storeroom, and much hunting for pieces will be avoided by adopting this systematic method.

Turkish Delight.

Break an ounce of sheet gelatine and soak in one-half cup of cold water for two hours. Weigh one pound of granulated sugar and put in granite saucepan with one-half cup of cod water, place over the fire, and when the sugar is dissolved and comes to a boiling point, add the soaked gelatine. Boil for twenty minutes. Flavor with the rind and juice of one lemon and one orange, and one tablespoonful of rum or whisky. Wet a tin in cold water and turn the mixture in, having it about an inch thick. Put away to harden, then cut into inch square pieces, and roll these in confectioner's sugar. This recipe takes some time to harden, sometimes two days, but is most delicious.

Fudge.

Brown sugar, two cupfuls; chocolate, four ounces; milk, three-quarters of a cupful; butter, one tablespoonful; vanilla to taste. Boil until it thréads from a fork. Add the vanila and beat until thick.

The Care of the Sink.

The care of the kitchen sink may not sound much like a holiday topic, but it is one of the things which, if disregarded, will cause serious trouble and unnecessary expense. Many women who are scrupulously neat about other things have filthy sinks in their kitchens. They will not allow a particle of dust on the parlor table, but the grease may be inches thick under the edges of the sink. It all comes from carelessness. I rented a furnished house once from a very neat housekeeper. The first day I washed the dishes I happened to run my hand under the edge of the sink. The grease had collected and the wood rotted, until it was positive filth. It is not enough to wash the sink out each day with a rag and water. Brush the edges with a small whisk broom and boiling soap suds, to which borax has been added. Of course you have a sieve in the corner of your sink, but that does not prevent the small particles of grease getting into the pipe, stiffening there and causing you great inconvenience. Now that the cold weather is here, especial care should be taken, since the grease will coagulate so much quicker.

Washing soda dissolved in boiling water will cut the grease in the pipes. If you use a washing soda on wash day, it is a good plan to pour the boiling water into the sink, since it cleanses the pipes.

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The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

Young women have told me lately that during the Christmas season their pocket books are drained so much that it takes all year to catch up. I am sorry that so many regard Christmas in the light of commercialism. The true Christmas spirit should manifest itself in the exchange of love and kindness and not in the barter of costly gifts.

The Christmas season marks the birth of untold selfishness when the gifts are valued in dollars and cents. One young woman I know realized this and last year she wrote to her friends requesting them to use the money they would spend on her presents, for gifts to the unfortunate or poor. This girl every Christmas received nearly one hundred presents, many of which were costly. I am sure she experienced the genuine Christmas spirit when she gave up her gifts and spent her money for the needy. We should guard very carefully the Chrismas disposition.

I read of another young woman who realized a growing selfishness and she invited her friends to spend an evening at her home. She asked each one to bring an envelope containing the money for the present they intended giving her. During the evening she explained her feeling of selfishness every Christmas and she had herself placed in envelopes the amount she would give to each of the friends present. Then they all decided to send the contents of the envelopes to a hospital. I am sure they all spent a happy Christmas.

I know a girl who grieved all Christmas day because her presents were not so expensive as those of a friend.

When thinking of your presents, compare or contrast them with those received by friends less fortunate than you are. Too many think of those more fortunate. It is a mistake. I think our yule-tide would be happier if we would spend it blessing the poor.

I was deeply impressed last year with the expression of genuine Christmas spirit among our people generally. For weeks people worked hard for money to bring Christmas to the poor children and grown people alike thought of the suffering. In the churches, instead of buying presents for the children in the Sunday schools, these very children planned and worked to buy presents and food and clothing for the poor.

The kettles on the streets were filled with big silver pieces and bills, and not with coppers and five cent pieces.

Somehow the whole city was filled with the true Christmas spirit. It was Christmas because we had Christmas in our hearts. We are celebrating the birthday of Christ at this time and in order to glorify His birthday, we must have Christ in our hearts.

May every one of my readers bless others in their giving and thus enjoy a "Merry Christmas."

COMMERCIALIZED PHILANTHROPY.

Last week a young woman made this remark in my hearing. "I am tired of seeing wealthy men and women give largely to church and charity. I am a poor girl working for four dollars a week. There are many others working with me and our employers take our blood money for charity. Why do they not use it in giving us an opportunity to make an honest living? They run establishments that breed tuberculosis in every corner and then make handsome donations to tubercular hospitals." Philanthropy means benevolence toward the whole human family. It means readiness to do good to all—it is universal good will—love of mankind.

It might be well for the prosperous employer who is planning a liberal charitable gift to consider his own establishment and use some of his Christmas money for the improvement of conditions in his own establishment for those who are his employees. Charity begins at home.

THE COUNTRY BOY.

Sometimes I feel that young men in the country are to blame for that spirit of unrest among country girls that creates a desire to go to the city. Young women as a rule like young men who are tidy and careful about their dress and manner. Young men often do not realize this and then they wonder why they are turned down for the city fellow. Young women cannot be criticized for this feeling of pride. Indeed I admire them for it. One dear little country girl said to me the other day: "Why I love the country and I want to live at home but I just cannot endure the rudeness and carelessness of the country boys. Why they drive us to the city!"

It is true that their work requires untidy dress but when they are dressed up for social affairs they should be very careful is they wish to keep the girls from going to the city.

THE ONLY GIRL.

One young woman writes me that she is the only girl in the town and she says there are other towns in the west with only one or two young women. She asks me to solve the social problem. I think that the women in these towns should plan evenings for the improvement of the social life of the young men. It would be the means of saving many young men from the evils and temptations that entice them.

Our great west is increasing its population very rapidly and this condition will not exist long.

The young woman in our western town has a rare opportunity. She is not subjected to causes for jealousy and rivalry, and when she is the only one her character will in a large measure influence the standard for ideal womanhood. The young men will regard her as the ideal type. If she be beautifully womanly, their idea of the young woman in general will be high.

Let her put forth every effort to be worthy of true admiration. Let he endeavor to make the life of the town more wholesome.

APPLICATIONS.

Girls need to be diplomatic when applying for positions. I know of a young woman who applied for a position last month and when she was told the salary she said to the employer: "Yours must be a very small business to pay so little salary to a stenographer." The employer showed her the door. She did not approach him diplomatically. That same position was given to another girl at an increase of ten dollars a month.

Many young women spend weeks and weeks seeking work when they themselves are at fault for their failure. A girl who, in a plain, neat business dress, applies in a manner that suggests consideration and ambition is quite sure of obtaining the position she wants. Employers as a rule are not half so heartless as they appear. The young woman must have a strength about her that makes one feel that she will be able at all times to advance the interests of her employer.

BE FIRM.

How we all admire girls who are firm enough to say "I will" or "I will not!" There is too much weakness among girls in the way of lack of determination. Before the marriage of King Alfonso it had been planned among royalty that he should marry Princess Patricia.

When the subject was mentioned to her she exclaimed: "I will not!" She was firm about it too. The more her parents said "you shall," the more firm she was in her decision. She was scolded and lectured but she still said "I will not!" She did not as the world knows.

A romantic incident in the life of Florence Nightingale gives one an idea

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of her strong will. She loved her cousin, William Shore and he loved her. As their church canon forbade them to marry they parted with mutual vows of constancy. He left England and remained single until his death. The Angel of Crimea waited patiently for the messenger that has recently taken her to her lover. This pathetic instance of earthly love suggests firm determination as well as constancy.

A girl must be strong enough and firm enough to say "yes" or "no," and to have a will of her own. It may clash with our ideas but we admire her for her strength of decision.

THE TWO SIDES.

The following illustrates the fact that there are two sides to every question:

He was engaging a new stenographer, and he bit off his words and hurled them at her in a way to frighten any ordinary girl out of her wits.

"Munch chocolates?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Talk slang ?"

"No, sir."

"Make eyes at the fellows when you're not busy?

"No, sir."

"Know how to spell such words as 'cat' and 'dog' correctly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Gossip through the telephone half a dozen times a day?"

"No, sir."

"Usually tell the office staff how much the firm owes, and all the rest of its private business you learn?"

"No, sir."

He was thinking of something else to ask her, when she inserted a spoke in the wheel, and put a few queries:

"Smoke cheap cigars when you're dictating?" she asked.

"Why—er—no he gasped.

"Take it out of the poor stenographer when you have a row at home and come off worst?"

"Certainly no—not!"

"Throw things about and swear when business is bad?"

"N—never."

"Go for your employees when they get hung up on the elevated in the morning?"

"No, indeed."

"Think you know enough about punctuation and grammer to appreciate a good stenographer when you get one?"

"I—I think so."

"Want me to go to work, or is your time worth so little that—"

"Look here!' he broke in, enthusiastically; "kindly hang up your things and let's get at these letters."

CHRISTMAS CONSIDERATION.

Women who employ domestic help are responsible for more than they realize. One evening I saw a girl stand outside of the kitchen door for an hour or more talking to a young man. I did not blame the girl. There was no place in the home where she had the privilege of entertaining her company. Perhaps the next evening the young man would provide a place for entertaining her. You know our public parks are really public parlors. The story of the life of many girls would be different if women who employed girls would take pains to guard them from temptation. Many of our servant girls are here from a foreign land. They are away from parents and friends. When we take young girls into our homes as helpers we owe them something more than wages. We owe them love. If we refuse to give that love we are responsible for their failure or downfall. A good Christmas consideration would be the spreading of that watchful love and kindness that marks the life of Him whose birthday we are now celebrating. It is love and kindness we need to give our helpers during the whole year and this Christmas season is a good time to begin the love-gift.

The continual changing of faces of the thousands to whom she is nothing, the hard, self-centeredness of every one, give the strange girl a sense of black loneliness that pierces to the very marrow of her spirit.

Young women must have some one to confide in. Psychologists tell us of certain types of nervous disorders produced by suppressed emotions, they tell us that "things of the inner life demand outward expression, which, if they fail to find, turn back upon the inner self and work ruin to the nervous system." Let this Christmas season be spent in thoughtful reflection on things that will spread the gospel of love and kindness among the young women in our midst. Let us be real friends—genuine and true. One writer says: "Some friends are like pins—they have their good points, but they will stick you if they get a chance." Let us study the meaning of true friendship and thus spread Christmas love throughout the entire year. Let us fill the lives of others with peace—peace on earth and good will toward young women.

Newest Odors have delicate fragrance which is remarkably lasting.

The art of the Perfumer seemingly knows no bounds. Having captured the elusive scent of every fragrant flower grown in the gardens, or wild woods of the world, he adds to its attractiveness by offering it to us in elegant cut glass bottles, resting in cushioned satin-lined boxes, most daintily and richly finished.

One of the newest Vinolia novelties, called Bonnie Prince Charles reminds one of the rare scent of the white heather tipped with morning dew, from Scotia's hills. It is a most exquisite perfume of a rich, refined, fragrant and lasting odor, and comes in an elegant casket lined with Royal Stewart silk, the exterior covered with Royal Stewart tartan. No more charming and elegant gift could be desired.

The Garden of Dreams.

The wild rose has closed up her blossoms;
The night wind blows softly and low—
Stirring the leaves of the poplars,
And birds twitter dreamy and slow.
Fold up your sorrows, Earth's children,
Come to the garden of Dreams;
Walk among lilies and roses,
And linger by murmuring streams.

The pale moon has tinted with glory
This beautiful world 'neath the stars;
Upward the soul looks, in rapture,
With scorn for this earth's narrow bars.
Lay off your burdens so weighty,
Enter the slumber canoe;
Glide o'er sleep's river, so golden,
To gardens a-glitter with dew.
The night throws a veil of enchantment,
And drapes the grim phantoms of woe;
Noiselessly moveth the dream-god,
Where sweet-scented dream flowers grow.
Float on oblivion's waters,
Leaving old earth's weary pain;
Sleep! Mother Nature is waiting,
To cuddle her children again.

The Rank and File of God.

By S. Jean Walker, Neepawa.

Every toiler in the forest, every hand that plies the oar,
Every miner delving deeply, every worker on the shore:
One by one are moving forward, one by one in daily plod,
Mighty force, strong, unresisting, is this rank and file for God.

Every wise and patient builder, every tiller of the soil,
Every act of common service in the kitchen's humble toil;
Honestly performed and fearless, not impelled by slavish rod,
Noble band of earnest workers is this rank and file for God

Hewing wood or drawing water, in the busy mart or mill:
Gladly doing every duty, following the Master's will.
Then will life be all enobled, angel hands will then record,
All the common tasks as vic'tries for the rank and file of God.

Grimy hands of honest labor, let none look on thee with scorn;
In the place where God hath placed thee, let thy acts thy life adorn.
Work and sing while onward marching, tho' the world may ne'er applaud,
There's a sweet reward awaiting all the rank and file of God.

To the Lily.

By M. Andrew, Crandall, Man.

Pure as the purest flowers,
Fairer by far than any roses;
White as the soul of an angel fair,
Grander than any posies

Fairest of all things fair,
Graceful, slender and tall;
Thou art fit for kings or a palace,
And this, though great, is not all.

You givest life to the dying,
And you gladden aching hearts;
You are like a message from Jesus,
And his mercy your kindness imparts.

May you live in the light of God's sunshine,
And grow in the places most fair;
You remind us of God and His goodness,
And show us His loving care.

The Changing Time.

M. A. Stone—Mundare

The wind is rustling in the poplars;
Breezes softly touch the grass;
Purple haze hangs round the hilltops:
Summer whispers, "Let me pass."

Leaves of golden brown and crimson,
From the trees are falling fast:
Morning finds the ground frost-covered
As we watched her Summer passed.

Not a leaf is left to cover
Rugged branches, brown and bare,
So the snow comes down in kindness,
And there's ice, King Winter's here.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA

Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish expert on standard dictionary and translator of "New Testament in Braid Scots," etc.

She dwells upon the braeside,
Where the bonny bluebell blows;
Aboon the mossy burnside,
Where the Kirtle Water flows.

Her lauch rings clear and merry,
And her sweet sangs charm the air;
Her reid lips shame the cherry,
And the sunlicht gilds her hair.

O bonny are the bluebells,
That on the braeside blow:
But, lassie on the hillside,
Thou'rt the fairest flower I know.

A. S. Alexander.

Breck it! An ill custom or a gude bannock.

A winkin' cat's no aye blin'.

Daylicht'll peep through a sma" hole.

He weel may soom whase heid is hauden up.

Hame's a hamely word.

To blaw in the stour, and fill his ain een.

He's whiles in the air, but ye're aye on the grun'.

Driest wud will soonest lowe.

Ilka man kens where his ain sair lies.

Roller skating, which has been the "rage" for two or three years, is said to be dying out in Scotland. Several "Rinks" are for sale and "companies" wound up.

Everybody does not come to Canada! The other day, in Glasgow, some youths went to the docks to see a chum off. The parting had evidently been a sorrowful one, so much so that the intending emigrant had "ta'en the gee," for, at a theatre in the evening, the first person the lads met, at the end of the performance, was the "emigrant."

Gladstone once began a speech in Scotland by saying, "As my blood is entirely Scottish," and then proceeded. His son, Herbert Gladstone, lately Home Secretary, is now the first Governor-General of the Dominion of South Africa. Before going to his destination he accepted a peerage, under the title of "Viscount Gladstone, of the County of Lanark." Now lords generally name themselves after their estates, but Lord Gladstone, who is not a great landed proprietor, describes himself as of "The County of Lanark," the home of his immediate ancestors. The people of Lanarkshire are proud of him.

A doctor, a friend of mine, after returning from a visit to the Old Land, said to me, "There is one thing I learned in Scotland. They have three names that you dare not criticise or say anything concerning, excep o praise; and those three names are William Wallace, John Knox and Robert Burns. These they have placed on the highest possible pedestal of admiration." And it is quite true. And the general principle is also quite true, that it does a people good to have some names for unstinted admiration. In the United States it is much the same as in Scotland. They have had two great presidents—Washington and Lincoln—and now they have added Roosevelt. And fifty years after this, men will be proud to say that they have shaken hands with Roosevelt or heard him speak.

A monument has been placed in Stewartown churchyard, Ayrshire, over the grave of Robert Burns and his son, John Burns, uncle and cousin of the bard, and was unveiled in September in the presence of a large and interested assemblage.

Mrs. Andrew Carnegie has presented to the town of Dumferline, in Fifeshire, the house in which Carnegie was born, with some land adjoining. There are many houses in Scotland for tourists to visit and in days to come this will be one of them.

"Man," says Sandy Whale, when he saw this in the papers, "If he had only keepit hissel frae becoming a ceetizen o' the United States, he wad hae been Earl Skibo afore this. I daursay he's sorry, but he daurna say onything aboot it."

Where Scott and Wordsworth sang the songs
Whose echoes still are ringing;
The valley where the shepherd heard
His deathless "Skylark" singing.
Where not a stream that glides between
Gray rocks, with mosses hoary,
But seems to babble to the air
The burden of its story.

J. B. Selkirk.

The Rev. D. Gibb Mitchell has been for the last three or four years giving an occasional sermon in "Braid Scots." He once told me about it in a letter, and said he used my "Braid Scots" version of the New Testament for his Scripture Readings on such occasions. In Glasgow on one occasion he had a great gathering. In London nobody has yet preached in broad Scotch, but there are often Gaelic sermons, and these are very largely attended. Mr. Mitchell is getting out a series of Nine Sermons in Braid Scots." at "two and sixpence." His address is Davidson's Mains, Midlothian, Scotland. A late Edinburgh paper says of his latest sermon in Scots: "On Sunday evening the Rev. D. Gibb Mitchell, Gramond United Free Church, preached in his own church at Davidson's Mains a touching sermon in 'Braid Scots' on 'The Wum man at the Waal Heid.' In the course of his sermon, Mr. Mitchell said: 'There's nane here but wad hae gien Him a cup o' cauld water. There's nane here but wad hae likit the chance to ser' Him. It's no' water noo He wants, but herts—folk that turn thir back on earth a' lo'e Him. Winna ye come? He is the Christ. He wants ye. Dinna lat yir sinfu' past haud ye back. Speir Him the nicht. Let us a'mak' Him gled—an' tell Him we'll lo'e Him as lang as we've breath—till the sod hap us ower in oor hinmaist sleep.'"

The Flowers are bonnie, the trees are green;
But they seemna sae fair to the weary een,
That look in vain for the face o' a frien';
And the wanderer's heart is lanely.

The strangers are singin' the fields amang,
And the strains are borne on the breeze alang;
But Oh! for the lilt o' an auld hame sang
For the wanderer's heart is lanely.

—William Thompson.

Carlyle-isms.—Who level down to their own level; and no lower. It is singular how long the rotten will hold together, provided you do not handle it too roughly. A lie cannot endure for ever. Seldom had man such a talent for borrowing. Whisk off your head in a twinkling, and you have no pain. Instincts, which are truer than their thoughts. Where, whosoever is not working, is begging or stealing.

"French Revolution."

Reports from Perthshire and district give the information that the honey harvest, especially in the heather districts, is very disappointing this year.

Scotsmen are pleased to remark that both the Archbishop of Canterbury and Archbishop of York are Scotsmen. And Dr. McLagan, the late Archbishop of York, was also a Scotsman, of an Ayrshire family. His grandfather, who was the minister of Ayr at the time, baptized Robert Burns when an infant, in 1759.

Attention in Scotland, and also in England, is directed just now to the manufacture of beetroot sugar Twenty millions sterling is now sent abroad by Great Britain for sugar, and it is argued that this money could be kept at home, by establishing 500 factories for beetroot sugar, and that 100,000 men would thus find employment. And further, that the waste pulp would furnish immense material for manuring land.

Long as the cottar by his ingle-neuk
At close of work takes down the sacred Book,
And to his bairns, with reverential air,
Reads from its page, and closes all with prayer-
Long as the plowman whistles at the plow,
Or mavis sings upon the hawthorn bough
Long as the daisy decks the mountain's side,
The name of Burns for ever must abide.

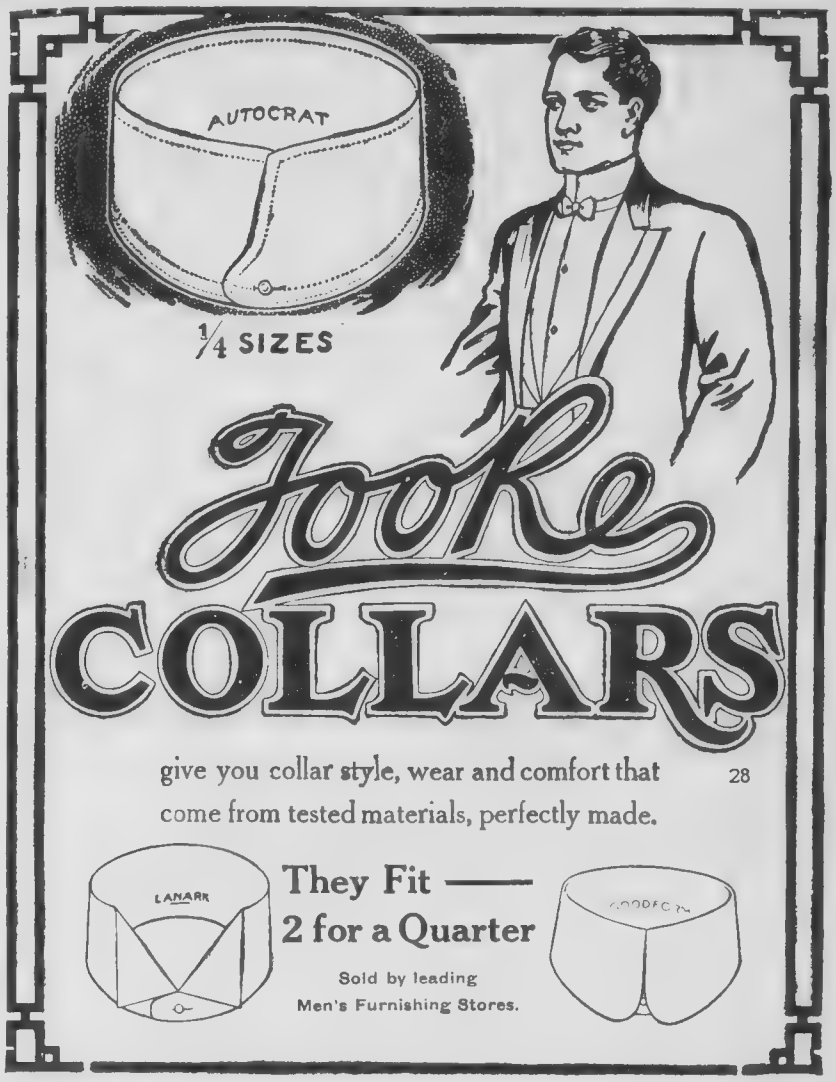
—Robert Innes.

The first mention of a coach in Scotland was in 1598, and they became general about 1610. Forks came into use about the time of Mary, Queen of Scots. Potatoes were generally planted about 1760. The first umbrella was in Glasgow, 1782. Bicycles came in 1870.

Rev. Mr. Colville, an old time Presbyterian minister, said people ought to believe resistance to be unlawful—for the sake of peace. But he wanted kings and authorities to believe it lawful—that they might govern accordingly.

"Rise, Geordie!" said an industrious farmer in the Mearns to his herd one morning. "Rise, Geordie! the sun is up long ago."

"It's time till him," retorted Geordie, yawning and rubbing his eyes, "He wasna up a' yesterday!"



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A colossal statue of Wallace near St. Boswell's is 21½ feet high, and stands on a pedestal 10 feet in height. A Hawick man asked if that could be the real height of the hero.

"Ay, deed is't," was the reply. "Just as the tailor measured him!"

"You have a grand prospect here," said some tourists to a shepherd in the Highlands, who was lying prone on a high hill.

"Ou, aye," lazily replied the rustic.

"You'll be able to see America from here?"

"Ou, far'er than that."

They thought now they had got a simpleton and asked "How far is that?"

"Ou, just wait a wee," said the shepherd, "and ye'll see the mune."

"There!" said an irate minister, as his "man" cut his chin in shaving him, "that's the effect of whiskey!"

Ay," said John, apologetically, "it maks the skin vera tenner!"

There's many a man of the Cameron Clan
That has followed his chief to the field;
He has sworn to support him, or die by his side,
For a Cameron never can yield.
I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,
Deep o'er the mountain and glen;
While light-springing footsteps are trampling the heath—
'Tis the march of the Cameron men!

Mary Maxwell Campbell.—

But Once a Year.

(Continued from Page 55.)

To see the way that you're built? Oh, how
Would you like it yourself, old chap?

As I said before, I don't think I'd like it a bit.

The big toy shops are all very well in their way, but there is something more cozy, to my way of thinking, in the little booths which spring up, like so many mushrooms, along the curb a week or two before Christmas, and disappear immediately afterwards, as if a giant had stepped on them and crushed them back into the earth. I make a tour of them every year, and every year I see a host of old friends, who bow to me very courteously from the narrow shelves.

There is the doll whose porcelain hair is curled in tight black rings, and whose pleasing pink and white complexion gives place abruptly, alas, to canvas, just below the neck line. I do not know to this day why the small china calves and feet with boots painted on them, attached to her limp legs, are apparently made for a lady of one third her size, but I am always glad to see her, now that I am quite over my first shock at seeing her dressed only in a short calico shirt. There is the lamb who stands upon a kind of accordion and executes something between a whistle and a bark every time this is pressed down. There is the tea set, each article fitted into its proper slit in a sheet of pasteboard; but the tea pot has no hole through the spout, and the vender ought to be arrested for obtaining money under false pretence. There is a whole family of pear shaped ladies and gentlemen in a box, who, on receiving a violent blow on the side of the head, rock to and fro as if in convulsions of merriment, but can never be induced to lie down and keep quiet. And, finally, there is a battalion of soldiers posted on something which is half like a section of latticed fence and half like a pair of scissors. When you open the scissors these warriors execute an entirely impossible manoeuver with an accuracy that shames the science of West Point. One and all they are my friends, and none shall say aught against them.

But your new fangled toys—No! They are not decorous. They do not stay on shelves and in boxes. They run about the sidewalks and get under my feet, and I dislike them. They are a disreputable lot, as is proved by the following:

A little man of tin, who played a violin,
Loved a wobbly little maiden with a broom,
And he said to her, aside, "If you'd like to be a bride,
I know a chap who'd like to be a groom!"
She smiled a silly smile, and she blushed and giggled, while
She swept with such extraordinary zeal
That, before he'd done his talk, quite a section of the walk
Was cleared of papers and banana peel.

As he wooed her in this wise, to his horror and surprise,
Another little man of tin appeared,
With a bottle in his hand, who was hardly fit to stand:
He'd been drinking, it is greatly to be feared!
He was bold as bold could be, and his manner was so free
The fiddler with a dignity supurb,
Was about to say "Depart!" when the idol of his heart
Went sliding with his rival off the curb!

They fell, the little fools, into two adjacent pools.
And their state it isn't possible to tell;
It stirred the vendor's blood. They were so besmeared with mud
That neither of the two was fit to sell.
If you see that man of tin, with his silent violin,
Standing motionless on any street in town,
Pray recall this little tale, and I think you cannot fail
To see what makes him look so much run down!

From the sidewalk automata to the Christmas candy shop is but the proverbial step from the ridiculous to the sublime. Lest I be thought a child of vanity, whose imagination is led astray by French confections and hand painted boxes, let me say at once that my favorite shop is one where the most imposing attractions are canes and baskets of red and white peppermint, and that my affections are about equally divided at this season between lemon elephants and mottoes with paper caps inside.

There is something about a lemon elephant which I have never been able to resist. The first one I ever saw was given to my only sister Arabella, one Christmas, when she was scarcely larger than her son, my sturdy nephew, is today. It came in a box of mixed candy, and one can readily appreciate that in a miscellaneous gathering of gumdrops and chocolate creams a lemon elephant would naturally shine like a star of the first magnitude. There was no help for it. I was fated from the first to steal that elephant. Steal him I did, and, between fear and rapture, licked him covertly all day, till, one by one, his features—aye, even his limbs—melted reproachfully from view, and reduced to his lowest terms, as it were, he became a mere lemon drop like any other, and I replaced him in the box.

I will not dwell upon the sequel. My father had a single slipper, survivor of an ancient pair, which was used for nothing else. And I am sure that, unseen, the spirit of the lemon elephant grinned at me and rejoiced. For the licked love company.

But the evil was already done, the venom had entered my system, and from that day on I have never been able to meet the eye of a lemon elephant without having the tenth commandment fall, shattered to atoms, about my ears.

Concerning those mottoes, I yield allegiance to the old fashioned variety. This is covered with silver paper, held together by a little paster, on which is printed the name of the cap to be found within—"Athena," Amazon," "Jockey," sometimes "Dunce" or "Fool." To this very moment I am less thrilled at the prospect of discharging a Springfield rifle than at a sudden summons to pull the cracker in such a motto! Of course, one finds trinkets, jewelry, Heaven knows what, in mottoes nowadays, but the principle is all wrong. A motto is a motto, a trinket is a trinket, and the two are about as well suited to go hand in hand as oatmeal and candied pineapple.

But the slip of paper with the verse printed upon it—that, after all, is the cream of the whole affair. Oh, Angela Appleby—Angela Ames it is now, since you married my old friend Bob—do you remember how in the days of the tintypes and the dancing class, when I loved you tenderly, embarrassment held me tongue tied, and you had never known my passion had it not been for these same slips of paper?

The rose is red, the violet blue.
Sugar is sweet, and so are you!

There with a touch of realistic flower life thrown in, was all I thought you, in a word.

When this you see
Remember me.

So the humble swain called your attention to himself.

Wealth and pomp and fashion
I would gladly spurn,
If my tender passion
You would but return.

There, with a touch of realistic flower was out at last!

I think it is not hard to understand why I have a strange little thrill yet whenever it comes to opening a motto.

Shall we stop at the poultry shop on our way home and have a look at the fat fowls? I do—always. Revenge is sweet. Here, hanging side by side, are the cock that awoke me at sunrise in September, the hen that dashed across the road and terrified my horses into spasms, the guinea fowl that said I know not what from a near-by fence when first I tried my hand at golf, and the turkey that swallowed the ring I dropped upon the lawn. Where is their buoyance now? However, let bygones be bygones. De mortuis nihil nisi bonum. Tomorrow we will eat our bird stuffed and browned, with roasted chestnuts and apple sauce, and no doubt we shall forgive him freely all his former failings.

After our stroll we are home again at last, by the fireside, near to the tall clock, which, at ten minutes past ten, seems to be indulging in a giant yawn, with its hands stretched upward in the form of a big V, like a sleepy child. Above the little tongues of flame, leaping and dancing over the logs, a throng of little sparks are elbowing each other in the cake soot of the chimney back. "Little people going to church," as I was wont to call them, I refuse to say how many years ago, they vanish one by one through some invisible sanctuary portal. But we cannot stay to see them come forth again when their prayers are said. It is Christmas Eve, and there is work to be done.

They are hanging in a row, three of them, expectancy in every stitch. That smallest one, dark blue, with white toe and heel, is Elsie's, and I'm sure I haven't the faintest idea how I am expected to get this doll into such cramped quarters. She must sit on the floor, that's all there is about it, for there's no more room in the stocking than will suffice for the jumping jack. He seems inappropriate for Elsie, but I'm quite sure I'm right about him, because I had to tell her how to spell his name when she was writing to one S. Claus.

The next one is John's, and, upon my word, this red ball goes into it as if it had been made to fit—and the effect is as if John had the stocking on! What sturdy legs he has, the sprat, and what leagues they cover every day! Suppose—ah, suppose that patter patter on the stairs and through the hall were to be hushed! Should I then be able to write in peace, do you think? Nay, let the writing go. Take you the literary laurels, my good sir, and I will take John! Till morning his soldiers shall sleep beside the doll, with the cover off the box, for ventilation's sake, and one of them standing up for sentinel among his fellows, because it is never well to leave a camp unguarded. It is your last night of peace, poor fellows. Tomorrow John assumes command, and such campaigns will follow as will, I fear, leave few of you unscathed.

Donald's stocking next—or is it Donald's after all? Why, it was but yesterday that his was as small as is Elsie's now. How the boy grows! In with the knife and the new watch, then! God bless him—he's a man already.

* * * * *

There's a tap at the study door. I must have been dreaming. Come in!

It is Jimmy, the janitor's boy, and "Please sir, mother's made you a pincushion and here it is, sir, with a Merry Christmas.

A Merry Christmas! And it's close upon eleven. Then I have been dreaming!

"You're up late, Jim. Oh, helping with the tree for the babies? So they are to have a tree. Well, let us see what Expectancy and I have managed to pick up for them on our stroll. Three bags of candies, made of net, so that every goody can be seen—a box of blocks—wooden soldiers—peppermint canes—a doll; and here's a dollar, Jim, to buy something for yourself. And so good night.

* * * *

Step by step the minute hand of the tall clock goes round the circle of the final hour, like a good householder inspecting his premises before retiring. Ah, Expectancy, your time is growing short now, dear companion. Your hand, and then good-by till next year, when we shall make our rounds again in search of the shreds and patches of old fashioned Christmas which yet remain in the nooks and crannies of this workaday world of ours.

One—two—three—midnight already! Now for my candle—and a Merry Christmas to you all, good people!

In the heart of the embers there's a glow of gone Decembers,
Gleamings of dreamings of old things I know,
And, in places, graces of dear dead faces
In a vision Elysian of the long ago.
Soon on my ear shall a bell swell clear,
And its peal rock and reel to the Christmas sky—
Hush! There it sounds, running riot through the quiet!
Tong! goes the clock, and the dream's gone by!

A Stirring Christmas Message.

From the Principal of Westminster Hall, Vancouver.

It is now three years since I came from the Commercial Metropolis of Canada to make my home in the last West.

During these three years, I have crossed and recrossed the country many times and have seen the greater part of the four Provinces that make up the West. Each time I have looked upon those almost boundless fields, they have filled me with reverent awe as in imagination I have heard the tramp of unborn millions yet to call them home.

The present readers of the Western Home Monthly are the pioneers of a great host, the Canadians of the future. Theirs is a unique distinction. Whatever may come in the future years, there can be only one set of pioneers. They more than any other generation will determine the destiny of the nation, for good or evil. Though they are from many lands and of many tongues, they are to be followed by still more diverse multitudes.

But if the great principles which have made Britain what she is or observed, out of these many kindreds and tribes and tongues will be evolved one people, greater and richer than any yet known, because of the very wealth of National types of which it is composed. This result can only come at the price of eternal vigilance and whole hearted endeavor on the part of one and all.

The largest amount of individual liberty, consistent with united effort for the national well being is the mark of British Civilization. An Englishman's home is his castle. And if Canada is to be truly great she must strive after the same high distinction. We can only be a really great nation if each citizen is as great as he can be. This puts every man on his honor. He is a partner in the great company of citizens which make the nation. His vote is the mightiest thing he can possess. It is his share in the making of the nation. To trifle with

REV. JOHN MACKAY, D.D.
Principal, Westminster Hall, Vancouver.

it is a crime. To sell it is to confess himself a traitor to his trust; and to do incalculable injury to himself and his country.

It takes thought and effort to cast a ballot wisely, but the making of a great nation is surely worth the best effort we can give. He who trifles with his vote, ought to lose it. He is no longer fit to be a citizen. He is a menace to himself and to society. He who buys another's vote for any purpose whatever ought to spend the rest of his days in penitentiary. He has no right at large in a free country, which he is doing his best to destroy. He is the breeder of anarchy and misrule.

Intelligent, self-sacrificing citizenship is the only foundation for a stable nation.

Its laws ought to spring out of the best life and be the expression of the highest thought of its people and once made ought to be reverenced as the recorded conscience of e nation. Disregard of law, whatever momentary advantages it may seem to bring, can only end in anarchy and national disaster. Property rights are secure, human honor and human life are safe, only where law is rigidly enforced. Canada has a proud pre-eminence in that regard. If we would keep it, those who come to us, must at once learn that no crime will go unpunished, be the offender rich or poor, weak or powerful, and that tampering with justice will receive the unmerciful condemnation of the whole people.

All this demands intelligence of a high order and the great attention being paid to education is every province argues well for the future. We must face, with steady eye, new light from whatever source, and no hoary old superstition, whether coming in the name of religion or of custom, must be allowed to entrench itself among us.

Education must not be alone to make us better money makers, but better men, better citizens of Canada and of the Kingdom of God.

As Christmastide turns our thoughts back to the old homes we have left, and quickens sacred memories of bye-gone days, may it carry our hearts out to the new homes that are to be, and beget solemn purposes that for their sakes and our own we will be better citizens of the great nation that is forming, in this brave, wide Northland.

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Is a new and exquisite Perfume of a rich, refined, fragrant and lasting odour—reminding one of the rare scent of White Heather.

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The Dear Old Farm.

Viola B. Garrison, St. Sebastian, P.Q.

I have wandered away from the farm
To the city so far away,
I had heard of its wonderful charm
Where the people are lively and gay.

They said there was work for all
In this city of bustle and roar,
Where dollars seem to come at a call
Though the people keep calling for more.

I have been here a year and a day
But have not found what I sought,
My dreams have all flown away
Or else have amounted to naught.

Tonight I long for some task
On the dear old farm as of yore,
And the duties that mother would ask
From her wayward girl once more.

Of this strife and tumult I'm weary
And how my head does ache,
When I think of the home so cheery
'Till my poor heart is ready to break.

Oh mother I yearn for a rest
In your loving arms again,
With my head lying on your breast
And you soothing all of my pain.

They can talk of the buzz and whirl
And joy and pleasure of city life,
But they are not for the country girl
Who was not brought up in the strife.

Were I back on the dear old farm
And saw mother smiling and fair,
Ne'er again would I sigh for the charm
Of the city with all its glare.

Superfluous Hair Destroyed in 3 Minutes

I will Send Free To Any Lady the Secret Which Cured Me. My Friend Also Delighted.

After curing myself of a humiliating growth of hair on my face and arms, which had distressed me since childhood, I recommended the same means to another friend, who, like myself, had tried all the depilatories, powders, liquids, creams and other rub-on preparations we had ever heard of, only to make it worse.

This simple, soluble, liquid remedy enabled me permanently to find entire relief from all traces of unwelcome hair, and forever ended my embarrassment It succeeded where all else failed, after I had spent much money on various things, and even had suffered the electric needle for weeks without being rid of my blemish.

It was just as successful with my friend. Her picture is printed herewith.

The means we used is simple, safe, sure and can be used privately at home, without fear of pain or blemish, and makes the electric needle entirely unnecessary.

I will tell in detail full particulars, to enable any other sufferer to achieve the same happy results that we did. All I ask is a 2c stamp for reply. Address Caroline Osgood, 1992. R. A., Custom House St., Providence, R.I.

Original Plans.

Prepared especially for the Western Home Monthly, by V. W. Horwood Architect. Winnipeg.

"O, winter, ruler of the inverted year
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seemest,
And dreaded as thou art!"

Thomson wrote these words but looking at this attractive little farm house winter should not be such a dreaded thing. It suggests the cheery grate fire. The home life within. It is a home, and has all the comforts which the name implies. Shelter, adaptation to all needs, a restful refuge when the days work is over, and an inspiration to the tired mind. The situation of a house of this character should be, if possible, on rising ground with a poplar bluff relieving the bareness of the prairie and giving a sense of shelter and color. The poplars are small trees and cling together for mutual support. They are not to be despised as on a lonely prairie they have a charm in color and shape that many prouder trees cannot boast.

I have taken field stone as the basis of the design, laid roughly with large joints well raised out, giving a rustic effect, and with the different hues of the stones making a delightful combination. The sides and roof alone are stained a dark brown, weathered in appearance. Outside the sash are painted white. The veranda shingled and stained, with the outside doors built of planes with wrought iron hinges, and old fashioned latch. This is not expensive as the iron hinges can be made by any blacksmith and the doors by the carpenter. Stain the doors a weathered moss green.

The plan shows a living-room with conservatory off; a dining-room which can be opened into the living-room; kitchen, pantry and outside entrance to basement. The stair hall has a large landing and window and going upstairs there are three bed-rooms and a bathroom with closets of them. The basement has a hot air furnace and is divided into coal storage, fuel bins, vegetable bins, etc.

The hall could be paneled to the ceiling with 1"x5" fir boards covering the joint with a 1"x2" strip, making a simple but effective panelled wall, stained a brown. The living-room and dining room burlapped up about 54" and divided into panels by strips of fir, with a plate rail above. In decorating these rooms it is well to take into consideration the point of the compass they face. When northern exposures, the coloring should be warm; southern, colder and less light. The fireplace in living-room to be of most service should be bricks with a simple shelf over it. The curtains in living-room to be heavy tapestry material.

At the Spring.

By Lilian Leveridge, Coe Hill, Ont.

Ever through the burning summers, and the winters white and chill,
Never resting, never failing, flows the spring beneath the hill.
Crystal clear, its rippled waters, silver-sweet, its happy song;
Murmured melodies of child days; far-off days that lingered long.

I remember when the violets clustered round its mossy brink;
When the wild things of the woodland lingered there to stoop and drink;
When the tall trees traced their shadows golden-edged upon the rill,
And the breezes unseen fingers changed the pattern at their will.

I remember the cicadas shrilling in the highest tree.
And I wondered as I listened what that strange, long note could be.
And I wondered at the voices calling to me from the wood:
In a sweet and unknown language that I never understood.

Every day new wonders waited; every introd path could please.
There was wonder in the music trilling from the leafy trees.
There was wonder in the wind songs, there was wonder in the flowers:
All the world was full of wonder, all the hours were golden hours.

I remember how the blue sky just above me seemed so near;
And I thought perhaps the angels smiled and beckoned to me there.
Now I dreamed the far-off future treasured some sweet thing for me.
Long I sat and wondered, wondered what the waiting joy could be.

Now the wild things come no longer to the woodland spring to drink;
But the tame things of the pasture quench their thirst around the brink
Still the rippling waters murmur what is past and what will be.
Still I list and dream and wonder what the future holds for me.

Cheap Power!

Do you know that a horse costs **three to six times more** than a Gilson "Goes Like Sixty" Engine of like power?

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That the feed of a horse costs **six to ten times more** than a Gilson Engine doing like work? Of course the idle horse keeps eating, but the idle engine costs nothing.

Surely you want to know lots about the

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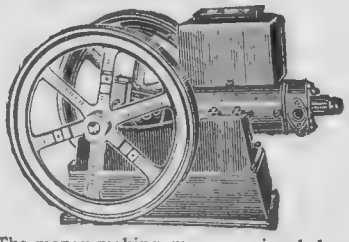

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The Little Ones.

Why Some Birds Hop and Others Walk.

A little bird sat on a twig of a tree,
A-swinging and singing as glad as could be,
And shaking his tail, and smoothing his dress,
And having such fun as you never could guess.

And when he had finished his gay little song,
He flew down in the street and went hopping along,
This way and that way with both little feet,
While his sharp little eyes looked for something to eat.

A little boy said to him: "Little bird, stop!
And tell me the reason you go with a hop,
Why don't you walk, as boys do, and men,
One foot at a time, like a dove or a hen?"

Then the little bird went with a hop, hop, hop;
And he laughed, and he laughed, as he never could stop;
And he said: "Little boy, there are some birds that talk,
And some birds that hop and some birds that walk.

"Use your eyes, little boy; watch closely and see,
What little birds hop, with both feet, just like me.
And what little birds walk, like the ducks and the hen,
And when you know that you'll know more than some men.

"Every bird that can scratch in the dirt can walk,
Every bird that can wade in the water can walk;
Every bird that has claws to catch prey with can walk,
One foot at a time—that is why they can walk.

"But most little birds that can sing you a song
Are so small that their legs are not very strong
To scratch with, or wade with, or catch things; that's why
They hop with both feet. Little boy, good-by."

—Wide Awake.

How Chrismtas Came to Me.

IT WAS but a few days before Old St. Nicholas' wonderful yearly visit, and all the shop-windows were gorgeously tempting. But while other children were wishing for dozens of different toys apiece, I used to stand and look at a large toy donkey, and think I would be contented if I could just have him alone!

Each year my brother and sister and I wrote to St. Nick and mentioned the things we wanted; this year when my mother read my Christmas letter she was surprised to find that I had but one wish—the toy donkey.

"But suppose St. Nicholas can't bring a toy donkey—is there nothing else you would like?" she asked. I replied by a shake of the head.

Early Christmas morning, while every one else in the house was sleeping, I groped my way to where my stocking hung, and in the darkness felt for the donkey, but the toy was not there. Back I crept to my little bed and cried as if my heart would break, until my sobs woke father.

"Here, here, who is crying on Christmas morning?" he called out. "Get into your clothes and dry those tears, and I'll show you the Christmas presents St. Nicholas has left. There is one that he had to leave outside because it was so large he couldn't get it into the house!"

We all scampered for our clothes, and got into them quickly, while fires were being kindled, and the many little candles lit upon the Christmas-tree. Soon the whole house was filled with warmth and light, and with shouts of joy from my small brother and sister, as they found upon the sparkling tree one after another all the things they had written for to St. Nick.

I tried to smile, but my lips quivered as I kept back the tears.

"Why was mine the only unanswered letter?" I whispered to mother.

At that moment I felt father's hand on my shoulder.

"Come with me," he said. He led me out to the back door. As he opened it I almost ran into something—and it was the head and ears of a real live donkey!

I just threw my arms around his warm hairy neck; and laying my face against his I cried for joy.

"My own Christmas!" I sobbed as I hugged him, and ever afterwards my donkey went by that name. He learned to answer to it as well as a child could. I have seen a great many dear little donkeys since, but I don't think I ever knew of one that was quite as smart as Christmas.

Of a morning he always had his nose close to the kitchen door about the time breakfast was over; for although he had plenty of nice fresh hay, he expected a doughnut, or a biscuit, or a piece of bread, when I came out from breakfast. Sometimes I tried to fool him and hid the dainty in my pocket, but his clever little nose always smelled where it was.

Early each morning my father put on his blanket and strap, and he wore it in readiness for the rest of the day.

On days when he thought I was riding him too much he would suddenly refuse to go, twisting his long ears forward and back to let me know he did not like it. If I failed to understand his signs, he stood still and shook himself, gently. If I persisted in staying on his back, he would begin in earnest and shake until I rolled off on the grass. Then putting down his head and running to the further end of the yard, he would bray with all his might. When he did that, I knew it was of no use to ask any more rides of him that day. If I came after him he would open the gate and gallop off down the big pasture out of reach. He could open a gate almost as easily as I could, by taking the latch or staple in his mouth.

If I was happy my little Christmas was the same; but if something had made me sad he would droop his long soft ears, and coming close to me rub his nose against my face as if to say, "Christmas is sorry!" Sometimes he would follow about at my heels an hour at a time, until he was certain that I was cheerful again.

I never knew Christmas, in all his life, to be naughty when he could find any other way to express his opinion.

Carrie Blakeslee Humphreys.

Tucker's Christmas-Tree

When Tucker Johnson was seven years old he had a great trouble—for a whole year he could not walk. This was hard for Tucker. His hip had been hurt by a fall, but the doctor said that with care he would get well again. So, after the first and worst was past, Tucker made up his mind to be patient and get well as fast as possible.

Still it was very lonesome to sit propped up all day, looking out of the little window of the log house, with nothing to see but the muddy yard and dead grass and bare trees. The only beautiful thing to look at was the sky.

Mr. Johnson, Tucker's father, had to be out most of the day working about Mr. Trent's farm, and often Tucker's mother had to be away too, for they were poor, and were obliged to work harder than ever now that their little son was sick and needed doctors. Mr. and Mrs. Trent were very kind, so were other people, and of course Georgie was

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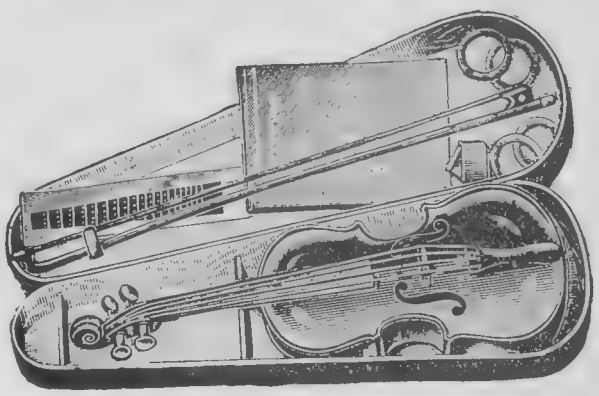

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a help. Georgie was Tucker's little sister, two years old, "going on three" as he always said.

Georgie was fat and round and chubby, with pale hair and blue-blue eyes and pink-pink cheeks. She staid with Tucker when their father and mother were away, and sat in the big red rocking-chair with her pudgy feet stuck out before her, and rocked "for dear life" and sang and sang.

Georgie knew three songs, but they all sounded alike when she sang them. Tucker loved her so much, so much, and he played with her for hours together, but sometimes he grew tired of her singing. If she stopped one song she began another, and when she had finished that she sang the third, and Tucker could not tell them apart.

The Christmas before Tucker was hurt he and Georgie went to see the Tree at the Sunday School; it was the prettiest thing they had ever seen in their lives. There was a shining angel at the top, and sparkling balls and ribbons and candles all over it; for each child there was a bag of candy, and an apple and an orange. It was like fairy-land to Tucker and Georgie.

As Christmas drew near this year that Tucker was sick, he thought more and more about the beautiful Tree, and the more he thought the sadder he felt as he remembered that he could not go to the Sunday School, Christmas Eve.

As they sat before the fire one night, Tucker said, "Mother, I believe I wouldn't mind being sick, if I had a pretty Christmas tree to look at all the time. I wish one would grow right up out of the ground and stay where I could see it."

Mrs. Johnson squeezed his hand and said, "They don't grow that way, my son. But maybe Santa Claus will bring something."

Christmas came that year on Sunday, so that the Sunday School Tree was to be on the afternoon of Christmas Eve.

Friday, as Mrs. Trent was gathering ferns and holly in the woods, she met Mr. Johnson, and inquired after his boy. He repeated what Tucker had said about the Tree. After they had talked a little while she told Mr. Johnson that Tucker and Georgie would not be forgotten although they could not come to the Sunday School Tree.

Early Christmas morning Mr. Johnson looked out and said, "Why, it snowed last night!" And when he had pushed Tucker's chair up to the window as usual, what do you think Tucker saw?

A light snow had fallen, and there, right by the window, with the white flakes lying upon its branches, "growing right up out of the ground," was a cedar Christmas-tree! Hanging down from its limbs, among the green twigs, were sticks of bright candy, and red apples; there was a knife for Tucker, and a tiny fat china-doll, just like herself, for Georgie. The powdered snow made the prettiest decoration in the world.

In the North with the Indians at High Portage.

Tucker thought he must be dreaming. He had never before felt so happy—and he was very thankful, too. "How good Santa Claus is to me!" he said. On the shelf under the window was a box, but Tucker did not even see it until his mother showed it to him. On its cover was written this:

"For Tucker and Georgie Johnson. From their friends in the Sunday School."

Inside were some nice things to eat, and two story-books with pictures, and a game of checkers for Tucker, and a real wax doll with golden hair for Georgie. The good times they did have that day—and for many, many days!

It was a dull dreary winter, but the cedar Christmas tree outside in the yard was a comfort and a blessing to Tucker. He and Georgie would play "Sunday School" and "Christmas tree" almost every day. Tucker made the speech and Georgie did the singing. And every morning Tucker threw crumbs out of the window upon the tree, and the snow-birds and sparrows came to get breakfast; sometimes he and Georgie would coax their mother to go out and tie pieces of bread and bits of apple on the branches, to make a Christmas-tree for the birds.

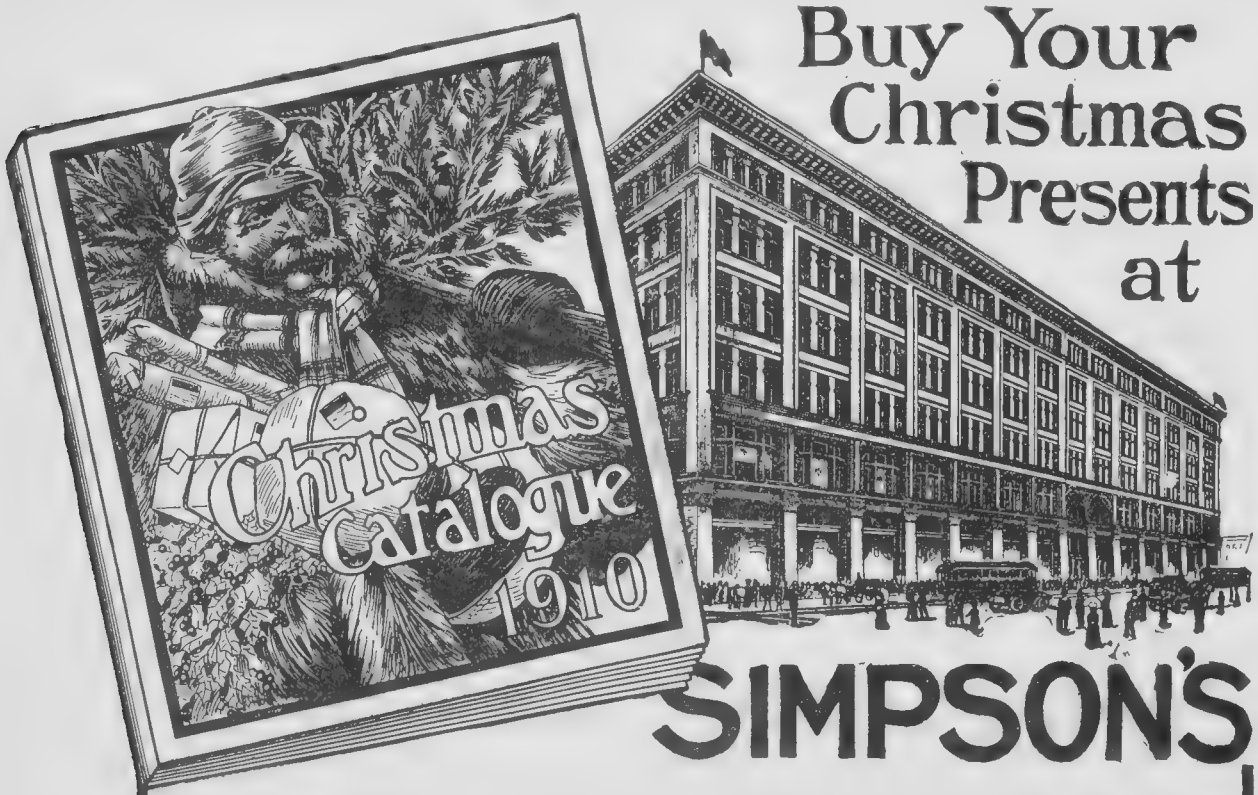
When the mild spring days came the nicest thing happened. Two red-breasted robins built a nest in Tucker's tree; so far in among the greenthat he could scarcely see it, but he knew it was there. And by and by there were four dear little blue eggs, and then—and then one morning there were four dear little baby robins.

So Tucker had plenty to do, watching the busy family from his window.

When summer came the baby robins learned to fly, the tree was growing finely and often on the hot days Tucker's father carried out the chair, and then Tucker, and let him sit in the shade the whole afternoon, while Georgie built rock fences around the tree, or pinned wild-roses and daisy blossoms upon the lower twigs; and she added a new song to her list, for she learned to chirp "cheer-up!" just exactly like a robin!

And so Tucker's tree "grew in the ground," and lasted all of the year; and when Christmas came again Tucker was almost well.

Ida F. Bane.



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TORONTO

New Year's Festival for the Pigeons and Birds.

WE HAD been taught from earliest childhood to feed and protect all creatures, and never to waste any food that might relieve the hunger of any animal or fowl. It has always been the custom in our home to purchase several hundred pounds of grain in the autumn with which to feed the many birds that came to seek food and shelter at our place. They were regularly fed throughout the winter, but when it was very cold and stormy extra portions were placed on dry boards or carpet in sheltered places. Many hungry pigeons came, too, and a pair of red squirrels—a noteworthy fact is that the utmost harmony prevailed among all.

One Christmas we decided to have our Christmas tree in the dining-room; the tree could be seen plainly from the part of the yard reserved for the birds' shelter. There was snow on the ground, and it was bitterly cold. The Christmas feast had been thoroughly enjoyed by our little feathered friends, but we noticed that several pigeons and birds came regularly to sit on the window-sills of the dining-room, seeming to admire the tree. Thinking there might be some other reason for their behavior we moved the tree out of range of those windows to the north window. Soon the pigeons were peering in at that window. Many times in the course of the day and for several days they came, bringing others, to gaze patiently and admiringly at the strange, bright tree.

If those dear little creatures liked a

Christmas tree they must have one for their New Year's Festical. We wished to make the holidays a time of gladness for all hungry or homeless creatures that came to us.

A large piece of oilcloth was placed on the ground to keep the food dry from the bottom, and on this we put clean, firm pieces of carpet and dry boards to relieve the cold surface: a variety of grains, mostly wheat and cracked corn, and quantities of hayseed were spread on this platform, and large dishes of water from which the chill had been taken—not only to drink, but pigeons often bathe in the coldest weather if they have a sunny place, and it is interesting to see them enjoy a bath.

Pigeons and birds are extremely fond of cake and meat, hence we baked plain cake and boiled meat until tender, cooking the bones, too, for they greatly enjoy pecking the meat and fat from bones.

All this food was placed so that each could get its share. A space was filled with nuts for the two frisky little red squirrels.

The tree was trimmed with enough glittering ornaments to make it very bright when in the sunlight—it was decorated very much like our own Christmas tree.

New Year's Day proved to be a gloriously beautiful day, the sun shone brightly and it had grown warmer. The guests came early, and during the day many came whom we had not seen during the early part of the winter; some flew away after feasting, only to return with others. It was in every sense a festival, and delightful to watch them—ten different kinds of wild birds, hundreds of them, and sixty-five pigeons, all colors, from the snowy "fantail" to a pair of sombre black. All mingled without fear, all ate their fill, and all chirped merrily or cooed contentedly. At first some seemed timid at sight of that strange, dazzling tree, but soon lost their fear when others, who had admired the one in the house, approached with confidence, and in many ways showed their delight.

The festival continued a week. The tree was left until a heavy storm came on, when the birds' food was placed where it was sheltered from the snow, sleet and wind.

Thus the New Year's Festival for the Pigeons and Birds proved a happy success. Will you who read this give some thought to God's creatures? Protect and feed them not only at Christmastide, but give them a little holiday cheer each day of the year. Your own heart will be filled with joy for having gladdened their hearts, and a great deal of good may be accomplished with food that would otherwise be wasted.

—Lena Marguerite Saling.

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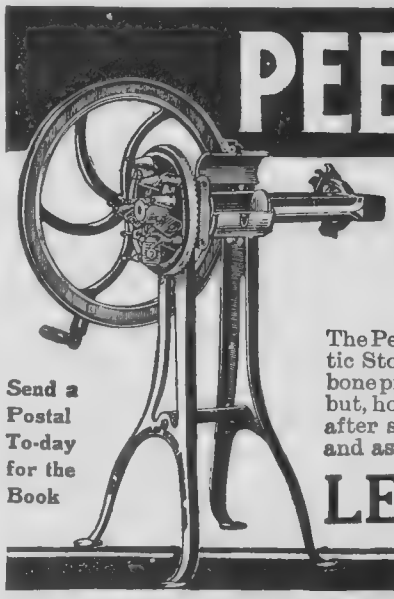

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LEE Manufacturing Co., Limited 148 Pembroke Road PEMBROKE ONTARIO CANADA

Their Christmas.

By Mary L .B. Branch.

THE Bigbee children looked at the river, and gave up all hope of Christmas. The steamboat went by on its daily trip, breaking the way through the crust formed during the night, and leaving behind a highway of drifting ice. On the bank beyond they could see the houses and the church, but could not go there.

"We may even forget when Christmas comes," said Ben, "unless we notch a stick, like Robinson Crusoe."

"I shall not forget," said Della.

"Nor I," said Mamie Scudder.

The Bigbees lived on an island. There was one house besides their own, where Mrs. Scudder and Mamie lived. Mamie never crossed the water in cold weather, but the Bigbee children rowed across every week to Sunday school, until December brought ice and snow.

People living on a small island must take boats instead of carriages when they go to church or post-office or market. But the Bigbee children did not think that a hardship.

"The hardship is when we can't take a boat," said Paul to his teacher.

"When the river is full of ice we can't row," said Ben.

"We want clear water all winter," said Della.

"I hope you will have it," said the teacher, "at least till Christmas. We are going to have carols and a Christmas tree."

This was great news to the Bigbees, who had never seen a Christmas tree. They talked about it, and told Mamie Scudder. They knew there would be candles on the tree, and shining things among the boughs. It would be beautiful.

But the first Sunday in December a blinding snow-storm kept them at home. The next Sunday and the next there was ice tossing in the river so that no little rowboat could venture abroad.

One more Sunday, and then Monday would be Christmas. All the happy children across the river would go to church, and there would be the tree full of gifts.

"It's a cold day and growing colder," said Mr. Bigbee on Saturday.

The children had to scrape the frost from the windows when they looked at the steamer plowing through the ice.

Sunday was colder yet, and the skies were gray. "It looks like snow, but it's too cold to snow," said Mr. Bigbee.

The family kept close round the fire. None of them spoke of Christmas. There had been no secret preparations, no shopping trips. Money was scarce in the Bigbee family.

When Ben and Della went to their beds at night, Paul, who followed soon after, came back into the kitchen with a serious face.

"Mother," he said, "they have hung up their stockings!'"

Mrs. Bigbee set her lips tight. Then she put her arm round Paul, and kissed him.

"Never mind," he said. "We can pop corn and crack nuts."

Mrs. Bigbee stayed up late that night. By eleven o'clock she had made cookies shaped in various ways,—birds, dogs, balls, boys, horses, elephants, camels, hearts, sheep and rabbits,—and not one too big to slip easily into a child's stocking.

She put twelve into each of her children's stockings, hanging Paul's up also. She glanced toward Mrs. Scudder's but the lights were out.

"I'll go over early with Mamie's," she said, and went to bed.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" shouted the children the next morning. The house rang with laughter and mirth. There was great excitement over the stockings. Even Paul was interested and amused.

"Dear little mother!" he said, softly.

Mamie came with her stockingful, and the children played menagerie, Noah's Ark, and farmyard for hours.

The steamboat made no trip that day. A few skaters were seen. "I guess the boat skips Christmas the same as Sundays," said Paul.

After dark he went to the window.

"I hear the bells," he said. "And the church windows shine." A silence fell on the group.

"If we knew the carols we would sing them ourselves," said Mrs. Bigbee.

From time to time the children went to the window. It was starlight.

"See the lights in the road!" exclaimed Della. "The folks are going home with lanterns."

"They're coming down the bank!" cried Ben.

This was odd. All the Bigbees had to look. "Why, they're on the river!" said Ben.

A little line of lights moved steadily along. They were certainly on the frozen river. They were coming toward the island. "Why, father, father!' shouted Paul. "The river must be frozen hard all over, and that's why the boat didn't go!"

"It happened so once six years ago," said Mr. Bigbee.

Mrs. Scudder ran over from her house. "They're singing!" she cried. "Listen!"

The sweet Christmas carols sounded clearer and clearer, as boys and girls came up the bank, up to the very house.

"Come in! Come in!" said Mr. Bigbee, throwing the door open.

It was as if church, tree, festival,

IN a personal letter to the Principal one of our ex-students in the country says, "I certainly never regret that I took a course in your Business College. It is the best that any young man can do. Now I am Secretary-Treasurer of the Town Council, the Agricultural Society and Board of Trade, as well as a number of other private business bodies."

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Central Business College

WM. HAWKINS, PRINCIPAL WINNIPEG

Christmas and everything had come to the Bigbees and Scudders.

"We cut off a bough full of candles to be your tree," said the boys. They set it up in a corner and lighted the candles anew.

"We brought your presents," said the girls, giving each a book and box of candy.

It was late when, with merry farewells, the visitors took their lanterns and departed, singing carols, while the happy children watched the line of lights recrossing the river, and listened in happiness until the voices died away in the distance.

Saint Jodocus.

In trial of his servant's truth,
One day came begging, as a youth
Of humle mien, in garments poor,
The Lord to Saint Jodocus' door.

"Give to him," Saint Jodocus said,
"Open, good steward, thy store of bread!"
"Here's but one loaf, my master, see,
Left for our dog and thee and me."

"Yet give to him!" the Abbot cried,
"For us the Lord will still provide."
The sullen butler said no more,
But cut the loaf in pieces four.

"One for the Abbot, one for me,
One for our dog, and one for thee!"
Unkindly to the youth he said,
And handed him his share of bread.

Again, in semblance yet more poor,
The Lord came to our Abbot's door.
"Give still," the good Jodocus said:
"Give him my little share of bread!
For us the good God still will care."
And now he gives the Abbot's share.

A-hungered came the Lord again,
Nor asked he the third time in vain.
"Give now, O steward, thy little bit!
God will provide." He yielded it.

More destitute, and blind and lame,
The Lord for yet the fourth time came.
"Give," said Jodocus. "Give again.
Doth not the dog's piece still remain?
For He who doth the raven feed
Will not forget us in our need."

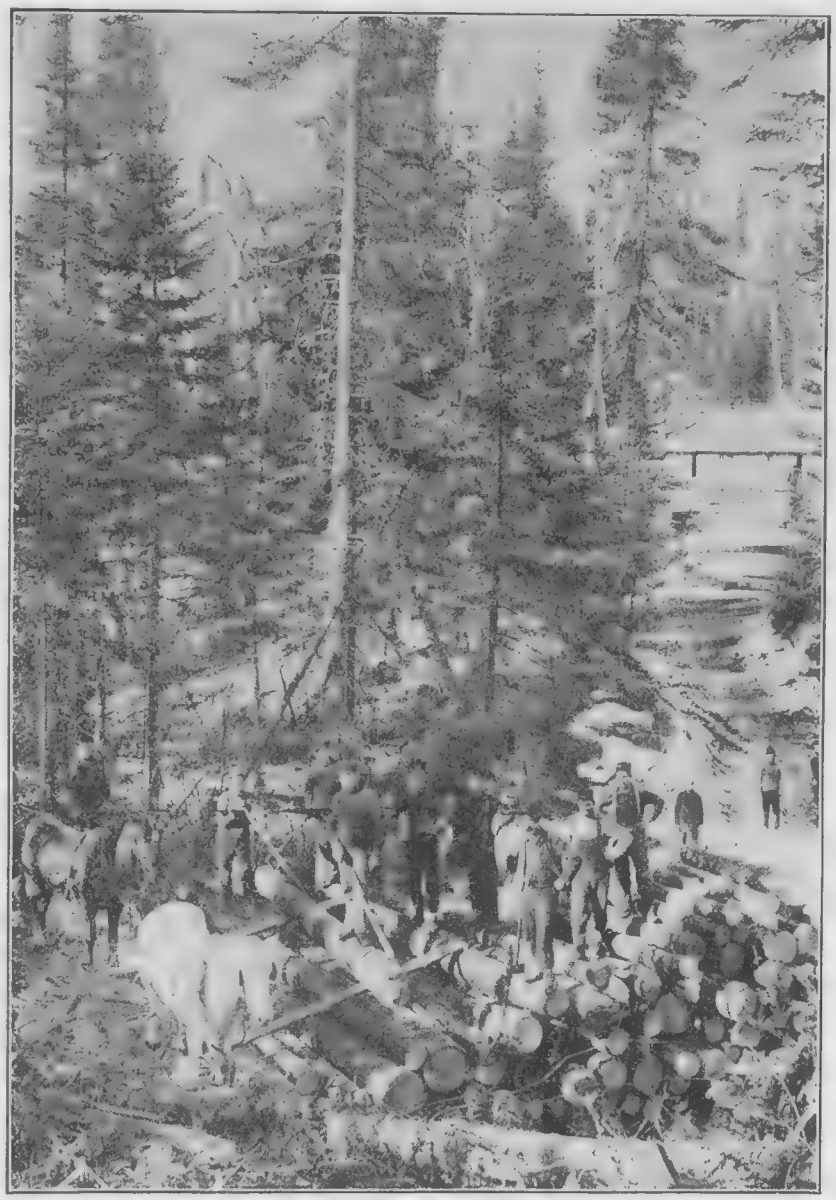
The steward gives, the beggar goes,
Then through the air a clear voice rose:
"Thou true disciple of thy Lord,
Great is thy faith! Take thy reward:
As thou believedst it should be,
So shall it happen unto thee."

The steward went to the open door;
Lo! onward, toward the nearest shore,
Four heavy-laden ships are borne,
With bread and fruit and wine and corn.

He to the strand runs joyfully,
And there no sailor can he see;
But to the shore a white wave rolled,
On which these words were traced in gold:

"Four ships are sent, with large supply,
By Him who hears the raven's cry.
He sends them to the Abbot good
Who this day four times gave him food.

"One for the good man's self is sent,
Another for the steward's meant.
One for the dog is coming in,
One for the Sender's needy kin."



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A Useful Device.

One of the most novel, and at the same time one of the most comfortable and useful inventions has just come to our notice, namely the Dysthe Face Protector. The great comfort to be derived from wearing one of these Face Protectors in the severe winter weather experienced in this country has been the outcome of many thousands of testimonials received by the inventor, Mr. Martinius Dysthe, Winnipeg, Man., from Doctors, Farmers, and many others who have to go driving in the winter time. They are made of flannel so that there is no danger of the skin being injured. It is quite easy to breathe, eat, see or blow the nose without taking off the Protector, and it is constructed on hygienic lines. Your gentlemen friends would appreciate one of these useful little articles as a Christmas Gift, and nothing could be more seasonable and appropriate. It is simple to put on, and easy to carry. An advertisement showing this Face Protector will be found in this paper.

Entertainments in the Evenings.

Those of our readers who find the winter evenings dull and tedious should purchase a phonograph or gramophone. The demand for talking-machines has been so great that Messrs. Cross, Goulding and Skinner have been obliged to considerably increase both their staff and floor-space in order to satisfactorily cope with the ever-increasing orders. Phonographs may be bought either for cash or by a series of easy monthly payments. Full particulars may be obtained on receipt of a post card.

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Addresses Wanted.

Would "Blue-Bell" and "Canadian Girl" whose letters appeared in a recent issue, kindly forward us their correct names and addresses?

The Gentle Hint.

A Wesleyan preacher, in the course of his travels on circuit, dined at the house of a member of the congregation, where a nicely boiled fowl was served up. He had encountered previously on this particular round a succession of meals at which roast beef or mutton formed the staple, and the chicken looked rather appetizing.

Fond of his little joke, the reverend guest genially remarked, as he prepared to consume his helping:

"Well, here's where a bird enters the ministry!"

"Let's hope it does better there than ever it did in lay work," rejoined his host, with a meaning smile at his good wife, who sat opposite the preacher.

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Fashions and Patterns.

¶ The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man. ¶

TWO-PIECE SKIRT 6796.

The skirt that is made with seams at the sides only is one of the very newest and smartest. This one is trimmed with buttons, but such finish is entirely optional. the skirt can be left plain or trimmed in any way that the wearer may like. It is absolutely smooth and plain over the hips, but it widens sufficiently to allow graceful walking. The model is an exceedingly smart one and will be much worn throughout the season. It is adapted to all materials heavy enough to be made in so severe a style. The skirt shown in the illustration is made of one of the new granite cloths.

The skirt is made in two pieces and there are only the seams over the hips. The closing is made at the left side.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4⅞ yards 24 or 27, 2⅝ yards 44 or 52 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2⅞ yards.

The pattern 6796 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

6796 Two-Piece Skirt. 22 to 30 waist

HOUSE GOWN OR WRAPPER 6548

The simple plain house gown is always a practical one. This model is graceful and becoming yet perfectly simple withal. In the illustration it is made from a pretty dotted challis held by ribbon ties but it will be found in every way appropriate for washable material and also for the slightly heavier ones of wool. It can be made either with full sleeves or plain and it will be found a most valuable addition to the wardrobe. The straight, slightly full fronts give long and becoming lines and the fitted back is in every way becoming.

The wrapper is made with fronts, backs and side-backs. The turned-over collar is joined to the neck edge. The full sleeves are cut in one piece and are gathered into straight cuffs and the plain sleeves are made with upper and under portions.

6548 House Gown or Wrapper. 34 to 44 bust.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 10 yards 24, 27 or 32 or 6¼ yards 44 inches wide when material has figure or nap; 7 yards 32 or 5½ yards 44 inches wide when it has not.

The pattern 6548 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

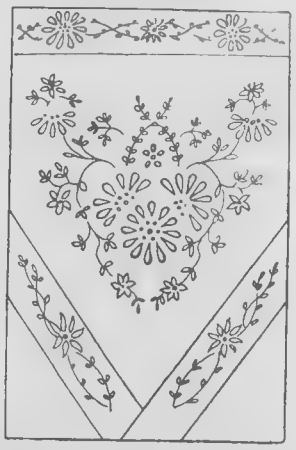
CHILD'S LONG WAISTED PETTICOAT 6785.

The long waisted petticoat is much liked for little children. This one can straight and plaited and the waist, of

6785 Child's Long Waisted Petticoat, 2. 4 and 6 years.

A Few Useful Suggestions for Christmas Gifts

SWISS EMBROIDERED BLOUSE PATTERNS



BWH6—Richly Embroidered Blouse Patterns worked on very fine and sheer mercerized white mull; sufficient material in each to make any size blouse, you can't select a better article for a Christmas or New Year Gift. Price..... $1.75
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MWH45—Enamelled Stick Pin pretty design, in fine red, blue and green enamel, lined with gold, neat and pretty. Special price.....44c
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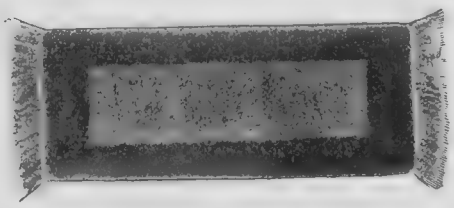


CWH1024—Special Mohair Plush Slip Mat size, 28½ x 11½ inches. This is the celebrated "Liskurl" mohair mat. Has a fine curled pile plush centre and plain border, and comes in a beautiful range of art colors, olive, green, blue, crimson, old gold, etc. Special Xmas price..... 69c

BWH13—Special Sale of Dress Goods for the Christmas Trade. 5,000 yards all wool dress fabrics, various weaves and colors, materials worth regularly 75c and $1.00, selling at, per yard. 49c
Write for samples at once.

NICKEL PLATED WARE

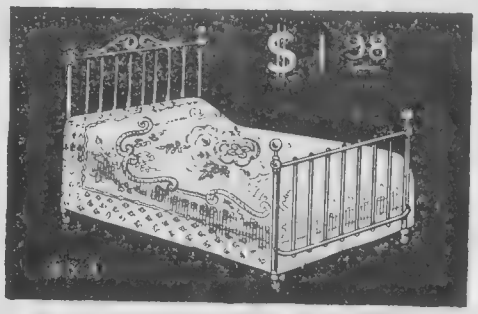
YWH97—Heavy Copper Teapots, nickel plated, fine finish, all parts rivetted, no solder.

Pints.....	5	6	
Price	98c	$1.08	
Size ...	7	8	9
Price ..	$1.18	$1.28	$1.38

YWH98—Coffee Pots, same as above.

HWH 156 — Tan Mocha Wool Lined Gloves, with fur tops. Price. ..$1.25
(Postage 2c. extra)

White Bedspreads will make Very Useful Christmas and New Year Gifts



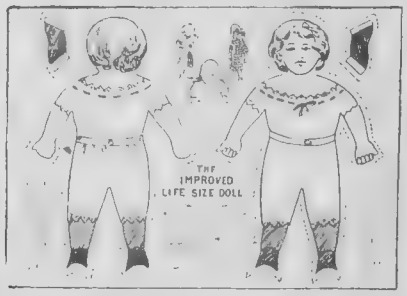
BWH4—White Satin Finish Double Bed Quilts handsome pattern with border effect, Special price....$1.98

BWH5—A Most Beautiful White Satin Finish Double Bed Spread, made with lovely centre piece pattern, raised up floral effect; size, 84 x 103 inches. Special price, each..... $2.50

JWH987—Men's Bedroom Slippers made of warm plaid felt, with combination felt and leather soles; sizes, 6 to 11. Special Xmas price, 69c.
(Postage extra, 11c.)

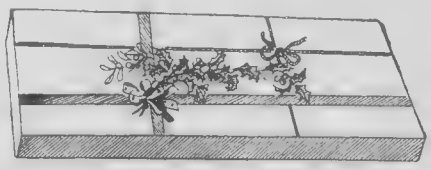
W. H. Scroggie Limited
Mail Order Department MONTREAL, CANADA

PRINTED TOYS

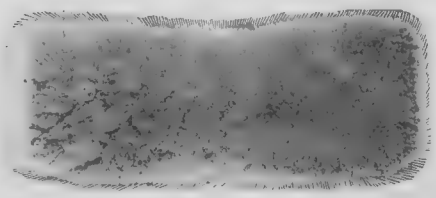


BWH50—Printed Toys, all printed on good strong cloth, bright colors. "We sell the Printed Patterns not made up."

14 in. Boy's Dolls.....	12½c
20 in. Undressed Dolls	23c
25 in. Undressed Dolls.....	25c
Life size. Undressed Dolls.....	50c
27 in. Dean's Big Baby Dolls ..	75c
17 in. Curly Lock Dolls.....	25c
19 in. Little Boo Peep Dolls....	35c



AWH25—Plain and Fancy Silk. Blouse lengths of plain and fancy silks put up in dainty boxes. **An ideal Xmas present.** Prices, each, from $1.00 to.....$4.00
(Postage extra, 15c.)



CWH1025—Beautiful Skin Mat. A fine quality skin mat, nicely dyed in pretty shades of green or olive. We guarantee the dye to be fast and the skin selected good even long wool. Special Xmas price..... 99c

SWITCHES

A beautiful switch, 16 inches long, made of finest quality hair (any color) send post paid for $1.50.

Special Xmas Offer

This cluster of eight curls sent to any address for $2.00. Any color matched.

SEAMAN & PETERSEN
The New York Hair Store
287 Smith Street, Winnipeg
Also at Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Send $4.95

Receive by mail post paid this beautiful New Style One - Piece Dress. Made with a Gibson tuck on shoulder and pleated flounce on skirt. Fancy net yoke, trimmed with fancy braid, which also trims sleeves, belt and flounces. The material is fine French lustre in all shades, cream, W shades, cream, black, dark red, brown, green and navy. It is the very latest style one-piece dress, just as pictured. Order this dress by all means if you wisl a dress in the latest style. It is a strikingly handsome and stylish dress finely made and nicely finished, and you will be proud to wear one of them. Give inches around neck; largest part of bust and hips, also smallest part of waist; length of sleeve and under-arm from arm-eyes to bottom of belt; down back from neck to bottom of belt, length of WW belt, length of waist from bottom of neck to bottom of belt in front, and length from bottom of belt to desired length in front. We guarantee the dress to fit as perfectly as adress can fit. Send $4.95 today. Same dress in all wool panama, same shades as lustre above, $6.75, add 30c for postage. Order dress No. 18. **Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Ont.**

Wanted

SALESMEN AND SALESWOMEN

Hundreds of good positions now open, paying from $100 to $500 a month. No former experience required to get one of them. We will teach you to be a high grade Traveling Salesman or Saleswoman by mail and assist you to secure a good position where you can earn while you are learning. Write to-day for our Free Book, "A Knight of the Grip," containing our special offer and testimonial from hundreds of men and women we have placed in good positions ; also list of good positions open. Address (nearest office) Dept. No. 148, **National Salesmen's Training Association, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Atlanta.**

Send $1.98

Receive post paid this $4. Cream Net Waist elaborately made and trimmed with beautiful lace and insertion, just as pictured, lined in silk. Add 15c. for postage. Ask for waist No. 12.

Standard Garment Co.,
7, Coote Block,
London, Ont.

embroidery, or of plain material finished to suit the fancy. It is shapely and well fitting, while very simple and involves the least possible labor.

The body portion consists of front and backs and the skirt, or flounce, is straight and gathered at its upper edge.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (4 years) is ½ yard 36 inches wide, with 2 yards of embroidery 10 inches wide, or 1¼ yards of plain material 36 or 44 inches wide.

The pattern 6785 is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4, and 6 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

TUCKED BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 6804

The shirt waist that is laid in plaits over the shoulders is a becoming one and greatly in vogue this season. This model includes plaits at the back also, that give a tapering effect to the figure,

6804 Tucked Blouse or Shirt Waist, 34 to 44 bust.

and will be found appropriate for all waisting material. It can be made with regulation or with plain one-piece sleeves.

The waist consists of fronts and back; the fronts are finished with a box-plait at the centre, and the high turned over collar is adjusted over a neck band. The regulation sleeves are finished with both laps and cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3½ yards 21 or 24, 2⅜ yards 36, or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide.

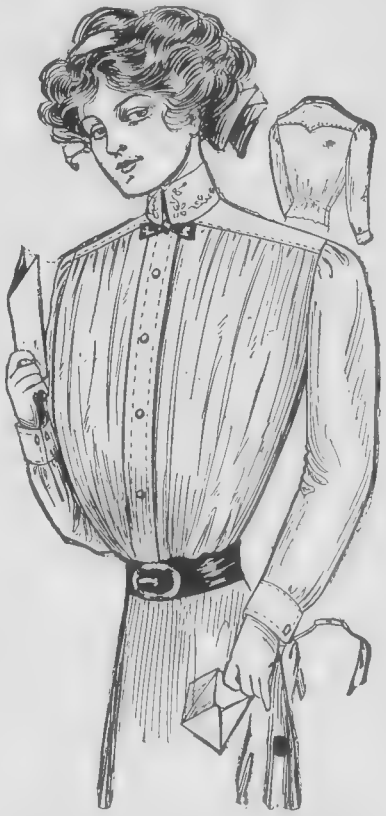
The pattern 6804 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

BLOUSE OR SHIRTWAIST FOR MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN 6797

With or without applied yoke on back.

The shirt waist made with full fronts is one that is much liked by the younger contingent, and here is a model that can be made with or without the yoke on the back. The style is a fashionable one for flannel and for silk, as well as for linen and cotton fabrics, and the waist very generally becoming. There are shoulder straps, or yoke portions, to which the gathered fronts are joined, but the back is plain. This collar is embroidered, and a touch of hand work always gives an effect of daintiness, but the collar can be left plain, or the waist can be worn with any separate fancy collar.

The waist consists of fronts and back.



6797 Blouse or Shirt Waist for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

The fronts are gathered and joined to the shoulder portions. There is a regulation box-plait in the center. The sleeves are made with openings and overlaps, in regulation style.

For the 16 year size will be required 3 yards of material 24 or 27 yards 36, or 1½yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern 6797 is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16, and 18 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

FANCY WAIST FOR MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN 6805.

Such a waist as this one can be utilized in various ways. As illustrated it is made of wool material with trimming of

6805 Fancy Waist for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

silk, yoke and under-sleeves of lace, but the centre portions can be made of some thin material, while the plainer portions are of something heavier, and the trimming can be banding or any material that may be preferred. The waist can be made as shown in the small front view, and become adapted to evening wear, or it can be made with long plain sleeves and made much simpler than as illustrated. However it is made, it is always smart and always attractive.

The waist is made over a fitted lining, and consists of side and centre portions. The sleeves are inserted in the arm-holes and the closing is made invisibly at the back.

For the 16 year size will be required 3⅛ yards of material 21 or 24 inches wide, 2 yards 36, or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of all-over lace and ¾ yard of silk for the trimming.

The pattern 6805 is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

With high or square neck, long, elbow or short sleeves.

A SMART GIRLISH FROCK 6738-6739

All sorts of crepe materials are to be much used this season and this frock is made of silk and wool crepe with trimming of checked taffeta. It is exceptionally graceful and attractive yet it is very simple. The skirt can be made with a gored upper portion to which the straight flounce is attached and over which the tunic is arranged or it can be made without this gored upper portion and with the flounce joined to the tunic at the inner edge of the facing. The upper portion of the blouse cut in one with the short sleeves makes one of the latest features of fashion. The neck can be finished as illustrated or with a yoke and high collar, and the under sleeves can be puffed and in three quarter length or long and plain as preferred.

For the sixteen year size will be required, for the blouse 1⅞ yards of material 24 or 27, 1½ yards 32 or 44 inches wide with 1⅛ yards of all-over lace, ¾ yard of silk for bands; for the skirt,

6¾ yards 24 or 27, 5¼ yards 32 or 4½ yards 44 inches wide when made with the gored upper portion; 5¾ yards 24 or 27, 4¼ yards 32, 3½ yards 44 when made without the gored upper portion; for the trimming 1½ yards of silk will be needed.

The waist pattern 6738 and the skirt pattern 6739 are both cut in sizes for girls of 14, 16 and 18 years of age and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

CHILD'S DRESS 6807.

Simple dresses such as this one are always needed, and every new and pretty design finds a place. The skirt is straight and plaited and the waist, or body portion is novel and attractive at

6807 Child's Dress, 4, 6 and 8 years.

the same time that it is simple. Plain material makes this one, and the trimming is soutache braid, but striped or plaid material trimmed with itself, cut on the straight or bias, would make a pretty effect.

The waist is made with front and back portions that are tucked and the epaulettes are arranged under the outer tucks. The skirt is straight and the closing is made at the back for the entire length of the dress.

For the six year size will be required 3¾ yards of material 24 or 27, 3⅛ yards 36, or 2⅝ yards 4 inches wide, with 12 yards of braid.

The pattern 6807 is cut in sizes for girls of 4, 6 and 8 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

HOUSE JACKET 6340.

To be made with fancy or standing collar, three-quarter or long sleeves.

This simple house jacket is always a

6340 House Jacket, 34 to 44 bust.

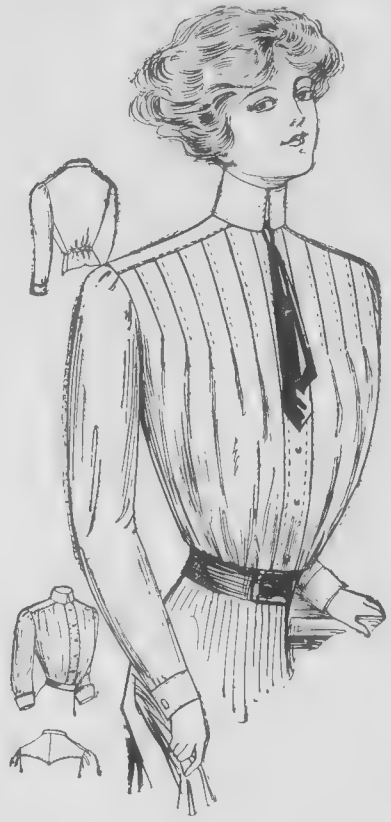
favorite one. This model is half fitting at the back and loose at the front and consequently is tidy and becoming at the same time that it is thoroughly comfortable to wear. In the illustration challis is trimmed with lace insertion and banding and is made with three-quarter sleeves, but cashmere and similar fabrics are appropriate and long sleeves can be substituted if better liked, while the fancy collar can be omitted and the plain standing one used in its place.

The jacket is made with fronts, backs and under-arm gores. The fronts are tucked at each side of the centre and whichever collar is used is joined to the neck edge. The sleeves are of moderate fullness and are gathered into straight cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3⅝ yards 24, 3 yards 32 or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 1½ yards of banding, 3½ yards of edging.

The pattern 6340 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 6774.



6774 Tucked Blouse or Shirt Waist, 34 to 42 bust.

With or without yoke on back, with tucked or gathered fronts, with long or three-quarter sleeves.

The waist is made with fronts and back. When the yoke is used, it is applied over the back. The tucked fronts can be made either with or without the shoulder straps, but the gathered fronts are attached to the straps. The long sleeves are in regulation style with overlaps and cuffs but the three-quarter sleeves are finished with bands and rolled-over cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size 3⅝ yards 24 or 27, 2½ yards 36 or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern 6774 is cut in sizes for 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

Royal Crown Soap

The Hard Water Soap

WASHES EQUALLY AS WELL IN SOFT WATER

ROYAL CROWN FREE PREMIUMS are of best quality. We illustrate a few of them only. If you would like to see the full assortment, SEND FOR A COMPLETE LIST OF PREMIUMS—IT IS FREE.

We suggest at this season of the year that you get Xmas presents free for your Royal Crown Soap Coupons and Wrappers.

CHILD'S CUP No. 3D—Satin engraved, gold lined, heavily plated; a high grade article. Free for 125 Royal Crown Wrappers or 35c and 25 Wrappers. Postage 10c.

TOOL SET, No. 190D—Consisting of claw hammer, try square, screw driver, gimlet, awl, pliers, pincers, mallet and nail puller. Free for 200 Royal Crown Wrappers. Postage 20c.

SMOKER'S DELIGHT PIPE—with nickel ferrule and push vulcanite mouth piece; good quality; in natural finished briar. Free for 75 Royal Crown Wrappers.

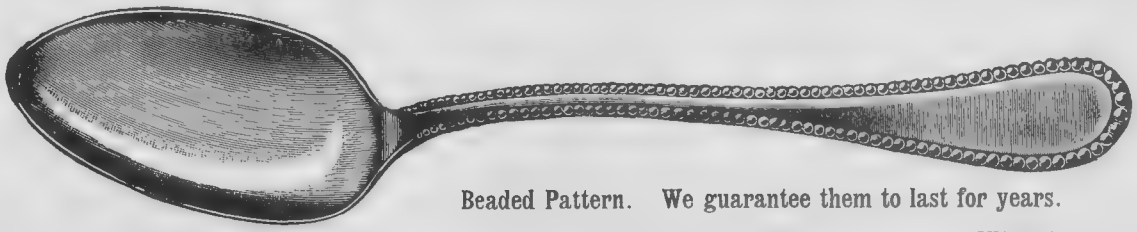
JEWELRY, No. 501D — Necklace with small heart pendant, free for 50 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers.

BROOCHES No. 15914D—sterling silver heart lace pin, free for 100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers.

We have hundreds of other beautiful brooches. Send us 100 Wrappers and we will send you one to be proud of.

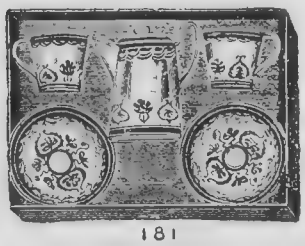
RING, No. 517D Real solid gold shell signet ring, with plain space for monogram, free for 75 Wrappers.

Our Essex Pattern Silverware is Heavily Plated and of Good Quality



Beaded Pattern. We guarantee them to last for years.

ESSEX TEA SPOONS.	Free for	225	wrappers per	½-doz.
ESSEX DESSERT SPOONS.	"	400	"	"
ESSEX TABLE SPOONS.	"	400	"	"
ESSEX TABLE FORKS.	"	350	"	"
ESSEX DESSERT FORKS.	"	300	"	"



181

TIN TEA SETS FOR THE BABIES, No. 181D—In a cardboard box as illustrated. Free for 50 Wrappers. Each postage 8c.

Special Notice Re. Orders for Christmas Premiums.

ORDER NOW. Don't wait until the big rush is on. The sooner the order is placed the better the attention it will receive, as later on thousands of orders will be pouring in daily.

READ CAREFULLY the directions for sending the coupons and wrappers. This is found on Page 1 of our Premium List.

MAKE SURE your name and address is on every package and letter sent to us.

LAST OF ALL, see that postage is fully paid and that the letter and coupons are properly addressed.

Address Premium Department of the **Royal Crown Soaps, Limited**

Calgary, Alta. (From Alberta) Winnipeg, Man. (From Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan) Vancouver, B.C. (From British Columbia)

THIS

Attractive Hand-Bag

Complete, with sufficient silk to embroider, will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of

65 CENTS

SEND TO-DAY FOR THIS

This bag is made up from tan linen stamped with suitable designs easily embroidered, and just the thing for a holiday gift. Address

Belding, Paul & Co.

Montreal WINNIPEG Vancouver

The Farmer's Tribune Prairie Home Magazine

Regular Price for one year..... $1.00
The Western Home Monthly, Regular Price 1.00
You can get them both now (for a limited time only) **for 1.50**

How important to your welfare and that of your family is the Farmer's Tribune. It is necessary to you because it is opposed to all forms of monopoly, graft and oppression and fights for the public rights—**your rights**—without fear or favor. It has always fought those monopolies which effect your welfare, force you to pay more for clothing, machinery, manufactured goods, taxes, etc. For this service alone the Farmer's Tribune would be cheap at five times its subscription. It is a newspaper as well, bright, newsy and interesting.

The Western Home Monthly is edited for the farmers and deals with the problems of their business. It is therefore valuable to you because of its help in solving these problems.

If you want to invest $1.50 now—and no other investment will bring you such good returns—fill in this coupon and send it in now.

The Farmer's Tribune, ...191 .
Winnipeg, Man.

Find enclosed sum of $1.50 for which send to the address below the Farmer's Weekly Tribune, and the Western Home Monthly for one year.

Name.....

Address.....

Please write Plainly.

25 Wedding Invitations Announcements $2.50

50 for $3.00 100 for $7.50

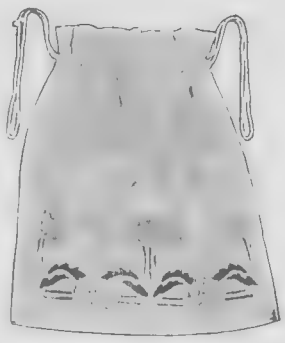
Cash with order. Satisfaction or money back.
Reference: Traders Bank.

THE JAY BROCK COMPANY
Society Printers, Winnipeg.

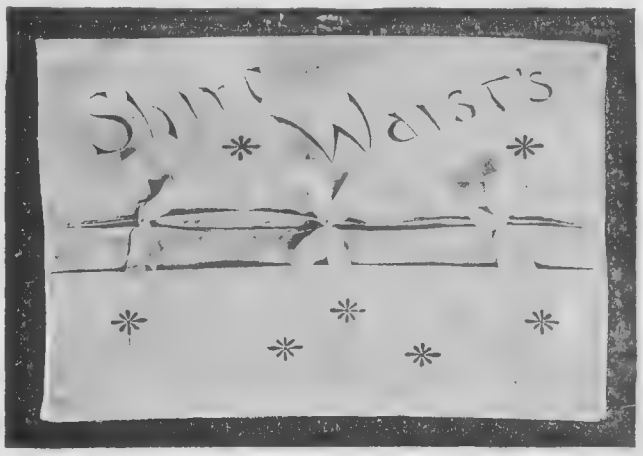
Send 50c and receive Five Pair of Hose Feet Post Paid. The part of a lady's stocking that wears out is the feet. When the feet are worn out the whole stocking is thrown away. This is not necessary. Simply cut off the feet and sew a pair of our hose feet to the leg of the stocking and you have a new pair of stockings at a low cost. Add 5c for postage. **N. Southcott & Co., London, Ont.**

Suggestions for Holiday Gifts.

Every woman loves the pretty bags which may be fashioned from different materials and with touch of hand embroidery and pretty ribbon bows makes such attractive Christmas gifts. We have selected some bags which will interest our readers. The first illustrated has a pretty design of Chrysanthemums embroidered of fawn Repp. The upper portion of this bag is on pink silk, which is shirred with soft ribbon draw-strings. The wider ribbon passed through the large eyelets hold the outer Repp bag into place. The second bag, No. 1318, is stamped on pale blue Moire, embroidered in the well-known loop-stitch. The stems out-lined with green and Japanese Gold; ribbons tied into pretty bows complete this attractive bag. The crepe



1378, Darning Bag, 35cts.

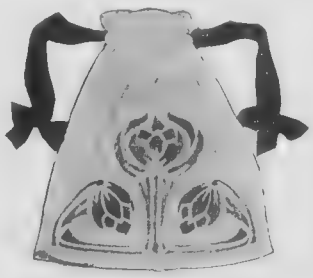


1376, Shirt-Waist Case, 50 cts,

bags, Nos. 1357 and 1358, are both novel and useful, as they are more simple than those quoted above. These bags come already made-up from pretty cotton crepes, and tinted with effective designs which only require out-lining with self colors to bring out the effect. No. 1357 is a single bag, and the 1358 a double one. No. 1378 is a darning bag, which comes in assorted designs tinted on crash, and is a very useful article.

Another novel idea which has been much appreciated is the Book-holder, which comes already made-up, and is appropriately tinted on Cream Art Linen. Everyone will appreciate the convenience of the handles on these book and magazine holders, as these pleasant companions may now be easily carried about.

Another charming novelty is the Shirt-waist Holder, which is so essential to ones comfort either at home or while travelling, as they protect so nicely dainty waists from soil and mussing. This case is made from cream lawn bound with dainty ribbons, and a pretty design is stamped, which may be em-

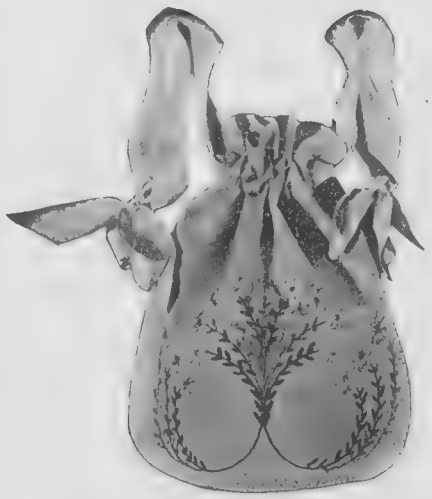


1357, Single Crepe Bag, 35cts.

broidered with silk to match the ribbon binding.

Readers entrusting their orders to us will have them promptly filled, and any further information regarding the articles described on the page will be cheerfully furnished.

Silk to embroider any of the above designs 5 cents per skein.



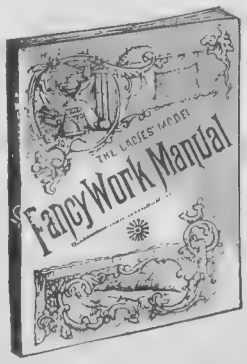
1318, Stamped on Moire, 30 cts.

Poet—A good confider, but a poor provider.

A Contented Woman—One living in the present, for the future, and without a past.

THE LADIES' MODEL

Fancy Work Manual.



This is an entirely new book, just published, and embodies all the latest ideas in needlework, crochet, knitting and embroidery. It contains designs and directions for making nearly fifty different patterns of knitted laces, many charming crochet patterns, also instruction for making many useful articles of wearing apparel and numerous articles for home decoration, among which are tidies, chair-scarfs, doylies, purses, table mats, shopping bags, lamp shades, shawls, Afghans, toilet sets, counterpanes, sofa-cushions, chair-covers, pin-cushions, dressing slippers, babies' socks, etc., etc Full and complete instructions accompany each design, together with an explanation of the terms used in knitting and crochetting, etc. It also contains full and complete instructions in the art of embroidery, with numerous beautiful designs. The whole is illustrated by 95 handsome engravings, and the whole subject of ladies' fancy work is made so clear in this book that with it as a guide one may become an adept in the art. It is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers.

This book will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only

FIFTEEN CENTS

REMARKABLE OFFER—We also issue a companion book "New Designs in Knitting and Lacemaking," the price of which is also 15 cents. We will send you both the above books for 25 cents.

WHOLESALE BOOK CO.
DEPT. A Winnipeg, Canada

Suggestions for Holiday Gifts— Continued.

1358. Double Le Crepe Bag, 35 cts.

1359. Book Holder, 35 cts.

1317. Stamped on Repp, 30 cts.

Census of Manufactures.

On first of June next year, a census will be taken of the manufactures of Canada. It will ascertain the capital employed in works in 1910, together with the value of land, buildings and plant, the kind or class of products of the works by quantity or number of finished articles and their value in the year. These statistics will relate generally to factories employing five hands or more during the year, but in such industries as flour and grist mills, brick works, saw and shingle mills, electric light and power plants, and a few others where the value of products is large in proportion to the number of persons employed, returns will be required without regard to the number of employes. The employees of work will include managers, superintendents, etc., on salaries; officers, clerks, etc., on salaries; operatives or workers classed as over and under 16 years on wages; and piece-workers employed outside of the works. Salaries, wages and payments to all officers and employees will be entered on the schedule for the census year by sex, and will include the aggregate weeks employed in the year, average hours of working time per week and aggregate wages paid to them in the year. The aggregate weeks of time and the aggregate wages paid will refer to the whole body of employees for the year, while the average hours of working time will refer to an average computed for all employees in the year for one week only. For piece-workers outside of the works the statistics are required to show by sex the aggregate payments made to this class in the year, and also the aggregate value of their products. The power employed in the works will show the number and horse power of steam, gas and gasoline engines, water wheels and electric motors, as well as the power sold to or bought from other public or private companies. The fuel used at the works will show the quantity of coal, wood, or other fuel and its value laid down at the works, including transportation and duties. The coal will be classified by measure to show whether it is foreign or Canadian. Custom work and raw materials will be reported by kind or class, and entries will be made to show amounts received in the year for custom work and repairs; and the cost value of raw or partly finished materials used at the works. The kind or class of products of the works in 1910 will be entered by separate name if more than one is made, the quantity or number of each finished article and the value of separate products in the year. The aim of this record is to show the extent and variety of manufactures in each province and district; but it will be understood that the statistics as compiled and published will give away no records of individual business. Totals will be published only where three or more industries of a class or kind are reported. All information here referred to will be collected by enumerators on schedule No. 9.

The census of the dairy industry, relating to the production of butter, cheese, cream and condensed milk, will be taken on schedule No. 12, and will show for each kind of product its quantity and selling value, and the quantity of milk and cheese used for conversion at the factories, the number of patrons, and the amount of money distributed to them in the year.

A Successful College.

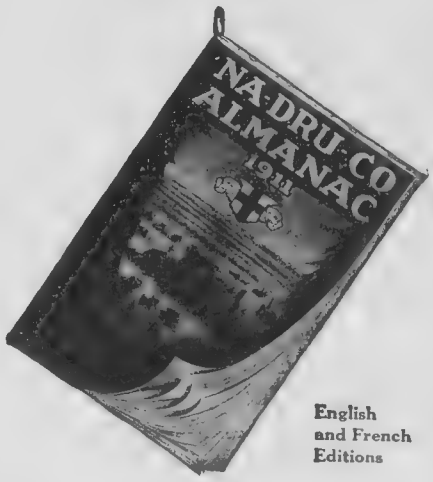
We beg to draw the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Success Business College, which appears in this issue. The Success College was founded a little over a year ago, and during the past year has met with such success that it has been found necessary to extend the seating accommodation. The college at present has a seating capacity of 300. The handsome large catalogue of the college is being sent free to all who are interested in a college course.

Special Notice.

On and after December 15th, the subscription price of the Western Home Monthly will be $1.00 a year or three years for $2.00.

Two Hundred Dollars

In Cash Prizes



English and French Editions

will be given by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, to those who make the closest estimates of the population of Canada as determined by the Official Census in May, 1911.

Full particulars of this Contest are given on Page 54 of the new

Na-Dru-Co Almanac

It's Free—Ask your Druggist for one

The Na-Dru-Co Almanac for 1911 is even better than the 1910 Edition. It's a regular mine of information, including Postal Guide—Recipes for Baby's Food, for Cooling Drinks and Frozen Desserts—Dials showing Standard Time in every part of Canada, and Mean Time throughout the world—and Solar and Lunar Calculations for all the Provinces of Canada.

Na-Dru-Co Almanacs are now being distributed by Druggists throughout the country. If your Druggist's supply is out write direct to the National Drug and Chemical Co., on the coupon attached, and a free copy will be sent you by return mail.

Send Coupon To-day.

CUT HERE

Name.....

Address.....

Mail to Advertising Department
NATIONAL DRUG & CHEM. CO. OF CANADA LIMITED.
Montreal.

D 28

Special Bargain Offer

The Western Home Monthly

AND

Weekly Globe and Canada Farmer

FOR A WHOLE YEAR FOR $1.00

$2.00 worth of the best Literature in the Dominion for $1.00

DON'T DELAY—send this with your subscription ***TO-DAY***

Publishers, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Enclosed please find $1.00, for which send me The Western Home Monthly and The Weekly Globe and Canada Farmer for one year.

Yours truly.....

Address.....

.....

DON'T MISS THIS

A Man's New Stomach

A cable message from the States, relates a most wonderful surgical operation. A man entered a hospital, with his stomach in such a bad state that death seemed certain. But the doctors removed his stomach, and replaced it by the healhty stomach of a man who had just been accidentally killed. The cable states that the operation proved successful.

This story seems contrary to all natural laws. But it is a fact that thousands who have had weak or disordered stomachs have restored them to perfect working order by taking the best—and best-known—of all stomach and liver tonics—Mother Seigel's Syrup. This world-famed remedy is made of roots, barks and leaves which tone and strengthen weak stomachs and stimulate the action of the liver and bowels. Thus it prevents the many ailments which spring from a disordered state of the stomach, such as pains after eating, headaches, dizziness, biliousness, constipation, or languor.

Mr. Simon T. Clannon, Point Michand, Richmond Co., Nova Scotia, says:—"I began to experience pains after meals, that made me dread to eat. Headaches and constipation followed, and I became weak and pale. After taking two bottles of Mother Seigel's Syrup I felt better and soon my cure was complete." Jan. 24th, 1910.

And Mr. A. Matheson, of Boularderie Centre, N.S., writing on January 26th, 1910, stated as follows:—"I find that with Mother Seigel's Syrup at hand doctors' bills are saved. I would consider myself criminally negligent if I did not have this wonderful medicine always in the house."

Mother Seigel's Syrup has never failed the people who have used it; and it will not fail you. It will renew a weak disordered stomach, and in this way it gives a new lease of life to many people who would be "played out," but for the help that Mother Seigel's Syrup gives.

"For years I was troubled with Dyspepsia, and of all the medicine used, I obtained more relief and satisfaction from Mother Seigel's Syrup than any others. I have also used Seigel's Pills for a severe attack of Piles, and their gentle action on the bowels relieved all pain as well as overcame the difficulty in a satisfactory manner." Letter from Madame Felix Lamothe, St. Pierre de Sorel, Richelieu County, P.Q. Jan. 15, 1910.

Mr. Henry Heitman, of McIntyre, Grey Co., Ont., in a letter dated January 7, 1910, writes to us:—"I have been handling your medicines for about twenty-five years and have used Seigel's Syrup in my family with excellent results. My opinion is that there is no better medicine, and only recently about three doses put me right when feeling a little out of sorts. I would gladly pay $5.00 per bottle, rather than be without it."

"Some time ago I was bothered with Dyspepsia-pains in my stomach after meals, was very constipated and suffered considerably from headaches, Mother Seigel's Pills relieved the Constipation and Mother Seigel's Syrup cured me of Dyspepsia." Letter from R. D. Moffatt, McKellar, Ont., Febreary 2, 1910.

Some Remarkable Cases

OF

Indigestion and Liver Disorder

CURED BY

Mother Seigel's Syrup

Throughout the whole of Canada it would be difficult to find a village, or even a street of over twenty houses, in which there do not reside persons who frankly state that they owe their present good health to the old and world-famous remedy, Mother Seigel's Syrup. The extent to which this well-known remedy is used as the regular family medicine, for all those troublesome ailments which arise from stomach or liver disorder would be surprising, were it not for the fact that this root and herb extract has established itself as a popular favorite, by reason of the remarkable cures it has effected all over the world. Here are three cases in point :—

Mrs. C. S. Gildeart, of Prosper Brook, Albert Co., N.B., suffered severely from indigestion. In writing to the proprietors of Mother Seigel's Syrup, on Jan. 18, 1910, Mrs. Gildeart said :—

"About four years ago, I fell ill and for nearly three years life seemed almost unbearable. The distress after eating was intense and I had pains in my right side. A faint feeling would come over me and I would vomit as soon as I ate anything. Nothing would remain on my stomach. I had a pain in my head that nearly drove me wild. Breathing became an exertion and I fell a victim to nervous prostration.

"Of course, housework was impossible, as I had a 'swimming round' sensation so badly that I would sometimes fall over when I attempted to stir about. I had much wind in my stomach and bowels, my heart palpitated; indeed I had aches and pains too numerous to mention.

"Many medicines failed to aid me, and I only begun to take Mother Seigel's Syrup as a last resort. After the third bottle of Syrup, I felt the benefit of using it. I continued the Syrup until I was cured, so there is absolutely no doubt that I owe my restoration to health to Mother Seigel's Syrup. If anyone has indigestion, or suffers after eating, my advice is 'Take Mother Seigel's Syrup at once, and save unnecessary pain.' "

Mr. A. Lemieux, writing from Chambord, Lac St. Jean Co., P.Q., on January 9, 1910, stated as follows:—

"It gives me great pleasure to testify to the value of Mother Seigel's Syrup. In my case it has been of incalculable worth. It has restored me to health, after suffering over three years from Indigestion, or dyspepsia. I had pains after meals, headaches, sleeplessness, bad breath, and a coated tongue. I had distressing pains in the back and loins, as well as dizziness. My appetite, naturally, was very poor. I lost flesh and became very weak."

As Mr. Lemieux had stomach and liver disorder, in a severe form, no wonder he felt weak and ill. But he tells us how the change came.

"I began," he says, "to take Mother Seigel's Syrup last July and the change for the better in my health was quickly apparent. The numerous other preparations I tried did not give me relief, but a three months' course of Mother Seigel's Syrup restored me to perfect health. I can now work with ease, and eat without distress."

Like thousands of other people, Mr. Lemieux proved that Mother Seigel's Syrup does cure indigestion.

Mrs. John W. McGregor, of McLarty, Algoma District, Ont., writing to the Proprietors of Mother Seigel's Syrup, on Jan. 25, 1910, said :—

"Had it not been for Mother Seigel's Syrup, I know that I would not be alive to-day to testify to the virtues of your preparations. For many years, dyspepsia caused me great suffering, and nothing but Mother Seigel's Syrup gave me the least relief.

"At the early age of fifteen, I began to suffer distress after eating. The action of my bowels was irregular. I could sleep only by snatches. My face was pale, and frequently I had severe pains in my back. In 1883 I first began to use Mother Seigel's Syrup, and I found that it helped me. I used the Syrup with the best results, and I have had no further need of it for over twenty-six years. I have unbounded confidence in this remedy!"

Mrs. McGregor had no further need for Mother Seigel's Syrup because it restored her stomach, liver and bowels to healthful working order, and for twenty-six years they have done their digestive duty. The cures effected by Mother Seigel's Syrup are not only sure and speedy, but permanent too!

These letters are typical of tens of thousands received by the Proprietors of Mother Seigel's Syrup, and their genuineness can easily be proved by anyone who will take the trouble to do so. To any fair-minded person, they cannot fail to establish the merit of this old family medicine. Indeed, the very fact that Mother Seigel's Syrup, with its record of over forty years' unbroken success, has stood the severest of all tests—the test of time—should convince the most sceptical that there must be some great merit or quality, in this root and herb extract, which is not found in any other medicine known to the public, and which accounts for its world-wide popularity and success in curing disorders of the stomach and liver.

Sunday Reading.

New Things.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

New mercies, new blessings, new light on the way,
New courage, new hope, and new strength for each day;
New notes of thanksgiving, new chords of delight;
New praise in the morning, new songs in the night;
New wine in thy chalice, new altars to raise;
New fruit for thy Master, new garments of praise;
New gifts from His treasure, new smiles from His face;
New streams from the fountains of infinite grace;
New stars for thy crown and new tokens of love;
New gleams of the glory that waits thee above;
New light of His countenance, full and unpriced
All these be the joys of the new life in Christ.

The Cure of Moral Ignorance.

By George Matheson, D.D., LL.D.

The heavens declare the glory of God. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. Who can understand his errors?—Psalm XIX. 1, 2, 12.

What a strange assertion, of knowledge on the one hand and of ignorance on the other! Here is a claim to knowledge in a sphere where we should expect a confession of mystery; here is a confession of mystery in a region where we should look for perfect light! The Psalmist declares that he understands the heavens, but he says that he does not preceive the errors of his own soul! He has daily and nightly converse with the stars, but he hears not the voice of his own sin! Yet the stars are far away; his sin is at the door. Why should the revelation of God's majesty precede the revelation of the disorder within himself? Why should a man be able to learn astronomy before he can learn the prevading sinfulness of his heart? It is because the vision of beauty must precede the vision of deformity. How do I learn what disorder is? It is by first learning order. I cannot know discord till I have studied harmony. No man is driven to the songs of heaven by the discordant notes of earth; he discerns the jarring notes of earth by hearing the songs of heaven. He that is borne sightless cannot figure the sun, but he that can figure the sun can understand him who is borne sightless. I learn my errors—my wanderings from the way, by learning that there is a way. When I find that there is an orbit for the life of every star, I see that my life has wandered.—Christian World.

Slow Growth.

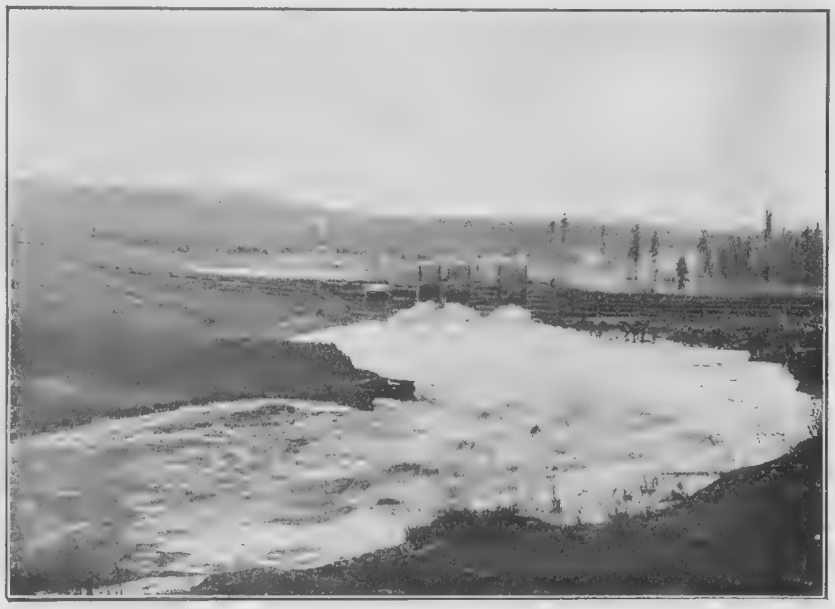
By William George Jordan.

Everything that is great in life is the product of slow growth; the newer, and greater, and higher, and nobler the work, the slower is its growth, the surer is its lasting success. Mushrooms attain their full power in a night; oaks require decades. A fad lives its life in a few weeks, a philosophy lives through generations and centuries. If you are sure you are right, do not let the voice of the world, or of friends or of family, swerve you for a moment from your purpose. Accept slow growth if it must be slow, and know the results must come, as you would accept the long, lonely hours of the night,—with absolute assurance that the heavy-leaded moments must bring the morning.

A Faith that Does Things.

Are there human hands fit for the work, human feet fit for the journey, human words fit for the message? Are there seed for the harvest, soil in which thus mayest sow it, sunshine and showers and a pulsating earth to minister to it? Has God given thee all these? Why dost thou linger in idleness, looking up to him? Set thy hands to the work, lift up thy feet to the journey, sound out the message, sow the fields with the seed he has given thee. Simply praying is not always the best thou canst do. It is sometimes a lazy man's device to ask of God what God has already provided him the means of getting. The faith which does not trust God for what he has done, but only for what he will do, is a poor sort of faith, a faith in little sections of his activities.

There is fully enough of this sort of faith in the world But this sort often makes the most noise in the world, because it has nothing else to do but to make a noise. God commanded Moses to cease crying to him and to speak to the children of Israel that they go forward. What if the sea is before them, and there really seems nothing to do but to cry unto God? Man's seeming is not as good as God's seeing. Go forward to the sea, or into the sea at God's command, if it await the touch of your feet. If you wait to see the open path before you move you may wait too long. Unhealed lepers were commanded to go and show themselves to the priest, and it was " as they went they were cleansed." Away with the spurious faith which, in a world needing good work done, and in which God has already so wonderously



The Chute on the River

Simpson-Eddystone Prints

are reliable dress-goods

They have been the standard calicoes of the United States for over 65 years. Your grandmother relied on these same cotton dress-goods of quality; so did your mother.

Numerous beautiful, fashionable designs, printed in absolutely fast colors on the finest and best woven cloths.

Show this advertisement to your dealer when you order, and don't accept substitutes. If not in your dealer's stock write us his name and address. We'll help him supply you.

The Eddystone Mfg. Co., Philadelphia
Established by Wm. Simpson, Sr.

$5 Cloth Skirt $2.95

Send to-day for this skirt. It's a $5 Vicuna cloth skirt. Vicuna is a cloth much resembling all wool broadcloth. It comes in Black, Navy, Dark Green, Dark Brown and Dark Red. Give waist and hip measure also length desired. It's the new style made with an over skirt effect, pleated flounce trimmed with 12 satin buttons and 6 satin ribbon bands across front gore just as pictured. We want you to have one of these skirts. Guaranteed to fit perfectly and give satisfaction in every way. Same style in all wool Panama all shades, $3.50 reduced from $6. Order one of these wonderful skirt bargains at once. Order skirt No. 7, add 35 cents for postage. Standard Garment Co. London Ontario.

STEAM ENGINE FREE

This Stationary Steam Engine, has brass laquered boiler with safety valve, whistle and stack, steel firebox with spirit burner, fly wheel with speed regulator on metal pedestal, entire engine on wood base. Given absolutely free for selling $4.00 worth of our Dainty Xmas and New Year Booklets. These are beautifully colored and embossed with appropriate greetings, each booklet enclosed in separate envelope and are usually sold as high as 10c. each in the stores. At our price, 3 for 10c., you will have no difficulty in selling them. Write to-day and we will send you the booklets. Sell them, return the money and we will send machine same day. **The Household Credit Co., Dept. T., Winnipeg Canada.**

Send us only $1.25

Receive by return mail this beautiful child's dress, made from fancy dress goods ,in black and white check and will wear like iron, and guaranteed to give the best of satisfaction. The dress is made with a pleated skirt and waist joined with belt; trimmings consist of fancy strappings designs and brass buttons. It comes in ages 12 14 and 15. Give bust, waist and length of skirt in front. We want you to have this, the best and lowest price dress sold today, and from the best and lowest priced mail order house under the British Flag. Order dress 84. Add 20c for postage. STANDARD GARMENT CO. 10 Coote Block, LONDON ONT.

wrought does nothing but pray. Pray indeed but put in some work for God to prosper and upon which to put his blessing. The world and he need our work as much as the world needs our prayers. —The Examiner.

Sorrow's Use.

The sorrow that is meant to bring us nearer to God may be in vain. The same circumstances may produce opposite effects. I dare say there are people who will read these words who have been made hard and sullen and bitter and paralyzed for good work because they have some heavy burden to carry, or some wound or ache that life can never heal. Ah, brother, we are often like shipwrecked crews, of whom some are driven by their danger to the spirit casks. Take care that you do not waste your sorrows; that you do not let the precious gifts of disappointment, pain, loss, loneliness, ill health, or similar afflictions that come in your daily life mar you instead of mending you. See that they make you more anxious to have the durable riches and righteousness which no man can take from you, than to grasp at what may yet remain of fleeting earthly joys. So let us try to school ourselves into the habitual and operative conviction that life is a discipline. Let us beware of getting no good from what is charged to the brim with good. May it never have to be said of any of u sthat we wasted the mercies which were judgments, too, and found no good in the things that our tortured hearts felt to be also evils, lest God should have to wail over any of us: "In vain have I smitten your children; for they have received no correction."—Alexander Maclaren.

The Teacher Discouraged.

I have seen many such an one. I superintended the same school for fourteen years, and probably not a month of all those years passed without some discouraged teacher coming to resign or to seek for comfort. What is the matter with such teachers? How shall we help them? In the first place, it is a sign that a teacher has something in him, when he becomes discouraged. It shows that he expects something, and the reason of his discouragement is that he has not got what he has expected. Poor teachers never expect anything, and so never get discouraged. Now perhaps our good teacher has been expecting too much. It may be that you were urged to take a class somewhat against your wish, and were told that very soon you would find that everything would go smoothly. You are disappointed, and therefore discouraged. You have expected to become a skillful teacher in too short a space of time. Ask the best teachers, and they will tell you that it took years of trial before they arrived at their present excellence. Keep on working, and making all you can out of the powers that God has given you, and you will find as the years go by, that you are gaining more and more facility in handling your class. —A F Schauffler, D.D.

A Song of Hope.

The day is long, and the day is hard,
We are tired of the march, and of keeping guard;
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won.
Of days to live through and work to be done:
Tired of ourselves and of being alone,
Yet all the while, did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own company.
Weight, but 'tis He who nerves our arm;
He turns the arrows that else might harm.
And out of the storm He brings a calm;
And the work that we count so hard to do
He makes it easy, for He works too;
And the days that seem long to live are His,
A bit of His bright eternities; and close to our need His helping is.

A Recipe for Family Peace.

An Emporer of China, making a tour, one day discovered a family in which the master, with his wife and children, grandchildren, daughters-in-law and servants all lived in perfect peace and harmony.

The Emporer, admiring this, inquired of the old man what means he employed to preserve quiet among such a number of persons. The man, taking out a pencil, wrote these three words: "Patience, patience, patience."

River Drivers Ferrying Horses across the River.

Everybody Loves Her.

Queen Alexandra is not strictly beautiful in the sense of possessing perfect features or a form modelled on classic lines, but she is none the less one of the most fascinating of women.

She has in a remarkable degree that intangible element called charm, which is the greatest gift that can be bestowed upon any one. She radiates in every line of her figure, in every gesture and motion, an indeal refinement that attracts all who approach her, and an attraction that is quickly enslavement when the winning force of her lovable nature is felt.

The affection of the Danish people for her was enthusiastically shown as she took leave of them for her future home, in the continuous celebrations in her honour that took place. By her express wish three thousand thalers were distributed as dowries among six Danish brides belonging to the poorer classes at the time of her marriags, an incident which testifies not only to her kindness of heart, but to a personal anticipation of her happiness in her coming marriage, which emphasised her interest in other weddings.

The Power of Gracefulness.

A woman may not be beautiful, but if she possses a graceful carriage she has a power of attraction that mere regularity of feature might well envy.

All grace consists in motion. The great secret of it is to unite in the same

Since John Quit Drinking

By John's Wife

I'm the happiest little woman,
In all this little town;
And my merry laugh and singing,
Takes the place of sigh and frown.
For JOHN HAS QUIT HIS DRINKING
And is like himself once more,
And the world is just a paradise
With such happiness in store!

One day I read some verses—
"Mary's Miracle," the name,
And I said, that's John exactly,
And I'll send and get the same.
So I sent for GOLDEN REMEDY,
(As sly as sly could be)
And I put it in John's supper
And I put it in his tea.

And it didn't taste a little bit;
Had no odor, so, you see—
It was smoothest kind of sailing
For little Doctor Me.
And I watched and prayed and waited,
(And cried some, too, I guess),
And I didn't have the greatest faith,
I'm ashamed now to confess

And John never thought a minute,
He was being cured of drink,
And soon he's as well as any one,
It makes me cry to think!
Just makes me cry for gladness,
I'm so proud to be his wife—
Since he is cured of drinking,
And leads a nice, new life.

"Since John he quit a-drinking!"
I can't say it times enough!
And hates and loathes a liquor
As he would a poison stuff.
And when I say my prayers at night
As thankful as can be—
I pray for John the most of all—
Then GOLDEN REMEDY.

Home Treatment For Drunkards

Odorless and Tasteless—Any Lady Can Give It Secretly at Home in Tea, Coffee or Food.

Costs Nothing to Try.

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is to send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

Free Trial Package Coupon

Dr. J. W. Haines Company
387 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Province.....

Send us $9.50

Receive this winter suit, consisting of a long winter cloak and skirt. The material is all wool frieze. The colors are Navy and Black. The coat is cut semi-fitting, with double-breasted front. The cloak comes well below the knees. The skirt is cut 7 gore made with welted seams. This suit is gotten up especially for Western winter weather. It is a two in one suit. A cloak and a skirt to form a suit. Order to-day. Order suit No. 55.

Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Canada.

SEND US 75c. Receive by return mail post paid this beautiful little dress. Its made with a little waist joined to a full pleated skirt. The side of the waist and belt are trimmed with fancy pointed strappings inlaid with dark red sateen. Fancy trimmed breast pockets and cuffs. The whole dress is elaborately trimmed with brass buttons. The material is soft, warm dress goods in a dark blue and red plaid pattern. It comes in ages from 4 to 12. It is worth double what we ask. To introduce our dresses we make an ad of this number and send it by return mail for only 75c and 10c postage. Standard Garment Co., No. 10, Coote Block, London, Ont.

movement apparent contradictions—quickness and softness, vivacity and mildness, gentleness and spirit. Ease is the essence of grace.

When Milton describes the grace of an angel, it is "smooth, sliding without step," and Gudio's angels, graceful as Taglioni or Duvernay, seem to have been painted after Milton's description.

The seat of grace is in all parts of the body that have motion—the legs, hands, arms, head, lips, eyebrows, and particularly the neck.

As the head is almost continually in motion, the muscles of the neck, in order that the head may move with freedom and ease, should be extremely supple.

This suppleness may be acquired by practice. French women possess it in an extraordinary degree.

A Frenchwoman, sitting between two people, will address the same phrase to both of them by a free and easy motion of her head without even moving her shoulders.

The women of other countries can seldom do that. When they turn the head, there is a stiffness in the joints or muscles of the neck, making them turn the body with it.

Nothing is ever graceful that is forced or unnatural. The smallest degree of affectation destroys grace and hence the necessity of attending to that precious rule, "Rien de trop"—do not overstep the modesty of nature.

Christian Homes Training Gamblers.

At a mass meeting in the Second Presbyterian church of Portsmouth, O., on a Sabbath afternoon, in the presence of 200 men, a converted gambler and ex-saloon-keeper made a statement which has created a profound impression.

"I have been in the saloon business, with a gambling room attached, for the last four years, and claim to know something about what I am now going to tell you. I do not believe that the gambling den is nearly so dangerous nor does it do anything like the same amount of harm as the social card party in the home. I give this as my reason: In the gambling room the windows are closed tight, the curtains are pulled down, everything is conducted secretly for fear of detection, and none but gamblers, as a rule, enter there; while in the parlor all have access to the game, children are permitted to watch it, young people are invited to partake in it. It is made attractive and alluring by giving prizes, serving refreshments, and adding high social enjoyments. For my part, I never could see the difference between playing for a piece of silver molded in the shape of money and silver moulded in the shape of a cup or a thimble. The principle is the same, and whenever property changes hands over the luck of the cards, no matter how small is the value of the prize, I believe it is gambling.

"Perhaps you have never thought of it, but where do all the gamblers come from? They are not taught in the gambling dens. A 'greener,' unless he is a fool, never enters a gambling hell, because he knows that he will be fleeced out of everything he possesses in less than fifteen minutes. He has learned somewhere else before he sets foot inside of such a place. When he has played in the parlor, in the social game of the home, and has become proficient enough to win prizes among his friends, the next step with him is to seek out the gambling room, for he has learned, and now counts upon his efficiency to hold his own. The saloon men and gamblers chuckle and smile when they read in the papers of the parlor games given by the ladies, for they know that after a while those same men will become the patrons of their business. I say, then, the parlor game is the college where gamblers are made and educated. In the name of God, men, stop this business in your homes. Burn up your decks and wash your hands. The other day I overheard two ladies talking on the street. One said: 'I am going to have a card party, and am going to the store to buy a pack of cards. Which are the best kind to get?' The other replied, 'Get the Angel card. It has an angel on the back.'

"Think of dragging the pure angels of heaven into this infernal business."

After he had taken his seat another converted ex-gambler, who led the men's meeting in the Second Presbyterian church the following Sabbath, arose and said: "I endorse every word which the brother before me has just uttered. I was a gambler. I learned to play cards, not in the saloon, nor in my own home, but in the homes of my young friends, who invited me to play with them and taught me how."

Instances coming under our observation confirm the tendency spoken of by the gambler, many of which are tragedies as appalling as any ever placed upon the boards of a theatre.—Christian Advocate.

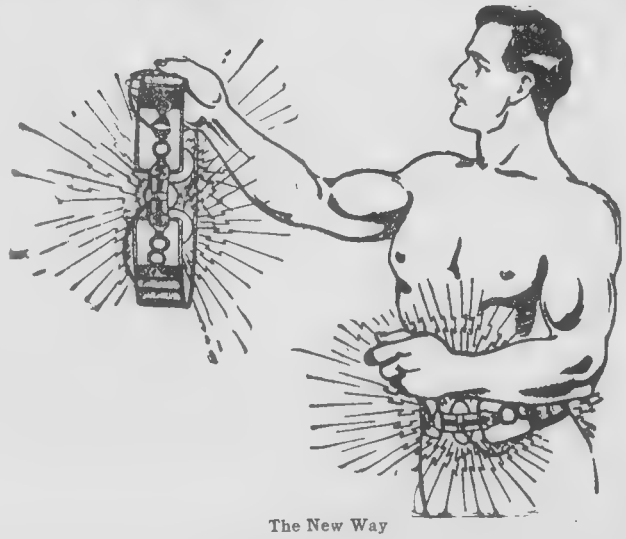
A New Way to Regain Health and Happiness

The Old Way

Long ago, when I first lifted my voice of warning against drugs and patent medicines, and began my first great fight in favor of Electricity as a curative agent, I found anything but smooth sailing against superstition and prejudice, but knowing I was on the right track, I pounded away, backing my judgment with what money I had, and have lived to see the great change of sentiment that has now come over the public.

I have done my part in showing that this whole scheme of taking something out of a bottle, a vest pocket box, or to have something "rubbed on," in order to regain one's health and strength, is principally pure superstition. I have taught that, while the drug had a certain known direct effect, it had another and after effect that could not be foretold; that this after effect, or reaction, often causes other diseases, and produces complications and aggravations that require more drugs to mitigate; that this drugging habit, once entered upon, has no end this side of the grave.

The old methods are wrong, I tell you; the whole scheme is wrong. I have proved to the world that nearly all human disorders can be cured by removing the primary causes, and if you will consult me, if you will read my book, which is free for the asking you can learn something about this subject that will interest every Man and Woman who is in search of Health.



The New Way

If you feel that your Health and Strength—your vital stamina—are on the wane, if your liver has got in your eye, your heart in your boots, if you are not the Man or Woman, physically or mentally, you should like to be, I can give you the means of getting back the Strength and Vigor you have lost; a process of treatment founded upon common sense; one in which the use of drugs in any form does not enter.

Again and again I have preached that "Electricity is Life;" that by building up the nervous energy of the body by a constant and steady infusion of this life force, the causes of seven-tenths of the weaknesses and diseases to which human flesh is heir can be effectually overcome.

Do you want proofs, Mr. Skeptic? I will give you an abundance of them. "An ounce of proof is worth a ton of assertion." Below is a sample of the kind of evidence I have to offer. Write to me and I'll give you more.

Dear Sir,—I am perfectly satisfied with the Belt you sent me. I followed your advice as far as possible and I have not been troubled with Rheumatism since. I have felt better this winter than I have done for four before. It was always in the fall and spring I was troubled with it. Yours, etc. **GEORGE MILNE, 69 McAdam Ave., Winnipeg, Man.**

Dear Sir,—After using your Belt for pains in the back for one month, I find it has cured me. I think it is the cheapest investment I ever made, as I have paid out more money for doctor's medicines which did me no good than would have paid for the Belt. Thanking you for your valuable service and wishing you success.—**FRANK HOWARD, Woodbend, Alta.**

Dear Sir,—I cannot praise your Belt too much for what it has done for me. I am strong and active again. I kept it a secret from my friends and they are always asking me how I came to be looking so well and strong, and I just show them my Belt, and say that is what did it.—**A. MATTHEWS, No. 44 Osboren Street, Winnipeg, Man.**

Do you doubt it? If so, any man or woman who will give me reasonable security can have my Belt, with all the necessary attachments suitable for their case, and they can

Pay Me When Cured

My Belt is a success. It is a remedy upon solid scientific fact. Already it is proved that my Belt is a cure for hundreds of ailments that drugs and other medicines have failed to cure. For weak and broken-down men and women my Belt is the only logical remedy—the only effective remedy.

My Belt has proved a complete and lasting cure for Indigestion (Dyspepsia), Constipation, Headache, Drowsiness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Weakness of the Back, Nervous Debility, General Debility, Sleeplessness (Insomnia), also Female Weakness, Menstrual Complaints, Inflammation, Bearing-down Pains, Dizziness. It improves the blood circulation, it restores lost vitality, it corrects every sign of mental impairment and physical breakdown in Men and Women.

FREE BOOK

Every man who admires the perfection of physical strength should read my beautifully illustrated Book. It tells how strength is lost and how to restore it with my Electric Belt. I will send this Book closely sealed, free upon request. If you are not the man you should be, write today. I have a book for women also.

Put your name on this coupon and send it in.

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Say Something Nice.

Frank Britt.

Don't say it, neighbor, no,
That angry word.
Just let your grievance go
I'm sure 'twere better so
By all unheard.
'T will not help him nor you;
Less said, the less to rue.
Yes, let it go unsaid;
Take good advice;
Don't speak to hurt; instead,
Say something nice.

Don't, brothers, be like bears;
It's all your loss.
Smooth down your bristling hairs;
Shake off your fighting airs;
Be sweet, not cross.
Far better, side by side
In love and peace abide.
Yes, boys, don't snarl nor snap
Not once nor twice.
Dont storm nor stamp nor slap;
Say something nice.

Don't—hear me, man and wife—
Scold, scold, and scold.
Too short the days of life
To spend so much in strife;
Your temper hold.
Speak words of love and praise;
Recall your courting days;
Mistakes and faults dismiss,
Melt out the ice:
And, with a smacking kiss,
Say something nice.

Don't, parents, chide and chide
Those bairns so true.
Dear boys and girls bright-eyed.
I know they are your pride;
They love you, too.
Don't speak so much of ill,
Their young hearts so to chill.
Much good they do; to more
Kind words entice;
Your help their hearts implore;
Say something nice.

Don't, don't, O mortals blest,
Of life complain.
God gives us what is best,
His gifts His love attest;
From plaints refrain.
No gift deserved, you know;
Then, do not murmur so.
Praise, praise for grace to-day
Above all price;
All wails and woes away,
Say something nice.
—The Christian Endeavor World.

Fragrance of a Gentle Life.

J. R. Miller, D.D.

Once, in crossing a meadow, I came to a spot that was filled with fragrance. Yet I could see no flowers and I wondered whence the fragrance came. At last I found, low down, close to the ground, hidden by the tall grass, innumerable little flowers. It was from these that the fragrance came.

I enter some homes. There is a rich perfume of love that prevades all the place. It may be a home of wealth and luxury, or it may be plain and bare. No matter; it is not the house, nor the furniture, nor the adornment that makes this air of sweetness. I look closely. It is a gentle woman, mother or daughter, quiet, hiding self away, from whose life the fragrance flows. There is a wondrous charm in a gentle spirit. The gentle girl in a home may not be beautiful, may not be well educated, may not be musical or an artist or "clever" in any way, but wherever she moves she leaves a benediction. Her sweet patience is never disturbed by the sharp words that fall about her. The children love her, because she never tires of them. She helps them with their lessons, listens to their frets and worries, mends their broken toys, makes dolls' dresses, straighten out the tangles and settles their little quarrels, and finds time to play with them. When there is sickness in the home, she is the angel of comfort. Her face is always bright with the outshining of love. Her voice has music in it as it falls in cheerful tenderness on the sufferer's ear. Her hands are wondrously gentle as their soothing touch rests on the aching head, or as they minister in countless ways about the bed of pain.

"The lives that make the world so sweet
Are shy, and hide like the humble flowers.
We pass them by with our careless feet,
Nor dream 'tis their fragrance fills the bower
And cheers and comforts us, hour by hour."

The Tone of Voice.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said,
And the baby cowered and wept;
"Come here!" I cooed, and he looked and smiled,
And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones my break the heart.

For words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art;
But the tones leap forth from the inner self,
And reveal the state of the heart.

Falling Tree, Swan Valley, North.

Whether you know it or not,
Whether you mean it or care,
Gentleness, kindness, love and hate,
Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid,
And in peace and love rejoice,
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.

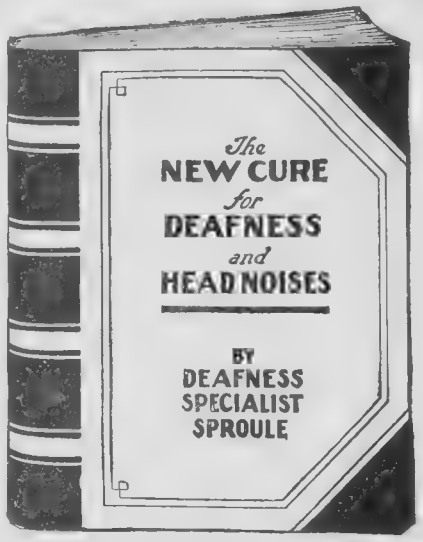
Youth's Companion.

Short-Sighted Horses.

The business of one well-known firm of opticians consists largely in the manufacture of horse spectacles, says an American paper. The object of the spectacles is to promote high stepping. The frames are of stiff leather, entirely enclosing the eyes of the horse, and the glasses used are deep concave and large in size. The ground seems to the horse to be raised, and he steps high, thinking he is going up hill or has to step over some obstacle. This system of spectacles is generally adopted while the horse is young, and its effect on his step and action is said to be remarkable. It has been discovered that the cause of a horse's shying is, as a rule, short sight, and it is now suggested that the sight of all horses should be tested like that of children.

DEAFNESS BOOK FREE

HOW TO REGAIN HEARING



An exceedingly interesting new book that tells about Deafness and how it can be cured right in your own home, is being given away absolutely free of charge by its author, a famous specialist known throughout the country for his great success with Deafness.

This book should be read at once by every one who is deaf, for it contains the latest information in regard to the new method of curing Deafness without any surgical operations, pain, absence from your daily work or inconvenience.

Deafness Specialist Sproule, (Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service) who wrote the book, has for twenty-five years been studying and curing Deafness and the genuine and hearty sympathy and friendliness he feels for all sufferers from this affliction is clearly expressed in its pages.

From cover to cover this excellent book is full of the very help and knowledge that every deaf person needs. It explains all about the formation of the ear, why the deaf cannot hear, the diseases that cause Deafness, and the reason for ringing, buzzing noises in the head and ears. It shows just how the passages of the ear get all blocked up and how the delicate inside parts get out of order. Best of all however, it points out how Deafness and Head-noises are now being cured and clear perfect hearing restored. Remarkably fine pictures of he ear and its various parts illustrate almost every page.

If you are Deaf—if your hearing is failing, or if you suffer from head or ear noises, don't make the mistake of thinking such troubles are incurable.

WRITE FOR THIS BOOK TO-DAY

and read it through carefully from beginning to end. It will give you without any expense, whatever the very information you should have at once in regard to Deafness and its cure. Remember this book is yours just for the asking, and it's well worth asking for. All you need do is to write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the free Coupon and mail to **Deafness Specialist Sproule, 117 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.**

Free Deafness Book Coupon

Name .....

Address .....

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These are first grade garments giving several years' wear. Light, warm and comfortable.

Our stipulation is that you will endeavor, as occasion affords, to introduce our name to your friends, anything you require in dry goods can be supplied by us. We realize that we can only extend our connection in the WEST on the merits of our goods and not by advertising alone; our business being based on

Maximum Quality at Minimum Cost

Remittances in every case must accompany order. Money Orders and Bills accepted. Quotations include Maling and Duty. No vexatious extras.

The GOFF $350. An admirable Knitted Coat, including cap to match, in White, Navy and Reseda (a special greeen). Cost only $3.00 A genuine bargain. In ordering give sleeve and bust measurements.

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11950—WAIST of fine quality English lustre in black, navy blue or white. It opens in front displaying artistic design of wash silk embroidery, blind and open style; tucks in front, at sleeves and at back. Price..... **$1.95**

11480—LADIES' BLOUSE, of good quality white linen. Front shows a dainty band of pure linen embroidered in two alternating delicate tones of pink and cream white. Hem stitched tucks at sides assure necessary fullness. Long similar tucks at back. Laundered cuffs and collar. Tie is not included. In sizes 32 to 42. All white is preferred **$1.49**

14510—PONY COAT of fine knitted worsted, with its "V" neck, alternating fancy stitch, single breasted, closing with pearl buttons, this warm sweater is a most serviceable garment. Comes in black, white, navy smoke grey or cardinal. For the moderate price of..... **$1.79**

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14728—LADIES' MINK MARMOT EMPIRE MUFF, with two heads and four tails, satin lined. Special..... **$6.49**

11460—LADIES' SKIRT, of excellent quality, guaranteed all wool Imported French Voile, in black only. The long height giving lines of this neat and dainty model give grace and style to the wearer. In this smart skirt, the thirteen gores are skilfully arranged to alternate with groups of deep graceful plaits that are tailor stitched to a little below hip line. Its possession will help to acquaint you with the advantages to be derived from regular purchasing at the "BON-TON"..... **$6.95**

1835—MISSES' BLACK CARACUL COAT, 48 inches long. Material is of a good quality, bright and glossy. Semi-fitting back and high turn-over collar, it closes in front with fancy metal buttons and cord loops; sleeves have turn back cuffs which are trimmed like the collar as well as side pockets with a good quality silk braid, just enough trimming to render coat very smart and dainty. Lined throughout with farmer's satin. Price..... **$11.95**

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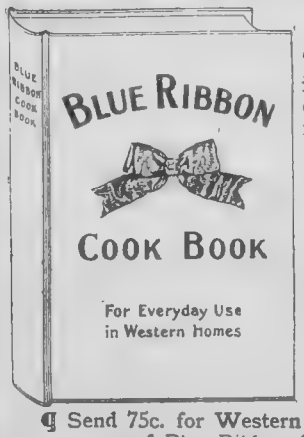
We pay the delivery charges to any part of Canada. Our guarantee tag of satisfaction or money back is attached to each article. If you have not received the beautiful Bon-Ton Catalogue of winter styles, send for it to-day. It is **free** and will save you money.

The Bon-Ton Company

433 St. Joseph Street **Quebec, Que.**

You Need This Book



AFTER you use it awhile, you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. Everything is so simple and clear and practical it's just like having some wise old cook at your elbow. And with so many dishes to choose from, both old and new, there's no need of cooking the same old things time after time.

Even if you have a fairly good one already, you need the Blue Ribbon Cook Book.

It is specially prepared for everyday use in Western homes and is practical and up-to-date. For instance, all ingredients are given by measure instead of weight, so you do not need scales.

Not a cheap advertising booklet, but a complete, reliable cook book, strongly bound, clean, white, washable oilcloth. And here's your chance to get it.

¶ Send 75c. for Western Home Monthly for one year and we will send you a copy of Blue Ribbon Cook Book, FREE.

Woman and the Home.

The Child

By Bertha Gerneaux Woods.

When Mary sang to him, I wonder if
His baby hand stole softly to her lips,
And, smiling down, she needs must stop her song
To kiss and kiss again his finger-tips.

I wonder if, his eyelids being shut,
And Mary bending mutely over him,
She felt her eyes, as mothers do to-day,
For very depth of love grow wet and dim.

Then did a sudden presage come to her
Of bitter looks and words and thorn-strewn street?
And did she catch her breath and hide her face
And shower smothered kisses on his feet?

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

By Sarah S. Jacobs.

"A little child shall lead them—Why?
For that as on this day
Was born beneath Judea's sky
A child to lead the way,
Lead us and them,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

"A little child shall lead them—When
At Christmas, with its song
Of peace on earth, good will to men,
And all the year along,
Lead us and them,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

"A little child shall lead them—How
To give, and ne'er withhold,
Now love in smiles and tears, and now
Myrrh, frankincense and gold,
Lead us and them,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

"A little child shall lead them—Where
Life's pains and perils o'er,
To the green fields and pastures fair
Of the immortal shore,
Lead us and them,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

The Christmas Tree.

By E. M. K.

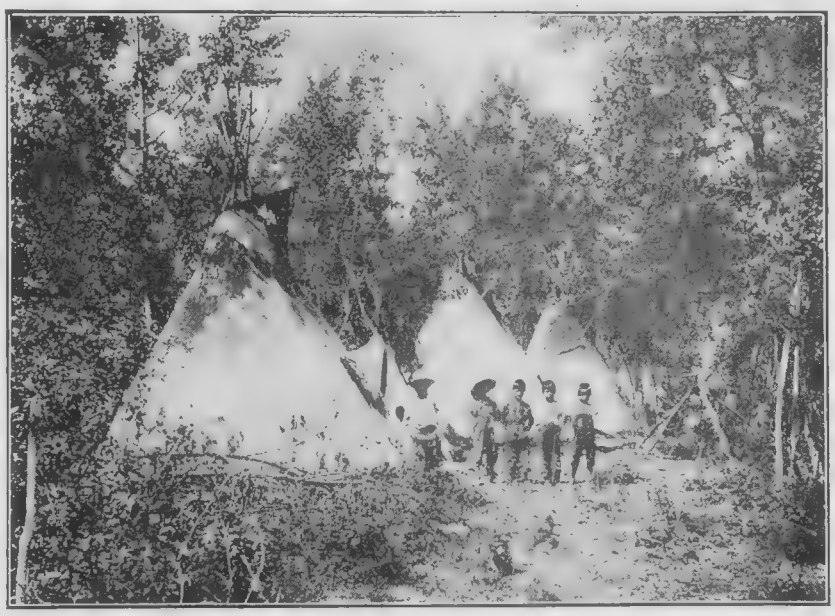
The selecting, preparing and trimming of a Christmas tree is not a trifling matter if you desire, and are able (it really costs but little) to have one as beautiful as it is possible to make it. It involves taste, judgment and care.

In getting a tree, select one that is symmetrical and thickly branched. Look to it that it has not been so long cut that the green spines are brittle, as in such case a warm house atmosphere would cause them to quickly fall off. The first step in preparing a tree is to provide it a base, one that is so secure that it cannot easily be pulled over. To this end saw the trunk off squarely, and nail it (using long nails) to the bottom of a strong wooden box—a soap box serves excellently. To accomplish this lay the tree on the floor, holding up the base, and drive the nails through the bottom of the box. Now raise the tree and fasten four strong cleats across the top of the box, crossing each other, so that the trunk is held tightly in a little square, thus making it absolutely secure. Cover the box (all over) with white muslin; and later, when the tree is finished, the muslin may be effectively concealed by a covering of small green branches.

Now look your tree over and judiciously prune it (without injuring its symmetry) just enough to avoid such denseness as would prevent the decorations having full value.

The next step is the most important—to make the tree safe. That this point is not understood is attested by the list of casualties which is a prominent feature of December 26 newspapers. If candles are attached to the tree's branches they are liable at any moment to turn, or become detached, inviting disaster. But they may be perfectly secured to radiating rods, varying in length from six inches at the top to three feet or more at the bottom; which rods, of course, should conform to the tree's outline. If painted green, the rods become an integral part of the tree, but they may become an important part of the color scheme of the decoration, if brightly tinted. To fix the rods (it is best to paint them first), lay the tree down and with an auger bore holes at six-inch intervals, spirally, from the base to the top of the trunk; then, with a knife, whittle the ends of the rods to fit the holes, put them in, giving them a few taps of the hammer at the outer end to drive them home. When all are in position, raise the tree again to its place. And here mechanics end, and art begins.

The very essence of the Christmas tree idea is, especially in the minds of the children, that it not only should be beautiful, but also should bear Christmas fruit. Yet I have seen trees ablaze with lights and glittering baubles, with never a goodie to eat. The pity of it! the disappointment of it! Aye, the wrong of it, since the tree is there with its promise. Practically, it is a saving to digestion to place the Christmas sweets intended for children on trees, as they dismantle them slowly, being reluctant to spoil their beauty. Let nearly every article then on the Christmas tree be a receptacle for something good, or fruits, not requiring receptacles. Make a number of little bags (of silk or silkaline) for holding sugared popcorn, dates, nuts



Five little Indian boys.

and raisins. The same filling will answer for cornucopias, of which there should be a generous number, and in varying sizes and colors. Gilded walnuts make a very effective decoration, and they always delight children, because, pretty as they are, they may be cracked and eaten. Use English walnuts, and first pass a wire around each one and secure it, leaving an end for attaching to the tree. Brush all the nuts over with thin shellac or mucilage, and when dried to the "tacky" point, roll each in copper leaf (which looks just like gold leaf, but is cheap), making no effort to do it neatly, but rather letting the leaf hang raggedly down.

Christmas cakes are a great feature for trees, the German "lebkuchen" especially, the more expensive martzipan, too, and the plain ginger cakes of heart and other shapes; not forgetting the "gingerbread man," so dear to the heart of Eugene Field. Any baker furnishing such cakes will add a child's name in icing (specially effective for large heart-shaped cakes), a point which never fails to impress children as an evidence of Santa Claus's astuteness and affection.

A basket decoration is exceedingly pretty. In the toy department of large stores tiny baskets (of capacity from a teaspoonful to a half pint) may be had in every conceivable shape and color. Each should, of course, be filled with confections. Stick candy, both the large and tiny sizes, should be tied in small bunches by ribbon, and disposed liberally over the tree; and if you can get the old-fashioned hearts, animals, windmills and grotesque figures of pure sugar (not terra alba), give them a place.

Other attractive articles for the tree are tinsel and colored paper fairy slippers, fancy boxes, and other devices (all to be candy filled); gilt paper bands cut like or woven into lattice work for holiday figs; peppermint candy canes, and large and small bonbons (holding paper caps), which may be had in dazzling variety. On the topmost branch (at its outermost spur) the little wax angel or Christ-child must, of course, be attached its size appropriate to the size of the tree. These little figures generally come very shabbily dressed, a matter easily remedied, as the costume only amounts to a tiny skirt and flowing sash. Some perfect oranges and apples are a necessary part of Christmas tree fruit. They must be wired, and, being heavy, should be attached to the branches or rods near the trunk of the tree. In trimming a tree I always place several things on each rod, an apple or orange first, and lighter things in front, before securing the candle on the end. On the tip spur of every branch it is well to wire a paper flower (using the same color and flower for the whole tree). Another flower at the base of the branches "brings out" the heart of the tree. On the end of outermost twigs rings of candy (clear ones, the striped peppermint kind, also the opaque sugar ones) may be slipped, and these, by reason of their number, add greatly to the rich appearance of the tree.

Of course, a Christmas tree should be very gay as to color, and all colors, naturally, are used in its trimming; but if there is a strongly dominant color note the effect is finer. For instance, choose one color for the candles, paper flowers, bags and rods, letting the rest of the items be of any or all colors.

As for Christmas gifts, they should never be hung on a tree. The tree is a wonderful remembrance from Santa Claus, the mysterious. Gifts are from ordinary mortals, family and friends, and should be so labeled.

When the last touch has been given to everything, try to take a look at your tree, in anticipation, through little folks' eyes. Behold its "glories" in glad wonder (if you are sufficiently wise) and forget the "bother" if you have been foolish enough to find it such.

Christmas Thoughts.

A dear old grandmother wondered what she could possibly achieve from her scanty hoard that would bring pleasure to her four "girls" in their busy, happy homes. One day a letter from one of them gave her a suggestion, so her scrap-bag was brought out and many careful stitches were taken. Upon Christmas day four busy mothers received each a box containing bands of the most exquisite buttonholes, all ready for use. There were bands suit-

Give Thought to Your Underwear Buying

Many people buy underwear in a haphazard way—

They are fastidious about their suits, their hats, their gloves, their boots, but not so much so about underwear.

Yet the fact remains that comfort and health **depend more on underwear than all other clothing.**

If all the facts of underwear were known, every man or woman who values health and appreciates comfort would order.

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The example of thousands who **examine first and buy next** is a safe one to follow, as the most intelligent and critical people **always buy JAEGER**

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able for dainty waists and underclothing, and many others stout and strong for the children's clothing, all made in the secure and painstaking manner grandmother had learned in her youth. Stitched on beneath a fold of material, these bands simplified the making of many a garment, and the busy mothers had cause to thank the dear old lady for many days to come.

A woman who diffuses more "good cheer" among the poor each Christmas than any of her neighbors, who are many times more blessed with worldly goods than she, says she manages by means of her "poor box." In her storeroom is a large covered box in which she places garments and various articles no longer needed in the household, but which still retain possibilities for usefulness. These things are carefully repaired, cleaned and pressed, and given where she thinks they are most needed. They are as carefully done up and marked as any of her gifts, and each package always contains at least one new addition, fruit or nuts, or perhaps a new handkerchief, to add its freshness to the rest of the contents. Thus she gladdens many hearts with what most people hang in the attic or sell for a few cents to the rag man.

The Christmas Spirit.

By Ruth Hall.

Two men met at the foot of the elevated road steps. They were old college friends, tho' they seldom came in each other's way nowadays. One was dressed with modest elegance. He carried his stick through the middle, and held an evening paper between the well-gloved fingers of one hand.

The other muttered under his breath: "Of course. Just my luck to run across Brent to-night of all nights in the year!"

His arms were heaped with curiously shaped packages from which the wrappings were half-slipped. A woolly lamb thrust its head confidingly into his breast-pocket, and the long tongue of a little cart ran up about one shoulder.

"Christmas shopping, you see"—he explained, nodding his head—he could not move his hands—and smiling in embarrassment.

The other bowed gravely: "I see," said he, very gently; "you can't get at your change pocket. Let me help you, Aleck."

Alexander Sanson stared. Brent and he had not called each other by their Christian names for many a year. After they were seated side by side in the upward moving train he felt called upon to explain his purchases still further: "There are so many last things to be attended to," he said, "and Mamma always worries if everything isn't sent home by noon of the 24th. There's such a rush on Christmas Eve."

"I suppose so," replied Avery Brent. "I have no children." He looked down at the woolly lamb which he still held on his lap."

"I don't know," Sanson continued, with a foolish look, "what Johnny would do if he woke to-morrow morning and found Santa Claus had forgotten to bring his drum."

"You have a son?"

"Three of them. Lively, mischievous fellows." The look grew fonder and more foolish, but the man beside him did not sneer: "The oldest is eleven. That's Johnny. The drum's for Johnny."

He managed, in spite of his bundles, to reach into a coat pocket, and draw out a wallet. They were wedged so closely together that Brent could not avoid seeing something of its contents. There were several photographs among the papers. There was a ring of golden hair. Sanson drew out a folded slip and handed it to his companion.

"That's my eldest's first letter," he said, "it was sent by mail to my office from the house one day."

Brent examined the communication. It consisted of unbroken rows of obtuse angles made with a sharp lead pencil. Underneath was written in a woman's hand: "Johnny wants me to say that this means: 'I miss Papa ordilly.' I hope you will read it so."

Avery Brent gave back the paper. "How many are there?"

"Five of them. I tell you we have lively times, these holidays!"

There was no answer. The man at his side stared out into the night with eyes that saw nothing. His thoughts were busy with that handsome, unhomelike house, just off the Avenue, toward which he was hastening now. That house came to him in his loveless, ambitious marriage. There was a beautiful woman there who was engrossed in society as he in business. To-morrow he would give her the diamond star she had selected, and she would bestow upon him the set of Landor he had suggested to her.

"Here I am," he cried, as the guard opened the door: "Good-night—and—and"—

"A Merry Christmas," returned Sanson, gayly.

Mrs. Sanson ran to the door on hearing the click of her husband's key. He had to set down his parcels before he could stoop to kiss her: "Children out of the way?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh yes, I saw to that. They're in the nursery. But Papa, what do you think," she whispered cautiously: "Shirley Longworth's in the drawing-room. She's dreadfully in the way."

"What on earth brought her here, of all nights?"

"Hush! she'll hear. She was passing, she said, and dropped in. I'm sorry; but —oh, Shirley, you're not going?"

The two moved with a hypocritical smile, toward the young woman who, at that moment drew aside the portiere. She was tall and handsome, with an air of self-sufficiency and confidence. Several notebooks were tumbling out of her muff.

"I must go, dear," she answered, shaking hands with Mr. Sanson. "I have an engagement, after dinner, at the Old Men's Home, to see about to-morrow's dinner. I just ran in to look at the children, you know."

Elk.

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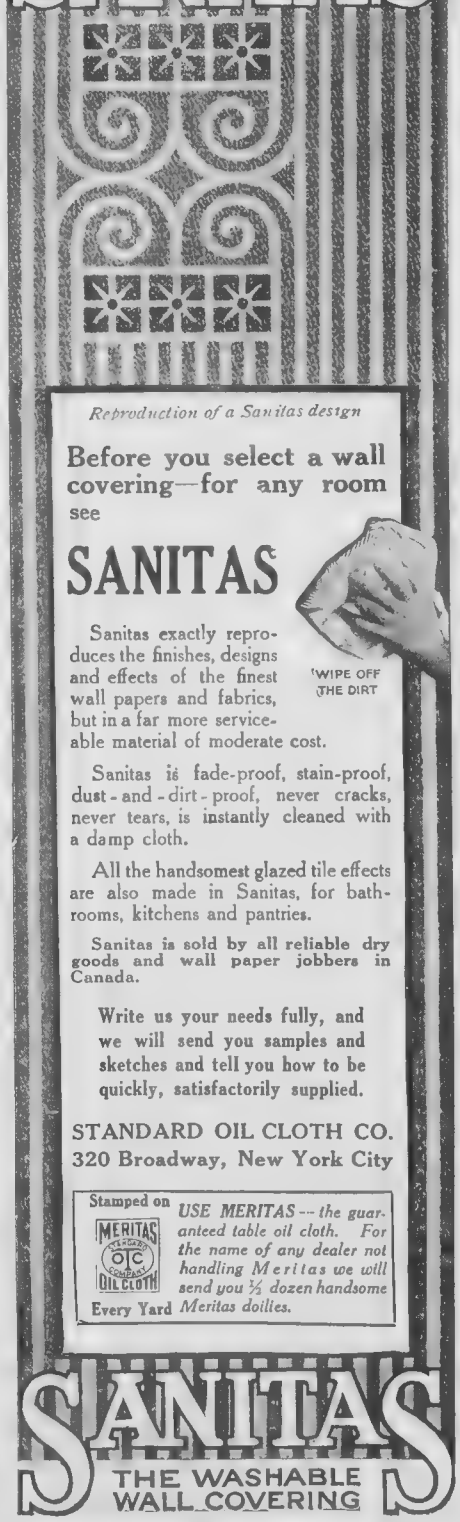

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Western Canada Factory,
797 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg.

Her face had not relaxed from its cold dignity. Suddenly it lighted as she darted toward a great,, round bundle which Sanson had just set down: "You did get Johnny's drum!" she said, excitedly.

"Good-by, Aunt Shirley," piped a chorus of shrill voices over the banister. "Wisht ye Merry Chris'mus!"

She turned her face upward, standing at the foot of the stairs: "Wisht ye Merry Chris'mus!" she called back to them.

Alexander Sanson regarded her curiously: "What beautiful eyes Shirley has!" he remarked to his wife, after she had gone.

To the woman, picking her way through the icy streets to her boarding house, there was no remembrance of the Esoteric meeting she had been attending, or the First-Aid-to-the-Injured lecture, or the Old Men's Home. She saw nothing but five rumpled yellow heads thrust over the railing. She heard only a piping chorus, wishing her a Merry Christmas.

The Sanson family were at dinner when a maid returned from answering the bell: "It's Father Bonham, ma'm," she said to her mistress: "and he wants to know can't he come right down here?"

"Oh dear," sighed the little woman, "what a time to choose! Christmas Eve! I suppose it's some charity or other. Shall he come, Papa?"

"I don't see how it can be helped. I hope he won't stay long. Yes, Mary, lay a place for him by Emily there."

A thin-faced, pale young student followed the maid's returning footsteps.

Lunch on the Drive.

He was dressed in the rigid style of an Anglican order. He was a distant cousin of Mrs. Sanson's, and the children hailed him as an old friend.

"You can see us hang up our stockings," Frank announced.

"I'm afraid not, my boy; I wish I could; but it's a busy time for me."

He played with a bit of bread, but ate nothing.

"You look worn out, Julius," said Mrs. Sanson, in her motherly way. "You have been overworking, as usual."

"Oh, I don't mind that. I did think, as I was in this part of town, I would stop a moment to rest. But I'm all right. Children, there are some little gifts upstairs for you. I brought them with me."

There was a shout of rapture.

"If we could be excused"—hinted Emily, glancing toward the foot of the table.

"Just this once," added Frank, persuasively.

"You know its against the rule," began the mother.

"But Christmas Eve"—

"Yes, it's Christmas Eve, Mamma," plead their father. "Just this once."

So she gave permission.

Father Bonham drew Frank and Johnny to him as they were slipping past.

"You know whose birthday to-morrow will be?" he began.

"Yes," replied Johnny, reverently; "it's our Saviour's."

"And do you remember what St. Luke told us about Him, when He was a little boy like you two here? About His duty towards His parents?"

"He 'was subject unto them.'" replied Frank, in a low voice.

"That's your pattern, remember. It means you must mind your father and your mother. Good-night, my dears."

"Good-night," they called, "and Merry Chris'mus!"

His severe lips softened to a gentle repose. The door closed on the noisy group, and he turned to Sanson. The mother had taken her baby from his high-chair beside her, and held him clasped in her arms.

"Look, Aleck," said the priest, somewhat huskily. "That is the Christmas Spirit." He went on hurriedly, as if ashamed of his emotion, and gradually relapsing, as clergymen are apt to do, into his pulpit utterances: "'One becomes so heartily sick of the barter and sale fashion in which this feast is celebrated. It has grown to mean 'give and take' among friends, and an attempt to establish benefits between acquaintances. There is imposition, and greed, and pauperism in our charities. I believe you parents who give to your little ones, from pure love, asking no return, are the truest exponent of Divine Charity, and of what our Christmas Day should mean."

Some time later, Alexander Sanson came in from the library to greet some guests. He loked disconcerted, and so did the old gentleman on the divan.

"I said we would be malapropos," he commenced his greeting.

A portly, domineering dame, in sables and rustling silk, rose too. She was President of half the "Boards" in town.

"I had a pamphlet for Mrs. Sanson," she began.

"I'm sorry, Mrs Keith. My wife is—in fact, she's putting the children to bed. You see, they're all wrought up to-night. They seemed to need her. We've been hanging up the stockings."

He could not have told what in her manner led him to speak so fully. Suddenly he recalled hearing that the Keiths had a son once who "went wrong."

She took a step forward: "Oh, I wonder," she exclaimed, "if I could'nt go upstairs, very softly, and see them in their cribs?"

"I think you could," said Aleck.

Mrs. Sanson sat in the low rocking chair in the middle of the dimly lighted room. She held a carefully muffled little body in her arms; her thin, worn face was pressed close to the pink cheek of her baby. At either end of the room stood two small cribs. Four rumpled, yellow heads were supported on four round elbows.

"Go on, Mamma," said Frank: "'Now Dancer, now Prancer!'"

"No, no," corrected Emily. She'd got to: He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot.'"

Mrs. Sanson knew nothing of her unseen auditor in the dusky hall outside; she knew nothing of the woman who crept softly down the stairway when she had heard the sleepy voices murmuring, with their good-nights, "and Merry Christmas."

"I wish ev'ybody Merry Christmas," added Bessy, in the plentitude of her goodwill.

"And now I hope we won't have any

One application of

Royal Vinolia Cream

Will instantly prove its curative and soothing qualities.

All cases of skin irritation—

SUNBURN, ACNE SPOTS, PIMPLES, CHAPS, INSECT BITES, CHILBLAINS, REDNESS, ROUGHNESS, ITCHING,

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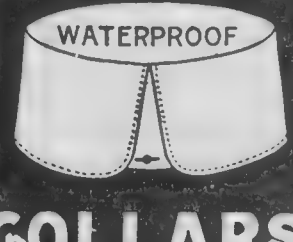

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Save you money

Stop all laundry troubles. "Challenge" Collars can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth—smart and dressy always. The correct dull finish and texture of the best linen.

If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand write us enclosing money, 25c. for collars, 50c. per pair for cuffs We will supply you. Send for new style book.

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Old Dutch Cleanser

Full directions & many uses on large Sifter-Can, 10c

Send Us $2.50

Receive this child's late style dress, the material is all wool serge, Navy, good weight and fine for a warm fall and winter dress. The price is low because we secure the cloth in remnants from our Ladies' Suit Factory otherwise the price would be near double what we ask. The dress is made with a wide belt below waist from which spring a full pleated skirt. When ordering give age and if over 10 give bust, waist, and neck measure also sleeve measure of under arm seam also length down back from neck to desired length. $2.50 is the price up to and including 8 years, over 8 and to 12 years the price is $2.95. Order this dress to-day. You will be well pleased with it. Guaranteed to be just as represented. Add 20c. for postage.

Standard Garment Co.
10 Coote Block, London, Ont.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

more interruptions," exclaimed the young father, after the Keiths had gone. "We've a good hour's work before us."

He led the way to the library, where five dangling stockings waited, at the chimney corner, their magic ministrations.

At that moment Brent in his club, Bonham in his Guild house, Shirley Longworth at the Old Men's Home, and Mrs. Keith at her suffrage meeting were, one and all seeing, with the mind's eye, one and the same thing—and that, too, was a row of dangling stockings.

Father Speaks.

Merry Christmas, one and all!
What a sunny holiday!
Who left bundles in the hall?
Can't you see they're in the way?
Move that tree a little bit,
I keep falling over it.

Children, show me all your toys,
There is room to spread them here,
What is that infernal noise?
Hold it further from my ear!
Don't restrain 'em; let 'em play;
Christmas is the children's day.

Just the things you want have come?
Queer how Santy seems to know!
Go ahead and pound your drum,
You may smash it sooner, so.
What? More slippers for your dad?
That makes seven pairs I've had.

Mary, give that child a lift,
Those are my cigars he's on.
Postman calling for a gift?
'Fraid that every cent has gone.
Don't you think it would be wise
Next month to economize?

Turn that baby upside down!
See—h—e's swallowing a wire!
Hello, uncle! You in town?
Help! The Christmas tree's on fire!
Bring some water right away!
Whoop, hurrah! It's Christmas day!

Making Housework Easy.

It is hardly conceivable how many busy housewives "get along" as best they can without the many modern devices helps of various kinds which make housework endurable to the women of refinement and small physical strength, who still must do their own housework without the assistance of a permanent maid.

Many times it is a matter of so-called economy. Very doubtful economy, indeed, which saves the pocketbook at the expense of the physical health, the money thus "saved" being expended for headache powders, tonics, and medicines, made necessary by the overwork and exhaustion of the hurried housekeeper.

Every little convenience which saves the housewife and mother time and strength for her family and for a little personal rest and recreation should be welcomed, and not looked upon as a kitchen extravagance.

Take, for instance, the carpet sweeper. How did we ever get along without it? Yet there are many women to-day who still wield the back-wrenching broom to the point of exhaustion and who waste hours with the whiskbroom and dustpan, taking up the crumbs after meals, the threads after sewing, and the light dust of each day when they could accomplish far better results in a few moments and with almost no exertion by the use of the accommodating and thorough carpet sweeper.

When floors must be washed a self-wringing floor mop, with a long handle attached, will prevent mental distaste, a tired back, aching wrists, and bruised hands.

Where hardwood floors must be polished or, at least, kept well dusted, a long-handled floor polisher made of thick, soft felt, costing perhaps, forty or fifty cents, will be most effective and will find its way surprisingly well even into the elusive corners.

The washing-machines on the market are so cleverly planned, so perfect mechanically, and so successful in their results that they ought not to need any special recommendation. Many of them really do all that is claimed for them; they save time and strength for the busy worker and wear and tear on the clothes.

Then there are many minor helps which may seem trifling but which count greatly to gentlewomen in lightening the disagreeable part of kitchenwork.

A small stiff brush for scrubbing potatoes, carrots, turnips, etc., will do the work quickly and effectively, and will save the hands from the penetrating dust, which is so difficult to remove from the pores of the skin.

A can of lye should be kept handy, as it will promptly and easily remove grease and stains from pots, pans, and kettles, where otherwise a very great amount of "elbow grease" and time would be needed, and even then would not accomplish as good results. Of course, care must be taken in using lye, not to let it or the water in which it has been dissolved, touch the hands, as it will burn. A long-handled dish mop, however, will do the work nicely. Indeed, the lye will "cut" the grease from the dish mop and thoroughly clean it as well.

Soap powders are often much more effective than soap for the ordinary dish washing.

Naphtha soap, if rubbed on soiled clothes and allowed to soak for an hour or two, will cause the dirt to fairly shake out. At the finest Eastern school for turning out domestic-science teachers naptha soap is highly recommended for washing very soiled garments, and claimed to be non-injurious. Some people say that it makes the hands tender. I think this is only in rare instances, where any washing-soap would be harmful, and many times because the hands are not properly dried each and every time they are taken from the water.

This reminds me of the little toilet necessaries which should be kept convenient in the kitchen. There is no reason why one's hands should look bad and feel worse because of dirt and stains or because of dry, reddened, and chapped skin and uncared for bruises and cuts.

A very little timely attention will do wonders for their appearance and comfort.

A half lemon, placed where one can reach it easily, will remove all sorts of stains and ground-in dust, where nothing else seems to be at all effective.

A tube of semi-liquid or a bottle of fluid cream should be kept where it can be applied and well rubbed into the skin after drying the hands. It will take less than a minute of time and will soften the skin and keep the hands cool and comfortable.

A bottle of collodion or any of the new skin preparations, if applied with a tiny brush or toothpick, will antiseptically seal all sorts of cuts, scratches, and burns and will stay on through many washings, thus giving them opportunity to heal, where exposure to further hard usuage will prevent their healing indefinitely and will keep them smarting and sore for days.

The old Irishman's philosophy was excellent and will apply here: "If you can't be aisy, be as aisy as you can."
—Janet Sweet.

A Song of Helpfulness.

Look up, sad heart!

Sorrows are but to prove you;
The skies are bright above you;
The hearts are warm that love you
Look up, not down!

Look out, sad heart!
The world is bright around you!
Let not despair confound you,
Nor Satan's arrows wound you—
Look out, not in!

Look forward, love!
The way is straight before you;
Walk firmly, I implore you;
And heaven will strength restore you—
Forward, not back!

Help others, live!
So do, you will be stronger,
Appeased your own heart's hunger,
Your lease of life be longer—
Yes, lend a hand!
—William Anwyl Jones.

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Waste no time with common, complicated separators. You will want a Tubular until you have one—so why not get it in the first place. The manufacture of Tubulars is one of Canada's leading industries. We made the first separators manufactured on this continent and have been at the business thirty years. Write for illustrated catalog No. 248 telling all about Tubulars.

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Order This Dress To-day

Comes in soft warm cloth in plain colors for winter wear, Black, navy, dark green, dark grey, dark brown, dark red, also a fine luster in same colors as above and for evening wear in cream, pink, and sky blue. Give bust measure, waist measure, hip measure and length of skirt in front. This dress consists of a waist and skirt; waist has two tucks on each shoulder and tucked cuff, front of waist is trimmed with a tucked front and braid just as pictured; Skirt is made in the new side gore pleated style; 14 large satin buttons trim the dress. $4 is all that we ask for this suit in either material. Order this wonderful bargain today, ask for suit No. 5, add 35c for postage. Mention this paper. National Suit Co., 5 Knox Block, London, Ont.

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY HOME PATTERN CUTTING CHARTS

The Greatest Invention of its kind. GIVEN FREE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

The All-in-One Pattern-Chart is the greatest invention of its kind for women who do their own sewing. It's really so wonderful that you will scarcely believe all our claims, but the moment you get one of these charts and read the simple directions, you'll find every one of our claims as true as gospel.

The All-in-One Pattern Chart is the invention of Mr. Berkowitz—a designer of repute, who for the past 35 years has fashioned Ladies' and Children's Waists, Cloaks and Dresses for the leading pattern houses. These Pattern-Charts are the outcome of years of study. They are made with mathematical precision and are so perfect that a child could not even go wrong if directions are followed.

There are 5 Sets of Charts, viz.: Ladies' Dress and Cloak, Ladies' Shirt-Waist, Girls' Dresses and Boys' Suits. The great feature of the Charts is that on each Chart you find a pattern for **any possible size in any possible style.** To be more explicit, we will take the Shirt-Waist Chart as an example. Let us suppose that you have three daughters, five nieces, a mother and a grandmother, each of whom want a Shirt-waist. No two of them can wear the same sized waist. No two of them want to wear the same style of waist. Under ordinary circumstances, you would have to buy a different pattern for each one of them. With the One-in-All Chart, however, you can make a perfect waist for **yourself, your mother, grandmother and nieces.** Wonderful, isn't it! Now then, how much more wonderful is it when we tell you that this same Chart will furnish you with patterns for every lady from 17 to 70 in any conceivable style? It's hard to believe, but that's just what the One-in-All Chart will do, and the same idea applies to the Cloak, Girls' Dress and Boys' Suit Charts.

With these One-in-All you can cut clothes all your life, for your whole family and all your neighbors' families in any number of styles. The charts are so constructed that changes in styles do not effect them in the least. The directions furnished are so plainly printed on each Chart that it is impossible for you to make a wrong pattern.

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The woman who desires to economize in money and labor cannot possibly allow this opportunity to pass by.

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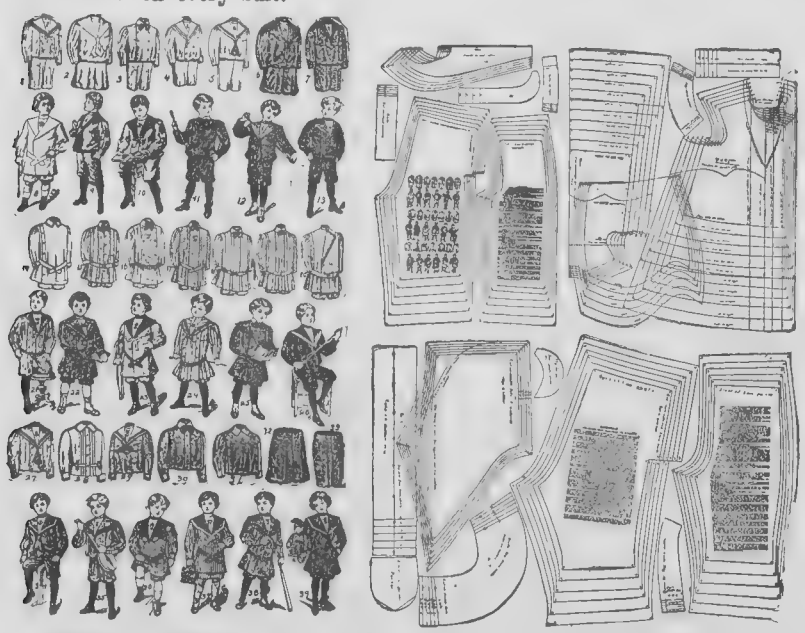

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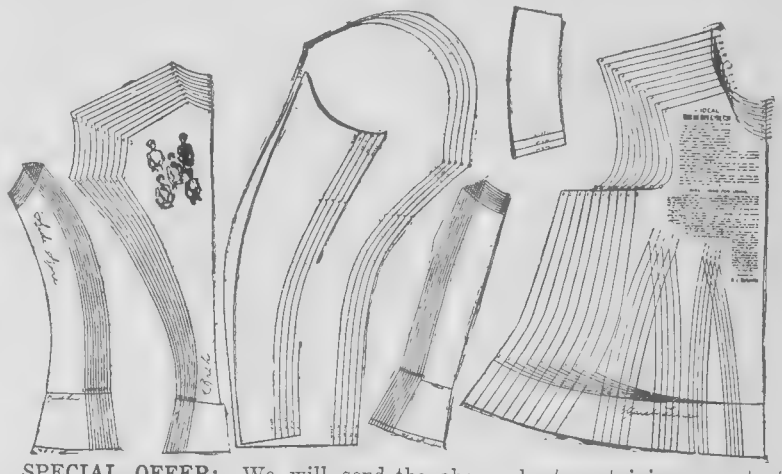

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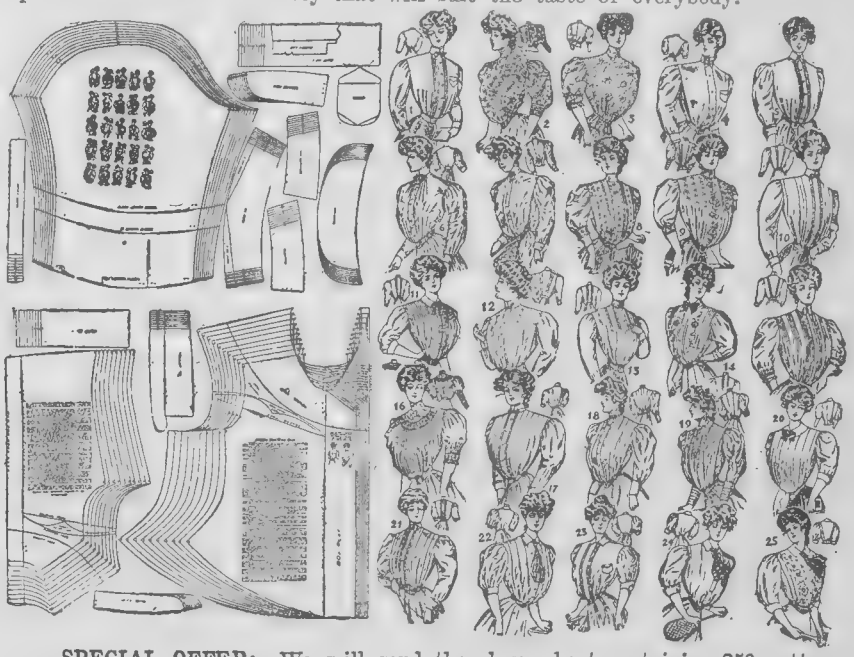

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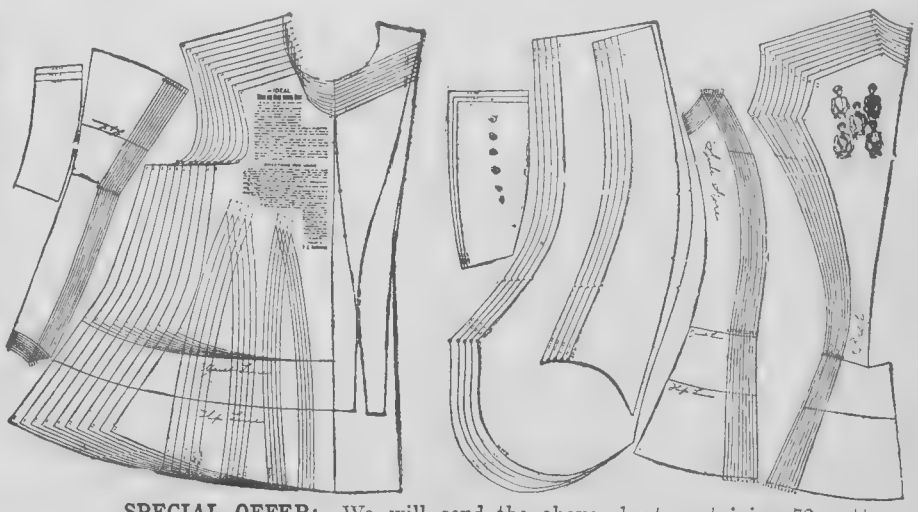

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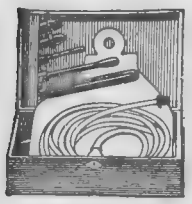
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The Young People.

(We are glad to publish from month to month contributions by boys and girls provided they are worthy. Remember this magazine is for everybody in the home. If you do not see what you want, ask for it.)

The Guest.

Who is it comes with winter rime bespangled
Age on his hair, yet youth within his eyes—
And sprays of holly twisted and entangled
Greenly about his brow, in garland wise?

Who is it comes with glints of sunbright laughter,
Lighting the arches of his bearded lip,
And lusty voice that rings up to the rafter
In greetings of hale-hearted comradship?

Who is it comes with bounty and with blessing,
Which he bestows with such unfailing zest,
And with a love and kindliness caressing?
'Tis Father Christmas! Welcome to our guest?

Sennett Stephens

A Christmas Celebration.

By Carolyn Wells.

"Why, of course," said Betty, "Christmas will be fun, whatever we do; but I mean I'd like to do something specially exciting."

"Such as?" demanded Jack, her adopted brother.

"Oh, I don't know; I can't think of anything. But we can have a party here any time; I'd like to go somewhere else for the day—somewhere where there's something to see and do."

"Restless little Betty," said her mother, smiling. "Well, what do you think of going to Lakewood for a few days?"

Betty looked dubious.

"Lakewood is lovely," she said, "and I do want to go there again sometime; but it doesn't seem just right for Christmas. I want to do something more—more—"

"Rackety," suggested Jack.

"Yes, more gay and festive. I'd like to fly to the North Pole in an air-ship."

"With flags waving and bands playing?"

"Yes. Wouldn't it be fun? What could we do, Mother?"

Her mother caressed Beatty's curly head and smiled indulgently at her, as she said:

"Let me think a minute. There must be plenty of places if you're bent on going away somewhere. How about New York?"

"Oh, that's just right!" cried Betty. "Let's all go to New York to spend Christmas, and see the beautiful things there. Oh, wouldn't we have fun!"

Betty's eyes fairly shone with delight anticipation, and she threw a sofa-pillow at Jack to stir him to greater enthusiasm.

"Wake up Sleepyhead!" she cried. "Come on, let's plan it all."

"If you choose," said her mother, "you might invite Agnes Graham and her brother to go with you."

"Oh, Mother! That will be grand! We'll have the greatest time anybody ever had!"

"Glorious!" said Jack, roused to enthusiasm at last. "It will be fine if Jamie, or "Stub" as we call him, is along. When shall we start?"

"Christmas is next week, Thursday, Betty," said her mother. "Suppose we start about Tuesday and come home on Friday?"

"Just right!" said Betty. "And stay at a fine hotel and go to the shops—and the play? Oh, Mother, could we go to the play?

"Yes, I think we'll go to a matinee," said her mother. "Do you think Mrs. Graham would spare both her children on Christmas day?"

"I don't know," said Beatty, a little doubtfully, "but I'll ask her, and I know Agnes and Stub will be crazy to go, so prob'ly we can coax her into it."

Wheedlesome Beatty did "coax Mrs. Graham into it," though that lady was loath to be separated from her son and daughter at the Christmas season. But the proposed trip was so tempting that permission was finally given, and the four young people were radiant with happiness at the prospect.

"I shall take Lisette," said Mrs. McGuire, speaking of her own maid, "and if I get too tired to take you children around to all the places you want to go to, she can go with you; she is thoroughly reliable and capable."

So everything was arranged.

Tuesday proved to be a clear, cold day, and the party started off in high spirits. Of course the Grahams were Betty's guest for the whole trip.

Though Betty's large fortune, inherited from her paternal grandfother, was all her own, her mother had been appointed her guardian until she should

"Betty threw a sofa-pillow at Jack to stir him to greater enthusiasm."

come of age; and while conscientious and prudent as to expenditures, she also was determined that Betty should be allowed a goodly number of the harmless pleasures that her large income justified her having.

So when the New York trip was decided upon, Mrs. McGuire made every effort to give the children the most enjoyable time possible.

And it was for this reason she proposed taking the two Grahams as guests. Lisette had been with her mistress a long time, and was well versed in looking after the luggage and all such details, so the party had nothing to do but enjoy every moment. But, noticing a tendency on Jack's part to make himself useful and attentive, Betty's mother wisely encouraged it, knowing it was for the boy's own good.

When they reached New York, the children, used to quiet village life of Greenborough, were fascinated and almost bewildered by the noise and confusion. Jack had never been in New York before, and Betty only once, but the bustle and rush of the city appealed to them both, and many kindly people smiled as they noted the shining eyes and eager faces of the four friends.

"A taxicab will not hold us all," said Betty's mother, "so, Lisette, you take the young ladies and Master James in that one, and Jack, will you kindly call that electric hansom for you and me?"

Proud to be of service, Jack beckoned to the hansom driver, and soon the two vehicles were whizzing away to the Plaza Hotel, where rooms had been engaged for the party.

"Well, if this isn't great!" said Stub Graham, who, though addressed by Lisette as "Master James," was "Stub" to the others. "I say, Betty, you're the brickiest sort of a brick to ask us to this splendiferous treat!'

Betty smiled happily. She was looking out at the hurrying throngs of people, the tall buildings, the gay shop-windows, and the jam of traffic, with unspeakable delight in the novelty and excitement of the scene.

"And to think of three days of this gorgeousness! Three whole days!" said Agnes, squeezing Betty's arm in her glee.

They soon reached the hotel and found Betty's mother and Jack already there and waiting for them in the great entrance-hall.

Betty was a little awed by the splendor all about her, and Agnes and Stub were frankly delighted, and looked around with undisguised interest.

But Jack, feeling a new responsibility as the escort of Mrs. McGuire, had, quite unconsciously, acquired a manner as of one accustomed to elaborate hotels and in no way impressed by them. He seemed quite at home and he paid no attention to the surroundings, but in a simple, unaffected, but perfectly correct fashion, he stood by Betty's mother, carrying her wrap gracefully over his arm, and holding himself in readiness to obey her slightest wish.

"Where did Jack get that manner?" thought Betty, in amazement, and then she realized that he was acquiring it merely by association with her mother, and through a natural ability to adapt to himself her innate refinement and gracious ways.

Betty was impulsive herself and now, though secretly moved to mirth by Jack's quiet elegance of manner, she resolved to try harder to improve her own demeanor.

They all went at once to the rooms reserved for them, a beautiful apartment overlooking Central Park.

It was quite a little home of itself, as there was a comfortable sitting-room, attractive dining-room, and four bed rooms with dressing-rooms and baths.

A large room with two beds was allotted to Betty and Agnes, and a similar one across the entrance-hall was for the two boys. Lisette had a small room opening from Mrs. McGuire's own which adjoined the girls' room. In a short time bags and trunks were unpacked and a few individual belongings scattered about, and the apartment seemed quite like a private home.

"Why do we have a dining-room?" asked Betty. "Can't we eat in the big restaurant downstairs?"

"Sometimes, if you choose," said her mother. "But I think our Christmas dinner is a personal sort of feast, and I'd like it better here by ourselves."

"So should I," agreed Jack. "Lots more fun, Betty."

"But we'll dine down-stairs to-night," went on Mrs. McGuire; "so skip away, girlies, and put on pretty frocks for the occasion."

"Isn't it larks!" said Betty, as she and Agnes went to their room to dress. "Look at the beautiful Park! To-morrow we'll take a ride in it. I wish we could go tonight."

"I don't want to go tonight," returned Agnes. "I'd rather stay here in this beautiful hotel. There's so much to see."

"So there is. Hurry and dress. What are you going to wear?"

"I brought my blue voile," said Agnes. "Mother thought that would be right."

"So it is; you look lovely in blue. I'm wearing this Dresden silk. They go nicely together."

Betty expeditiously arranged herself in the pretty light silk frock, and the girls hooked each other up and tied each other's hair ribbons, so that when Lisette came to offer her services, they were quite unnecessary. The boys, too, had made good time with their dressing and awaited the girls in the sitting-room.

"Oh, I wish we were going to dance!" said Agnes. "But I suppose we couldn't in a hotel."

"We can dance up here after dinner,' said Jack. "Mother will play for us, I am sure; for see, there's a piano here!"

Though an adopted son, Mrs. McGuire had asked Jack to call her "Mother,'

and the boy had been only too glad to do so.

"Play for you? Of course I will," said the lady herself, entering the sitting room. "And now we will go down to dinner. Lisette will stay here in charge of everything."

Jack sprang to open the door.

He held it open till the last of his party went through it, and then he closed it and followed them. Somehow he was again in place to push the elevator bell and Mrs. Mcguire looked at him with pride as she noticed his quiet quickness and graceful ways.

Dinner was a delightful experience. Betty was a little bewildered by the array of silver and glass, and Stub frankly inquired which fork to use first, but Jack seemed to know by intuition.

"I'd like to live in a place like this always," said Stub, as he ate his ice-cream.

"So wouldn't I," said Jack. A hotel is all very well for a few days, but it isn't a home."

"That's so," agreed Agnes; " I suppose we'd get tired of it if we had it all the time."

"Well, it's good enough for me," returned Stub. "When I'm a man, I'm going to live in one. I don't see many boys here, though," he added, looking round.

"No," said Mrs. McGuire, smiling; "most boys prefer a home."

And then dinner was over, and they all strolled through the hotel corridor and bought some flowers at the flower-stand, and some illustrated papers at the newsstand, and then went up to their own apartment.

Mrs. McGuire played the piano for them, and they danced a little, and then, after some planning for the next day's entertainment, they all went to rest.

The next day was clear and pleasant, and when breakfast was served in their own dining room, all the party were ready and eagerly awaiting it.

"Then it is decided," said Mrs. McGuire, "that we have our Christmas tree this evening?"

"Oh, yes," said Betty; "Christmas eve is the time for a tree, and to-morrow, on Christmas day, we'll have our feast, our real Christmas dinner. Don't you think so, Agnes?"

"Yes, indeed. And then the tree can stay here, can't it, all day tomorrow? I love to look at a Christmas tree."

"So do I," said Betty. "And as I never had one before, I'll keep this one as long as I can."

It was less than a year since Betty had inherited her fortune, and before that she had been a poor little waif, without money and without a home.

Her mother's heart thrilled with gladness to think that Betty would have a tree this year, and she resolved to do everything in her power to make it a beautiful one.

Very soon after breakfast they started on a shopping expedition.

Two taxicabs were engaged, and the two girls, with Lisette, occupied one, while Mrs. McGuire and the boys rode in the other.

Such fun as they had shopping! They fairly tumbled out of one shop into another. The tree had been ordered from the hotel, but they bought ornaments and candles and festoons of tinsel rope, and Mrs. McGuire bought some other things secretly, as she wanted to have some surprises for the young people. Then everybody bought presents for everybody else. Betty found lovely things for the dear ones who had remained at Denniston, and for the faithful servants there, as well.

She bought presents for her young friends in Greenborough, too, and all these things they had expressed directly home. But the fun was in buying presents for each other. These, of course, must be kept very secret, and Betty would urge Jack in a whisper to take Agnes to another counter and keep her there, while Stub helped Betty choose the present for his sister.

And so with the whole four. Each must be safely removed from the scene of action while his or her gift was purchased.

Betty's mother cautioned the young folks that all gifts be simple and inexpensive.

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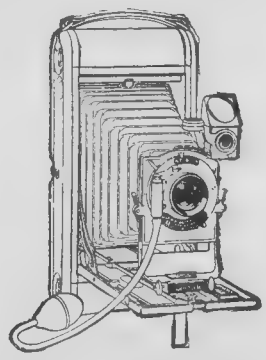

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So Agnes bought for Betty a pretty little white fan that she might carry to evening parties, and Betty bought for Agnes a slender gold bangle.

The boys bought knives for each other, which caused the girls much amusement, for neither Jack nor Stub knew that each had bought a knife, and the girls knew that the knives were exactly alike. Of course Betty wished to give more valuable gifts to Jack and her mother, so, under the guidance of Mrs. McGuire, she bought a beautiful little gold watch and fob for Jack. It was a beauty, and Betty knew it would give the boy the keenest pleasure.

For her mother she wanted to get something very nice indeed, but she had no one with whom to consult. Jack and the Grahams were no better able than herself to advise on such a subject, and Lisette could not be expected to know much about it.

But by a fortunate occurrence, the way was made easy. Betty and her mother had gone to a great jewelry shop to buy Jack's watch, and, after the purchase was completed, they strolled about the shop looking at the beautiful things displayed in the cases.

Suddenly Betty spied a lady whom she recognized. It was Mrs. Sanderson, at whose house in New York Betty had first met Grandma Kinsey.

"Mother," said Betty, speaking very quickly, "will you stay right here and not look around for a few minutes?"

"I can't let you go away from me alone, Betty," said her mother, smiling at the earnest little face.

"But, Mother, I'm only going to the very next counter, and there's a lady that I know."

"Very well; I trust you not to go farther than the next counter; and I'll wait for you here."

"Don't turn round."

"No, but don't be too long."

Betty hurried to Mrs. Sanderson, who was looking at jewels at the next counter.

"How do you do, Mrs. Sanderson?" she said, speaking politely, but very rapidly. "Do you remember me? I'm Betty McGuire, and I was at your house last year with Mrs. Van Court, and I found Mrs. Kinsey there, and now she lives with me."

Mrs. Sanderson looked at the excited little girl, and at last she remembered her.

"Oh, yes," she said; "the little Irish girl who came into a fortune."

"Yes, 'm." said Betty. "That's me, ma'am. And since then I've found my mother, and she's here with me. But I want to buy her a Christmas present unbeknownst to her, and I though you'd be willing to help me a bit if I asked you."

"What a strange child!" said Mrs. Sanderson, putting up her lorgnette to look at Betty again.

"Yes, I am, ma'am. But will you help me buy the present, and then I'll introduce my mother; you'll love her, ma'am, she's that sweet!"

Always when Betty was embarrassed or excited she slipped back into her almost forgotten brogue. And perhaps it was that and the persuasive little voice that touched Mrs. Sanderson's sympathies, for she said kindly:

"Why, certainly, my dear; I'll help you with pleasure. What do you want to buy?"

"I want a small diamond brooch, please, and not too grand a one; my mother doesn't like things too grand. But a plainish one that she could wear every day, and yet a good one at that."

Mrs. Sanderson smiled, but she seemed to understand, and as the affable salesman showed them various styles, she selected one that seemed to fit accurately Betty's requirements.

"This, I think, is lovely," she said; "I'm sure your mother would like it."

"I'm sure, too," said Betty, "and it's the very one I like best myself."

The purchase was completed, and, with the little box in her hand, Betty took Mrs. Sanderson to the next counter to meet her mother. The ladies seemed pleased to know each other, and Betty was very happy.

Then good-by greetings were exchanged and, as it was luncheon-hour, Betty's mother marshaled her brood together.

"I think we won't go back to the hotel for luncheon," she said; "for it's after one o'clock, and we still have some errands to do. So we'll go over to the Waldorf and lunch there, which will give you hotel-loving children another glimpse of a New York Christmas crowd."

This plan was carried out, and the young quartet watched with sparkling eyes the throngs of people on Christmas errands bent.

"Now to finish our errands, and then home," said Mrs. McGuire, after luncheon was over.

But when they reached the hotel again, about mid-afternoon, Betty didn't want to go in.

"Oh, Mother," she pleaded, "the streets are so gay, and the people are all going along with bundles and holly wreaths, and it's all so Christmas-evey, can't we stay out longer?"

Her mother considered.

"I must go in," she said, "and I want Lisette to help me. But, if you wish, you four may go for a ride in the Park or along the Avenue. But you must promise not to get out of the cab. The chauffeur is entirely reliable, and if you stay in the cab, you cannot get lost. Be back here in one hour, please."

"We will," chorused the four, so Mrs. McGuire and Lisette went into the hotel, and the four delighted young folk went for a further ride.

Their course down the Avenue was slow, owing to the crowded traffic; they

"Betty drew closer to her mother's side as she stood speechless before the beautiful tree."

had ample opportunity for observing the people, an amusement of which Betty never tired. Then afterward a short spin in the Park, where the lights had already begun to gleam through the early winter dusk.

"Now for home," said Jack decisively, when the hour had elapsed; and back they went to their hotel.

But when they entered their own sitting-room, nobody was there,—no tree, no presents, and no sign of any human being.

Betty opened the door of her mother's bedroom, but that, too, was unoccupied, as, indeed, were all the bedrooms.

Betty looked frightened, and said, in a half-whisper: "Oh, do you suppose anything has happened to Mother?"

Then Jack laughed outright.

"Oh, Betty," he said; "can't you guess? I'll wager Mother and Lisette are in the dining room and they're fixing the tree in there!"

Sure enough, the dining-room door was closed, and when Betty flew to open it, she found it was locked as well.

"Let us in, Mother; let us in!" she cried.

"Not yet my child," said Mrs. McGuire, opening the door a tiny crack and peeping out. "You must all amuse yourselves till dinner time.

"Oh, can't we help fix it?" said Jack.

"No; I've plenty of help in here, and you must keep out and not bother."

Then the door was shut and locked again, and the young folks laughed to

find themselves with occupation gone.

"All right; let's get up a surprise for her," said Betty.

"Oh, yes!" cried Jack; "just the thing! What'll it be?"

"Wait. I'll have to think. Oh, I'll tell you, Jack; you go down to the flower place, and get a lot of white carnations—just heaps of 'em. And then get a lot of holly, and bring 'em all up, and I'll show you. Oh, wait—get the biggest holly wreath you can find, and a paper of pins!"

Obediently Jack went off. and as the big hotel was able to supply such demands, he brought back everything Betty asked for.

"It won't be much," said Betty, as she tied a big towel over her pretty frock for an apron. "Come in my room, all of you, so she won't see it if she comes out."

The other three followed Betty, and she disclosed her plan. First she filled the center of the big wreath with white carnations, having first crisscrossed it closely with string, to keep the blossoms in place. Then she set the others to work picking off the red berries from the bunch of holly Jack had brought, sticking a pin through each. With these prepared berries Betty formed letters on the white background, and as she deftly did her task they saw the words grow under her fingers, "Merry Christmas to Mother."

"Fine!" cried Stub. "Betty ,you're a real genius! I declare it's the prettiest wreath I ever saw!"

It was pretty, for the holly wreath framed the loving greeting spelled out on the white carnations, and Betty's true eye had spaced the letters admirably.

It was not quite finished when Mrs. McGuire emerged from the dining-room. But Betty hastily stuck in the remaining pins with their red berry heads, and Jack asked Mrs. McGuire not to peep into Betty's room.

"Indeed, I won't," was the reply. "I've only time to dress for dinner, and you young people had better scamper if you want to have any evening left for your tree."

Scamper they did, and soon a very hungry but jolly party made its way down to the dining-room.

The girls were in festival dress because it was Christmas eve. Their white frocks of filmy mousseline were cut out a little at the throat, and red sashes and hair-ribbons gave an air of Christmas to their costumes. Each wore a holly spray in her hair, and Jack declared himself proud of the visions of lovliness that graced his party.

But notwithstanding the jolly time they were having, and the excitement of it all, there was no lingering after dinner.

Though the girls would have liked to stay downstairs and listen to the music and watch the people, yet the tree seemed to call loudly to them, even through the closed door. So up they went, Betty's little face fairly aglow with the happiness of her first real Christmas. She held her mother's hand tightly as, at last, Lisette threw open the door of the dining-room, and they all went in

The tree was a marvel. Stalwart porters of the hotel had set it in place, and had assisted Mrs. McGuire to decorate it. It shimmered and glittered with tinsel ropes; it sparkled with shining ornaments; it trembled with tiny lighted candles, and it fairly blazed with hundreds of tiny electric lights of all colors. This was one of Mrs. McGuire's surprises. Even the Grahams had never seen a Christmas tree electrically lighted, and as for Stub—he fairly whistled in ecstasy.

"Oh, what a corker!" he explained, for more grammatical language seemed inadequate.

Betty drew closer to her mother's side and slipped her arm round her waist, as she stood speechless before the beautiful tree.

"For me!" she exclaimed, her eyes as bright as the electrics themselves.

"Yes," said her mother, bending to kiss the top of her child's head. "And for Jack," she added holding out her hand to the boy, who came, a bit shyly, to her embrace.

"And for all of us," shouted Stub gaily; "you can't leave us out, Mrs. McGuire, and though my small sister seems for the moment to be speechless, yet I can assure you she thinks it's a very nice tree."

"Very nice tree!" cried Agnes; "it's the gorgeousest, wonderfulest tree that ever was on the face of the earth! I know it is!"

After they had admired it over and over, Mrs. McGuire proposed that they take off the gifts, assuring them that such a proceeding would not mar the effect of the tree.

So the ever polite and ready Jack, aided by Stub when the gifts were hung high, took down the presents one by one, and delivered them to those whose names were written on them.

Somehow there seemed to be lots of gifts. For five people, each giving to every one else, made a good many, and then there were a lot of extra ones that just seemed to come from Santa Claus himself.

Of course Lissette was not forgotten, and she stood in the background, delighted beyond words to see Betty's

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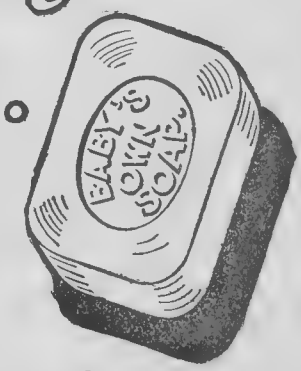

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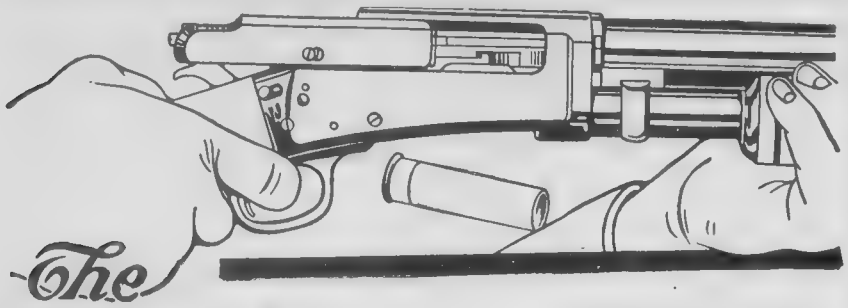

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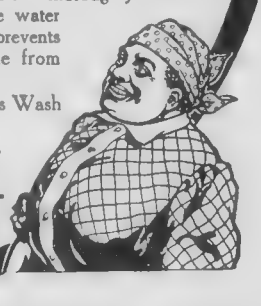

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pleasure in her beautiful Christmas tree.

Mrs. McGuire's present to her daughter was a gold locket containing a miniature of her own lovely face. It hung from a slender gold chain, and no gift could have pleased Betty more.

"I shall always wear it," she said, as her mother clapsed it round her throat; "and, Mother, you must always wear my gift."

Her mother was greatly surprised at the diamond brooch, and wondered how Betty had sufficient taste and judgment to select such a beauty. So Betty told how Mrs. Sanderson had helped her, and all admired the lovely jewel when it was pinned at the top of its owner's delicate lace bodice.

The tables were filled with the varions trinkets and knickknacks, and the floor was strewn with tissue-papers and narrow red ribbons. Then Jack and Stub brought in the big Christmas greeting Betty and the others had made, and her mother was delighted at the pretty attention.

It was late indeed when they sought their beds, for a refection of ices and cakes had to be attended to, and some Christmas carols sung, and a Christmas dance indulged in. But at last all the lights were out, and the stars twinkled down on one of the happiest girls in the great city, a girl who was restfully sleeping after the joys of her first real Christmas.

"Thank you" and "Amen."

When we're at grandpa's house to dine,
He looks about with sober face,
Then clasps his hands and shuts his eyes,
And sister says "he's saying grace."
He says big words that I don't know—
I'm only four years old,—but then
I know two words he always says.
And one is "Thanks," and one "Amen."

We saw a squirrel, big and gray;
He held a nut between his paws,
But did not eat it right away.
He closed his little shining eyes,
His hands raised just like grandpa's.
Then
I said, "O sister, keep right still,
He's saying 'Thank you' and 'Amen.'"

HE WAS only ten years old, and he ought to have been in school, of course; but his father was dead and his mother almost an invalid, to whose slender and uncertain income from her needle Benny's two dollars a week at Haines's General Store was no mean addition. Some weeks, indeed, his earnings were greater than hers, and on these occasions Mrs. Brooks, who was still young, would smile in her pretty way and pat Benny on the head and call him her little man of the house.

Those were always proud moments for Benny; and, oh, how they made him yearn to be earning ten dollars a week in the store, like Hank Sellers! Hank was Benny's ideal of a great man, for he could blow smoke through his nose without coughing; he could lift a barrel of salt; throw anybody in town in a wrestling match, and break the wildest colts that were ever brought to him. Benny learned in Sunday-school, of course, and from his mother, that some of these things were not nice; yet, if they weren't, why did a great man like Hank Sellers do them?

These were questions that often puzzled Benny's brain as he sat on the high seat of the delivery wagon, with old Ned Jogging along in front. Mr. Haines did not smoke, to be sure—but he was a little, dried-up old man, whom Hank could have licked with one hand tied behind his back. Mr. Haines aften spoke sharply to Hank, especially when the latter had been out training somebody's colt instead of attending to business in the store; and Benny, on such occasions, always trembled for his employer—but somehow Hank never licked him.

Every Saturday night Benny hurried straight home with his two silver dollars, and the kiss his mother invariably gave him was the richest of rewards. In the beginning he also conscientiously carried home the occasional nickel or dime which which he picked up in return for some little favor done a customer. But one day his mother told him, with a queer little catch in her voice, which he could not then understand, that thereafter he could have these extras for himself. He kept them after this, but whatever he bought with them—candy or licorice-root or an orange—he always shared with little Elizabeth and his mother.

Since September, however—and it was now next to the last week in December—he had not spent a penny. Why, was a secret into which he had let no one but little Elizabeth. He was going to make the first Christmas gift of his life, and it was to be to his mother! But what? This was the question he had pondered for days. He had considered at least a dozen articles, always carefully bearing the cost in mind, but no sooner would he decide on any one of them than all the others would at once take on new charms, and thus undo his decision.

What he wanted was something that his mother really needed and would use every day, but which at the same time would be beautiful and enduring, and would not cost over seventy-five cents. It proved a difficult combination to find, and he was beginning to despair, when one morning at breakfast, just four days before Christmas, his mother said: "Benny, dear, I guess you'll have to take the coffee-pot down to Mr. Conrad's again. It has sprung another leak." In that moment the inspiration came. He would get her a new coffee-pot! Not a plain tin affair like her old one, which was battered and soldered in many a place, with its spout twisted and the button gone from the lid; but a gorgeous one of wnite and blue granite-iron, such as he had seen in Conrad's window.

That very afternoon, after school, Elizabeth, following instructions, stopped at the store for her brother, for the selection of the pot was a responsibility not to be assumed by any one person. Benny got excused for a little while, and and the diminutive pair hastened toward Conrad's hardware store. The clouds were spitting snow, and a keen wind harried the street; but Elizabeth's little red hood and jacket were snug and warm, and Benny, though he blew his bare knuckles from habit, was too excited to think of cold. They paused in front of the window, and Benny eagerly pointed out the pot which he had chosen, contingently, earlier in the day.

"Ain't it a beauty, Lizzie?" he asked.

"It's awful pretty!" she murmured. "How much does it cost?"

"I ain't asked yet, but Hank says that no granite-iron coffeepot ever made ought to cost over seventy-five cents; and he know, 'cause he used to work in a hardware store. We'll go in and ask, if you think it'll do."

"It's beautiful, brother."

"Do you think it's too big? he interrogated anxiously.

"Oh, no."

"Do you think it's too little, then?"

"Oh, no. I think it's just right," she said.

"Then I'll ask. Wait till I count my money again."

He drew from his trouser pocket half a handful of pennies, nickles and dimes, and after some study found that they totalled seventy-five cents—just the amount he should have had. Then he paused for one final glance at the gorgeous pot. It was in that fateful moment that his eyes fell on a pot which had somehow escaped him hitherto—a beautiful vessel which shone like silver, with a fancy curved spout and figured handle, a very king of coffee-pots, in fact, throned high above all the rest. He gasped, and in that instant the glory of the granite-iron pot faded forever, and it became a common, plebeian thing.

"Look at that silver one!" said he, in a hopeless tone.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "I wish we could buy mother that one; but I expect it costs ten dollars, don't you?"

Benny shook his head, too dejected to show his boyish scorn of her ignorance.

"It don't cost that; no coffee-pot costs that—except a king's, mebbe. But it costs too much for us."

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He fastened his longing blue eyes on the glittering object again. It seemed to shine with even more effulgence than before; and he pictured to himself, with an aching heart, the glow that would come to his mother's face if he could only make her such a magnificant present as that.

"Lizzie," said he, almost tragically, while his lip quivered, "I ain't going to get mother a coffeepot after all. I'm going to get her something else."

"What you goin' to get her?" asked Elizabeth, greatly disappointed at this outcome of their momentous shopping expedition.

"I ain't decided yet. "I'll think it over. You stop at the store to-morrow afternoon again. But I wish I hadn't seen that silver coffeepot," he added, sadly.

He dreamt that night that he found a place where quarters and half-dollars lay on the ground as thick as leaves, enough to buy many silver coffeepots. But just as he was entering Conrad's store, which didn't seem just the same old place exactly, the bottom of his pockets suddenly dropped out, his silver rolled hither and thither, dodging about as if it had life, and not a single piece could be found again. He awoke bitterly disappointed; but he was somewhat cheered to find, on getting up, that the seventy-five cents in his trousers pocket was still intact.

On the way to work he could not resist the temptation to stop and look at the silver coffee pot again. Some fairy must have polished it over-night, for it reflected the morning sun in a manner that was fairly dazzling. Each time that day that he passed Conrad's with the delivery wagon—and he went out of his way several times to do it—he turned a pair of hungry eyes toward the window. At noon, both coming and going, he stopped again. Once during the afternoon, as he went by on the wagon, he saw Mr. Conrad showing the pot to a lady, and his heart sank. He also felt some resentment, just as if the pot were his and not Mr. Conrad's. But when he came back there was the king on his throne again, looking, if possible, more royal than ever.

"Lizzie," said he, desperately, when the pair once more stood in front of the window, "I ain't thought of anything else yet, and I'm goin' to ask Mr. Conrad how much it's worth."

Elizabeth's eyes opened wide at this venturesome declaration.

"Mebbe he won't like it, Benny. He knows we're too poor to buy it."

"I don't care," answered Benny. "I heard Hank Sellers ask a man the price of a thrashin-machine once, and he didn't have the money to buy it. And mebbe that pot don't cost but seventy-five cents."

They climbed the steps of the old frame building. Benny's heart, in spite of his valorous words, was thumping furiously; and it was with a feeling of relief that he noted the absence of any other customers in the store.
tremor inq.

"Mr. Conrad," he began, with a tremor in his voicce which he could not quite control, "I want to look at your coffeepots. I want to get mother one for Christmas. How much is that—that silver one in the window, with the crooked spout?"

Elizabeth tightened her grip on Benny's hand as Mr. Conrad stepped to the window and lifted the beauteous thing down. When he came back and set it on the counter, within eighteen inches of the tip of her snub nose—at which close range it was overwhelmingly splendid—her eyes fairly snapped. But Benny's heart went lower than ever. He realized already his folly in pricing such an article.

"Do you mean this one? That's a dollar and a quarter, Benny," said the dealer. There was silence for a moment, intense silence.

"I suppose it's solid silver," said Benny, trying to muster a matter-of-fact tone, but struggling with a lump in his throat.

"No, it's nickel-plated; but for all practical purposes it is as good as silver. Do you think you would like it?"

Benny shook his head. He was about to say, evasively, that he hadn't decided yet just what to get his mother; but his instinctive truthfulness prevailed.

"I ain't got the money," he answered, almost inaudibly.

"We have some cheaper pots," said the merchant, kindly. "We have some as low as a quarter."

But Benny again shook his head. "I wanted to get her something nice. I—I wouldn't take no pleasure in a cheap pot after seein' that one. Come on, Lizzie."

"How much money have you, Benny?" called the storekeeper as the children reached the door.

"Seventy-five cents."

Conrad hesitated, and glanced at the bottom of the pot. It was marked o-m, which meant that it had cost him, as it happened, just seventy-five cents. Then he glanced at the diminutive pair. They were about the age of his own two children.

"Benny," said he, with a smile, "this is the season of peace on earth and good will to men; and I am going to let you have this pot for seventy-five cents."

Benny's eyes lighted wondrously for an instant; then the radiance faded and he said, in a hard little voice, without turning back, "I don't want you to give it to me, Mr .Conrad."

"I am not giving it to you. Seventy-five cents is just what it cost me, and I often sell goods to favored customers at cost. You and your mother have always been good customers of mine, and I should be glad to have you take this pot at seventy-five cents."

"All right, sir, if you put it that way," answered the proud little boy; and once more he counted out his small change.

"I suppose it's solid silver," said Benny, with a lump in his throat.

fearful lest a penny or two might have got away and thus at the last moment vitiate the sale. But it was all there.

Mr .Conrad swathed the pot in paper until no one could have guessed what it was, tied it up securely and passed it across the counter. Benny lifted it carefully down with a sense of tremendous responsibility, tucked it under his arm and passed out with Elizabeth.

"Suppose you'd fall down and smash it, Benny," suggested she, awesomely, as they trudged over the icy sidewalks.

"I ain't goin' to fall," said he, confidently. "I've carried things as valuable as this before—glass, too. But never nothin' for mother," he added, with a tenderer note.

"Suppose a horse runned over you," continued Elizabeth.

He laughed in a boy's superior way. I guess I ain't liable to be runned over by a horse when I drive one myself every day. When you get used to a horse, you ain't afraid of ony of 'em any more. Hank says old Ned's got the hardest mouth of any horse in town."

Benny expected to smuggle the coffeepot into the house on Christmas Eve. He had not yet decided whether he would softly arise some time in the night and tie his gift to his mother's stocking—he would hint beforehand that it would be well for her to hang it up along with his and Elizabeth's, this year—or whether he would set it in the cupboard, in place of the old pot, and let her find it when she went to make coffee in the morning. Each plan had some feature to recommend it.

But meanwhile he deemed it wisest to keep the precious gift at the store, although just where to stow it was a serious question. Under a counter it might get dented; on a shelf it might fall

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F. A. WOOD, *Principal*

off, especially if there should happen to be an earthquake. Moreover, if such a valuable thing were left in an exposed place, burglars might find it out and break in and carry it off. Finally, however, Hank Sellers, whom Benny took into his confidence, hid the pot in a drawer under some rolls of cotton batting. If Benny peeped into that drawer once in the next two days, he peeped twenty times. But on each occasion the treasure lay there as peacefully as if it were only a bundle of brown paper.

Benny's work day ended at six o'clock, by Mrs. Brooks' stipulation, for he was too young to be kept up at night. About half-past three o'clock on Christmas Eve, when his heart was already beginning to quicken in anticipation of the exciting venture of getting his present into the house unobserved, the telephone in the store rang vigorously. It was Mrs. Rosecrans, and she wanted to know why the two pounds of raisins she had ordered for her Christmas pudding had not been delivered. The store was full of customers, and Hank Sellers hung up the receiver with a growl. Mrs. Rosecrans lived outside the village limits, about a mile and a half from the store, and Benny had been out there twice that day in the delivery wagon with baskets full of Christmas cheer; but Hank had in some way overlooked the raisins in putting up her orders. Mrs. Rosecrans was Haines's best customer, however, and could not be disappointed, although the horse had been put away for the day.

"Benny," said Hank, in a tone not intended for his employer's ear, "do you suppose you could hitch up old Ned by yourself and take two pounds of raisins out to old lady Rosecrans? I can't possibly leave the store now, and she'll have a fit if those raisins ain't delivered."

Benny had never hitched up the horse, but he was not the boy to admit, especially to his idol, his inability to do a thing before he had tried it. So a few minutes later he trudged over to Haines's barn with the bag of raisins under one arm. Hank had told him that he needn't come back again that day, so under the other arm—and this was really the important thing—he carried the precious coffee-pot.

Arriving at the barn, he deposited his packages in a safe place; then he climbed on a box and lifted the heavy harness down from a wooden peg. Mounting the manger with the bridle over one arm, he seixed old Ned's forelock firmly, with a did, and unbuckled the halter. But old Ned. having done his day's stint of work, had no mind to be harnessed again, especially by this pigmy. So he snorted, threw up his head with a force which nearly wrenched Benny's arm from the socket, and then derisively cantered out into the barnyard, through the door, which Benny had inadvertently left open. Half freightened at this catastrophe, and with an aching arm, the child followed with the bridle. For fifteen minutes he alternately coaxed and chased the horse, stumbling over the frozen ground, and bruising his bare hands until they burned like fire and were bleeding in several places, but the wary old Ned would neither re-enter his stall nor allow himself to be caught.

At first the boy thought of returning to the store and confessing the failure that had overtaken him. But in addition to the humiliation of this course, it seemed like an ungrateful thing, somehow, after Hank had let him off for the rest of the day. So Benny resolved to walk out to Mrs. Rosecrans'. He had walked out there once before with some boys, in the Summer time, to help pick strawberries; and it had not seemed so very far. Gathering up his parcels, therefore—for leaving the coffee-pot behind in a stable was not to be thought of—he started off.

The road was badly cut up. The parcels, so light at first, soon grew amazingly heavy; and his arms, especially the one which old Ned had jerked, began to ache terribly. Every few rods he paused to shift his burdens, as first the raisins and then the coffee-pot seemed lighter for his lame arm. In his haste and anxiety, too, he had left his mittens behind at the stable, and his dirty little hands were soon as red as boiled lobsters.

It was half-past four o'clock when he reached the big Rosecrans house, and the great red sun was nearly down to the tree tops in the west. The cook made him come in and warm himself, and expressed her opinion of the man who would send a bay of Benny's size that distance on foot with two packages to carry. Benny explained, and after he was warm the cook buttoned him up thoroughly, drew a pair of her own mittens—a trifle large but wonderfully warm—over his small hands, and wished him a merry Christmas.

A few flakes of snow were drifting down in an inconsequential way, but before Benny reached the public road they were falling think and fast. He did not object to snow, especially with the prospect of a new sled for Christmas; but he decided to take a short cut across a large tract of meadow. The old snow in the meadow proved deeper than he had thought, and at each step he sank in above his ankles; but by the time he realized how toilsome this made the walking, he fancied that he must be half-way across, and that it would be better to go on than to turn back.

He had broken through thin ice in several low places and his wet feet soon got very cold, but he cheered his flagging spirits by hugging his present tighter, and picturing, for perhaps the hundredth time, his dear mother's smile when she should look at her stocking in the morning. He was considerably worried by

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the snow's wetting the porous brown paper in which the pot was wrapped, and finally, by the appearance of one or two holes in the paper, caused by his frequent shifting of the package frm one tired arm to the other. Water might take off the beautiful glitter, he feared, or even rust the nickel. Moreover, if all the paper came off, how should he ever get his present into the house unrecognized?

To remedy matters he tried to shield the pot under his overcoat. But the strained position which this crowding necessitated hampered his walking badly, and the opening in his overcoat let in the wind and snow. It occurred to him, too, that he might scratch the polished surface with his buttons. So he drew the vessel out again—the holes in the paper now bigger and more numerous than ever—buttoned his coat as best he could with his benumbed fingers and trudged on.

Presently he found himself in a grove. He was greatly surprised at this, for he was positive that no trees grew in the meadow. He had been floundering along with his head down, as one naturally breasts a storm; but stopping and looking up now to get his bearings, he discovered that no landmarks were visible. Not only the spires and trees of the village had disappeared, but also the Rosecrans house itself, big as it was, and set on a hill. Snow, snow, nothing but snow, in great wet, noiseless flakes which stuck to his face and clothing! Freightened but not despairing, he struck out in the direction in which he thought the village must surely lie. After a little he came to a barbed-wire fence. His heart gave a great throb of thankfulness, for this must mark the end of the meadow. But alas! There was no road on the other side, as there should have been—only a smooth expanse of snow, like another meadow.

By this time the last of the pulpy brown paper had been rubbed from the coffee-pot; Benny's face, hair and clothes were wet with melted snow and his feet numb with cold. His brave little heart now failed him, and he began to cry in short, hard, bitter sobs. He had scarcely strength enough left to drag himself through the fence, yet he carefully screened his beloved gift from the barbs on the wire. Having gained the other side, he had an almost irresistible desire to sink down in the snow and rest, but the thought of home and mother and the Christmas entertainment at the church kept him going. Elizabeth made up like a fairy, was to sing a song at the church, and he did not want to miss that. And the next day was Christmas! That was a great thought, and he repeated it over and over, like some incantation which might have the power to keep his aching legs in motion.

But even the virtue ofthis incantation spent itself in time. His strength was almost gone. Holding the coffeepot by the handle, in a rigid, half-frozen grip, he stumbled aimlessly about in the gathering darkness, with no course in mind, and instinctively following the line of least resistance—where the ground sloped down or where the snow was thinnest. Every few yards he fell, and when he rose he staggered helplessly. Both mittens were gone, but he was scarcely conscious of the fact: and to his benumbed faculties the loss seemed like a trival one, even though the mittens were not his own.

The lethargy which cold and excessive fatigue produce was fast overcoming him, when he was rudely jarred by bumping squarely into something. Although utterly indifferent to his surroundings now, he knew from the feel and smell of the object that it was a straw stack. It had been eaten away on the sides by the cattle until it somewhat resembled a gigantic toadstool; and in the shelter formed by its overhanging edge he sank down in the litter of straw with a strange but delightful sense of languor, such as he had sometimes felt in the morning when he had waked before it was time to get up. His hands and feet also had ceased to pain him, although the former were so stiff that he could not move a finger. So closing his eyes with a smile, and hugging his treasure to his wet, frozen breast, he began to repeat:

"It was the night before Christmas, and all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

He knew the whole poem by heart, and had recited it the year before at the Christmas entertainment; but these two verses were all he could remember tonight, and he repeated them drowsily several times. Then muttering in a fitful way a part of the little prayer which he was accustomed to make each night at his mother's knee, he fell asleep.

There, three hours later, the searching party, systematically canvassing every square yard of the meadow with their gleaming lanterns, found him, with the coffee-pot clasped in his arms, and his cap jammed over his eyes—not dead, but in a stupor which is the precursor of death. When he regained consciousness, his mother was sitting beside the bed; a lamp burned on the table, and there was the pungent smell of liniments in his nostrils. He was still very tired, and it was some time before he opened his eyes wide enough for his mother to preceive that he was awake.

"My dear little boy!' she exclaimed, bending over and kissing him, while the tears glistened on her long, beautiful lashes—the most beautiful in the world to Benny.

"Have I comed home, mother?" he asked, in a mystified tone.

"Why, yes, darling; only you are in motner's room tonight, where it is warmer, instead of your own. Don't you recognize it?"

"Did I come alone?"

"No, the men—the good, kind men—found you and brought you home."

Then the memory of his present flashed over him. He glanced about the room, but the coffee-pot was nowhere in sight; and the sickening conviction that it had been lost came over him.

"And is it Christmas yet, mother?" he asked, faintly.

"Yes, it is now two o'clock, and really Christmas. But we don't usually count it as beginning until morning, when all the little boys and girls wake up and look in their stockings. I am so thankful, darling, that you have been spared to be one of those."

"Did you hang up your stocking?" he asked.

"Yes. Don't you remember that you told me at dinner yesterday to be sure not to forget it?"

He burst into tears. "You won't get nothing now, mother. I lost it in the snow!' 'he sobbed.

"On, no, you didn't, my darling! You had it in your arms when they found you; and you held it so tightly that they let it stay in your arms until they got you home." Her own tears now flowed.

"The coffee-pot?" he queried, in amazement, his eyes lighting with hope.

"Yes. that beautiful, beautiful coffee-pot, finer than mother ever had before, or ever hoped to have."

"And wasn't it rusty?"

"Not a bit of it. It shines like silver. Mother shall always be so proud of it. But how much prouder shall she always be of her noble boy, who was so thoughtful and so self-sacrificing in order to give her pleasure; and who, in all his pain and despair, out there in the darkness and the storm, would not abandon his present for her!"

"Mother," said he, with a radiant face, "I knowed you'd talk like an angel when I give it to you. That's one reason why I done it—just to hear you. But I wanted you to have it, too," he added, quickly, just before her lips smothered his speech.

Autumn.

By Gordon S. Laing, Vista, Man. (Age 13).

Autumn! the glorious autumn has come! The pleasant summer is fast deserting us and the beautiful autumn is again joining our ranks. The leaves are turning brown, yellow, and hectic red; the birds are pouring forth their souls in farewell melodies; the squirrels are storing their winter provisions and all

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nature is becoming garbed in a robe of sombre hue.

But notice the aesthetic side of this lovely season, for it is the time when nature shines forth in all her glory. When is she lovelier, sweeter, happier? Never! For she has resolved, seemingly, to enjoy the best part of her year before surrendering to Winter, the stern gray watchman. In all directions, expansive fields of golden grain greet the eye; beautiful hills and valleys present a most pleasing spectacle, and all nature seems to be portrayed by her own artist.

For autumn has come—has come with the first brown blade of grass; the first ripening of the now tall, waving grain, and the first migration of the birds. The fruits of the orchard and garden, the vegetables of the garden and farm, and the products of all have now to be housed in the storehouse; the cattle, horses and sheep present a striking contrast to their condition in the spring, and the roads, which have been so unbearable by reason of mud and mosquitoes have become hard and dry, the cool, frosty air quickly dispersing the mosquitoes. For, though spring is the beginning of hope and summer is the anxiety of expectation, autumn is the realization of hopes or the disappointment of plans.

Where the golden grain once reared its princely crown, now stand great stacks that seem to gaze disdainfully down upon the surrounding country. They await the coming of the thresherman, but cannot enjoy their lordly position longer for he comes with a rush and a roar. Puff! Puff! how the engine works! Rattle! Rattle! how the separator swallows the grain, separating the oats from the straw and the wheat from the chaff! Dirty, dust-begrimed men attending machinery, loading wagons or drawing grain; weary, but brave, women bending over pots and pans of stifling heat, and children rushing about in ecstacies of delight and enjoyment!

To the sportsman, too, autumn is a season of great delight, for the Game Laws, which have kept him in restriction during the summer months, now permit him to indulge in his favorite sport of duck shooting. Bang! Bang! hark! 'tis the sound of his gun as he brings down a noble prize. Bow! wow! wow! his faithful friends, the dogs, are in the water, struggling with, and tugging at his game and soon have it at his feet, where he views it with evident satisfaction. He takes equal enjoyment of prairie chicken hunting, and the occasions are rare when he does not feel thankful for the beautiful season in which he may spend such a joyful holiday.

But winter now marches in with giant strides. How apparent are the signs of the ancient king's approaching rule! The trees become sad and melancholy as he blows his dull clarion o'er all the land, commanding all lakes and rivers to close their doors and windows to the inclement weather, and people, one and all, prepare for a season of joyful festivities. For winter has come and autumn has passed away.

(Ed. note:—Can not other young readers send us something original?)

Christmas in a Railway Car.

By H. J. Tweddell, Brandon, Man.

It was the morning before Christmas Eve when an express train steamed out of Montreal station on its long journey to the Pacific coast, bearing, as all such trains do, a strange and mixed assemblage of passengers. Some were holiday makers who had been unable to leave until the last moment, and were now doubtful if they would reach their destination in time. Some were on business bent, which even the Christmas holiday was not allowed to interfere with. A few were immigrants who had just arrived from the Old Country, and were making their way to the great Northwest in the hope of making a home somewhere and somehow.

Inside the cars all seemed to be comfortable but the outlook was cold and cheerless. Snow lay deep on the ground, the lakes were frozen over and covered with snow, and could only now be distinguished from the land by the even surface they presented when compared with the undulating ground surrounding them.

But our story is not to deal with the wide expanse of snow-covered country as seen from the railroad, but rather with persons and incidents inside the cars; so let us introduce those with whom we are more particularly concerned.

Seated in one of the cars was a young farmer named Harry Fowler. He was about 35 years old, with a frank open countenance that was clouded now and rather out of keeping with the Christmas season. His fur coat and cap looked cosy enough, yet, somehow, he did not seem altogether comfortable. On the opposite side of the car aisle was a woman and child. The woman was Mrs. Reed, who had just come over the sea from England, and, as her dress betokened, she was a widow. Of course, it is difficult, and not always discreet, to state a woman's exact age, but for the purpose of our story it will be sufficient to say she appeared to be about thirty, and her face, if not exactly beautiful, was one that attracted attention by its look of gentle goodness. Her little daughter, Ethel, was a bright child of six years old, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, full of smiles and prattling all the while. Like other children she was full of questions about this, that and the other, of things that appeared new and strange to her. And thus the day wore on until evening came, and the lamps were lighted. Then her mother began to talk about her going to bed.

"But, Mamma;" said little Ethel, "It's Christmas Eve, and Santa Claus will be coming, so I must hang my stockings up for him."

"No, my darling," said Mrs. Reed, "it's no use to hang them here; Santa Claus would never find them, and the train is going too fast for him to catch it, even if he knew where to find them."

"Oh, yes, Mamma," replied Ethel, "I'm sure he will. When the train stopped at the stations I saw some sledges that had got there before the train, and Santa Claus can travel faster with reindeer than the horses I saw, and I'm sure he will find me, so I'll hang my stockings up here."

With that remark she pinned her little stockings to the back of the seat, and shortly after lay down, and was soon in the land of dreams; where, doubtless, she heard the tinkle of the sleigh-bells, and had visions of the good saint of the children laden with toys and other gifts; while poor Mrs. Reed heaved a sigh as she sat dreading the disappointment of her child when she awoke in the morning.

About ten o'clock that night the train drew up at North Bay, and no sooner had it come to a standstill than several of the passengers alighted, foremost among them being Harry Fowler, who shortly returned bearing a number of small packages, while his pockets showed that they contained more. He took his seat again, but almost directly after the journey was resumed he got up, and crossing to where the little empty stockings were hanging, began to fill them with oranges, apples, figs, nuts, candies, and a large doll, until they were loaded to their utmost capacity, and then he re-crossed to his former seat, his face beaming more brightly now than it had previously done, though still at his heart there was

"A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain;
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain."

The train sped on, and after awhile the whistle of the engine and the ringing of the bell was heard, proclaiming that another Christmas Day was ushered in. Then began a shaking of hands among the passengers, and a wishing one another a Happy Christmas and all the Compliments of the Season. As Harry Fowler shook hands with Mrs. Reed and each expressed their good wishes for the other, it was plain to see that the festive season only served to remind each of them of other Christmases which they had passed under different circumstances. The buzz of conversation continued for some time, then gradually quietened, as one by one lay

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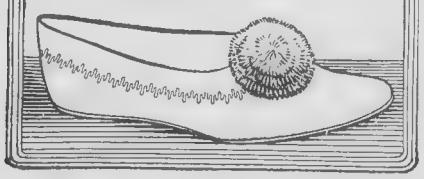

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down "to sleep, perchance to dream."

Next morning, when the train stopped at Fort William, little Ethel awoke, and looked up at her stockings, shouted out in her glee.

"Oh, look, Mamma! Santa Claus did catch the train. I told you he would; and see what he has left for me!" and she took down her stockings and began to empty their contents on her mother's knee, and over and over again, the sweet childish voice was heard to say, "Good Santa Claus, good Santa Claus. I knew he would come. I knew he would." The doll came in for a great share of her affection, and was scarcely out of her arms during the whole of that day.

The pleasure of little Ethel was the means of drawing Mrs. Reed and Harry Fowler into conversation, which drifted into an exchange of mutual confidences, in which each told the other something of their circumstances.

"Your little girl," said Harry Fowler to Mrs. Reed, "reminded me of my own little Maud, who would have been about her age, so that I could not resist filling her stockings as I used to do with Maud's. It is three years since my wife and only child were killed in a railway accident at Chapleau, at Christmas, and it may be a morbid fancy of mine, but every Christmas I take this journey from Montreal to Qu'Appelle, although I know full well I shall not meet them on the way."

Mrs. Reed, with true womanly instinct, offered her sympathy, saying her husband died two years ago, leaving little Ethel and her alone to make their way in the world. During that time she had struggled on in the Old Country, but could hardly make a living so she decided to come to Canada. She had nothing definite to come to, but was going as far as Winnipeg, where she would ask either the Immigration Officer or the Salvation Army to try and find her a situation as housekeeper or something of that sort.

"Well," said Harry, after a moment's pause, "I don't think you need trouble either of them. Since my wife's death I have had to have a housekeeper, and the one I now have is leaving me. She is going to be married some time in January, and I shall want somebody to take her place. Why not you? Then you need not stay in Winnipeg, unless you want, but can go straight on with me to Qu'Apppelle." and thus it was arranged.

It is some years since this occurred. Ethel is grown a big girl now, but she still keeps and treasures that doll. She says its proper name is Winnifred Margaret, but, for short, she calls it Winnie Peg, for at the city of that name she found a Father Christmas, who is now a real father to her, and has given her both a brother and a sister.

Five Little Brothers.

Five little brothers set out together
  To journey the livelong day,
In a curious carriage all made of leather
  They hurried away, away!
One big brother and three quite small,
And one wee fellow, no size at all.

The carriage was dark and none too roomy,
  And they could not move about.
The five little brothers grew very gloomy,
  And the wee one began to pout,
Till the biggest one whispered, "What do you say?
Let's leave the carriage and run away?"

So out they scampered, the five together,
  And off and away they sped!
When somebody found that carriage of leather
  Oh my, how she shook her head!
'Twas her little boy's shoe, as every one knows,
And the five little brothers were five little toes.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Little Alf and Susan Mary.

"Now, sir, I shall make a squirt-gun"
Granpa Tabor said, "so run,
Run and get a piece of elder
We are apt to have some fun."

"Mary, skip and ask your mother
For a piece of cotton rag.
Better get the white, I reckon.
Find it in the carpet bag."
"Alf, you get the water handy;
Ralph, you skip and get a string;
Gee! We're apt to have a squirt-gun,
That's about the proper thing."

Well, sir, Gran'pa took the elder,
Poked the pith out with a stick—
Trimmed the ends off with his jack-knife—
Gran'pa makes things mighty slick.

Then he poked it in the water,
Made believe it wouldn't work;
Fooled and fussed around a minute,
Then he gave the thing a jerk.

Held it up and said to Ailfy,
"Guess the pin-hole's got to chokin'.
Peek an' see if you can see it—"
Alfy did and got a soakin'!

Measure the amount of a gelatine or cream mixture before putting it in a mold, knowing first how much the mold holds. Fill to the very brim for it is almost impossible to turn a jelly from a mold when not perfectly full.

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The Home Doctor.

How to be Healthy.

Satisfy your appetite, not your gluttony; satisfy your thirst, not your craving.

Brush your teeth inside and outside at least once a day, and rinse your mouth after each meal.

When your stomach is out of order, give it a rest by fasting half a day, or by taking only a little fluid food.

Salt your food sufficiently, because salt is an aid to digestion, but not more than needed to suit the taste.

Avoid violent exercise and severe mental exertion just after meals; but a moderate exercise, as walking, will aid digestion.

Remember that the wholesomest meats are beef, mutton and poultry, and that beef and mutton are most easily digested and wholesome when boiled, roasted, or stewed—not fried.

Remember that pure water is the most natural and wholesome beverage. A glass of pure water every morning before breakfast will go far towards preventing sickness and extending life toward the century mark.

Eat less rapidly, and chew your food more. The stomach wants only well-chewed food.

Eat sparingly of preserves, pork, spices, fried foods, sweets, strong gravies, and foods which form adherent pastes.

Bear in mind that sugar, and all sugared, syrupy substances, unless sparingly used, are the most injurious of the foods in ordinary use.

Positively avoid a habitual diet composed too exclusively of one kind of food, such as meats or cereals. Such a diet leads inevitably to disease.

Avoid cold drinks at mealtime, except in hot weather. Never overrule your appetite which is the index of the amount of food you need.

Common Salt and its Uses.

The following selection is so pertinent that we pass it along. Everybody has salt in the pantry, and nobody keeps house without it. But few of us realize how very useful just common salt may be in an emergency. Many and various are the remedial uses to which it may be put, and the free use of salt goes far to preserving health in the home.

As a dentifrice, common salt may be relied on. By its judicious use the teeth are kept white, the gums hard, and the breath sweet. When the gums are spongy, the mouth should be washed out twice a day with salt and water. Warm salt water, held in the mouth, will sometimes banish toothache, and, at least, make the affliction lighter, while it is both safe and easy to try. Again, equal parts of alum and salt, or even salt alone placed on a piece of cotton wool and inserted in the hollow of an aching tooth, will often give relief when other means have failed. To allay neuralgic pains in the head and face, take a small bag of flannel, fill with salt, heat thoroughly and apply to the affected part.

A bag of salt placed hot to the feet, or any portion of the body, is better for giving warmth than is the conventional brick or hot-water bottle. Salt placed on the gum when a tooth has been extracted will prevent profuse bleeding at such a time. An excellent gargle for the throat is simple salt and water. Many serious cases of throat affection might be cured by the use of this alone, if only taken in time, gargle every hour or half-hour, as the need warrants. A flannel cloth, wrung out of salt water, is also an excellent remedy for sore throat. Salt in tepid water is a handy emetic; as an antidote for the poison, silver nitrate or lunar caustic, give salt and water freely.

Fun as a Healer.

Fun has its place in home economy. When everyone is good-humoured, and a ripple of laughter breaks out in the kitchen, or echoes merrily through the house, you need not fear that very much is wrong. Fun is wholesome. It shuns malice and envy, and all uncharitableness. Fun has no sharp weapon to stab or dull one to wound a brother's head. When people are full of fun, they are full of kindliness, full of gentleness, full of unselfish love. The villain who steals your purse; the assassin who thrusts at you in the dark; the ruffian who attacks you on the highway, has no fun about him; he forsooth is in horrible and deadly earnest.

If you are disposed to be blue, if you are not quite well, if anything is a wee bit wrong, try what fun will do to ease the load and send you forward safely.

Sunshine at Meals.

"My husband is a perfect wet blanket at the table,' said a wife despairingly as she rose from a silent and depressing meal. "I make every excuse for him, but I am disturbed about the effect of his moodiness on the children. They cannot understand that their father is tired, that his business vexes him, and that he dreads the morrow, not knowing what it may bring forth."

A great deal is said and written about the wife's duty to meet her husband with a smile, no matter what her trials during the day, and in his absence may have been. Surely it is equally his

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The "Bissell" always wins field trials, because of its wonderful capacity. It is so designed that the hitch is well back, the seat projects over the frame, and the frame is directly over the gangs. This construction removes the weight of the pole, levers, braces, frame and driver from the horses' necks. It enables the horses to do more work. The "Bissell" enters the soil quickly, cuts deeply, stirs it up thoroughly, and stays right down to its work. It has heavy square axles. The scrapers and movable clod irons keep the machine free from trash.

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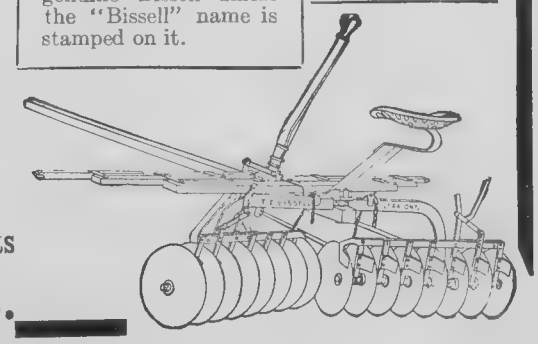

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duty to meet her in a tranquil and contented manner, and to leave his business cares behind him. The family board should be more than cheerful; it should be gay, and everybody should save a bright anecdote, a merry saying, a happy thought for repetition there.

"Be not anxious for the morrow," is the present message of the Master to every disciple. This does not mean that we are to be idle, that we are to be improvident, or to lack thrift.

Tooth-Destroying.

The foundation of bad teeth is generally laid in early childhood, for numberless mothers and nurses very carefully soften the food or remove the crust from the bread before giving it to the little folk, because it may otherwise "hurt their teeth," and so the child grows up with a set of unused organs of its mouth. When we have finally succeeded, by the creation of artificial conditions, in producing weak organs, then we wonder why the poor child is so often suffering from toothache We are

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obliged to admit that if we ever became a toothless race it will be our own fault.

Fruits as Medicine.

Nature has been lavish in providing remedies for many of the common ailments. Fruits often relieve diseased conditions of the body by encouraging natural processes. Taken early in the morning, an orange acts decidedly as a laxative, sometimes amounting to a purgative. Other laxatives are figs, tamarinds, prunes, mulberries, dates, nectarines, and plums.

The astringent fruits are pomegranates, cranberries, blackberies, raspberries, dewberries, barberries, quinces, pears, and wild cherries.

The diuretics are grapes, peaches, strawberries, whortleberries, prickly pears, black currants, and melon seeds.

The refrigerants are gooseberries, red and white currants, pumpkins and melons of all kinds. Those coming under the head of stomachic sedatives are lemons, limes and apples.

Figs, split open, form excellent poultices for boils and abscesses. The juice of a lemon will remove tartar from the teeth.

The oil of cocoanut has been recommended as a substitute for cod-liver oil, and is much used in Germany for phthisis.

Barberries, after being made into a drink, are used for fever patients. Apples are useful in nausea, and even in seasickness. Bitter almonds are useful in a cough.

Eggs as a Shampoo.

No better shampoo for the hair has been devised than that with eggs. Break half a dozen eggs into a small bowl, use half of the quantity, rubbing them well through the hair and into the scalp with the fingers. Use plenty of warm water to rinse out the hair, then repeat the process with the rest of the eggs; rubbing the scalp vigorously. Rinse again thoroughly and do not attempt to comb the hair until it is dry. This will give the much desired fluffiness to the hair, and can be used twice a month. It is not advisable in most cases to wash the head oftener.

The Care of the Skin.

It has long been a fancy that steaming and washing the face in hot water is excellent for the skin, but a skin specialist says that frequent treatment of this sort produces a flabby skin and early wrinkles. Hot water and good soap are necessary for perfect cleanliness, but after washing the face in hot water it should be well bathed and rinsed with very cold water.

A bag made of cheese cloth and filled with oatmeal or corn meal, a little powder and some shavings of the best soap is a wonderful aid in making the skin soft and white.

Buttermilk is also good for the skin; and so is a face bath composed of soft water and a few drops of lemon juice.

Care of the Feet.

Feet which are developed normally, and which consequently may rightly be called beautiful, are scarcely to be found except in ancient sculpture or in infants. The modern foot clothing made of leather does not lend itself easily to the free play of the muscles and to the full development of the structure of the foot. Nevertheless, feet may develop to a fairly normal shape if from infancy care is used in the selection of shoes.

Most deformities of the feet are developed during childhood, while the bones are soft, the ligaments less resistant, and the muscles, together with the other foot structures, are undergoing rapid changes in development.

The plan most likely to result in the selection of a natural-shaped shoe is to pencil the outline of the child's bare foot as it is held on a sheet of paper, to cut it out and use it as a model, to which a shoe-sole, when it is laid on it, is found to conform. Every reasonable shoe dealer is sure to approve of such a method, and with the definite model at hand will seek to furnish what is called for. After a short experience one will observe that the personal study of foot-covering will yield valuable results in insuring comfort and natural development of the growing foot.

Flat foot is frequently seen in children, as a result of effort made to have them toe out gracefully. Toeing in is often due to the unconscious effort to lessen the strain on the arch of the foot, produced by badly-formed shoes. Few children will toe in if they wear properly shaped shoes The exceptions are those with weak foot-arches, for whom the shoes should be made with soles thicker on the inner than on the outer edge. The weight is thus shifted to the outer edge of the foot, and the strain on the arch of the foot relieved. This makes toeing out an easy, if not an altogether natural, procedure.

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Medical books are not always interesting reading, especially to people enjoying good health, but, as a matter of fact, scarcely one person in ten is perfectly healthy, and even with such, sooner or later sickness must come.

It is also a well established truth that nine-tenths of all diseases originate with a breaking down of the digestion, a weak stomach weakens and impoverishes the system, making it easy for disease to gain a foothold.

Nobody need fear consumption, kidney disease, liver trouble or a weak heart and nervous systerm as long as the digestion is good and the stomach able to assimilate plenty of wholesome food.

Stomach weakness shows itself in a score of ways and this little book describes the symptoms and causes and points the way to a cure so simple that anyone can understand and apply.

Thousands have some form of stomach trouble and do not know it. They ascribe the headaches, the languor, nervousness, insomnia, palpitation, constipation, and similar symptoms to some other cause than the true one. Get your digestion on the right track and the heart trouble, lung trouble, liver disease and nervous debility will rapidly disappear.

This little book treats entirely on the cause and removal of indigestion and its accompanying annoyances.

It describes the symptoms of Acid Dyspepsia, Nervous Dyspepsia, Slow Dyspepsia, Amylaceous Dyspepsia, Catarrh of stomach and all affections of the digestive organs in plain language easily understood and the cause removed.

It gives valuable suggestions as to diet, and contains a table giving length of time required to digest various articles of food, something every person with weak digestion should know.

No price is asked, but simply send your name and address plainly written on a postal card to the F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., requesting a little book on Stomach Diseases and it will be sent promptly by return mail.

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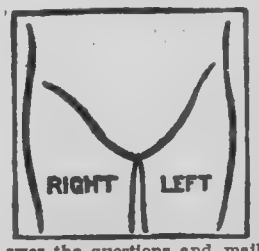

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What to Drink.

The best time to drink water or other liquids in quantity is on rising, an hour and a half before luncheon and dinner, and half an hour before retiring.

Generally speaking, people do not drink water enough, or if they do, it is at the wrong time. Water may be taken at the close of a meal, but if many glasses are drunk with meals, disorders of digestion may follow. In fact, the desire to drink water copiously at meal-time is often an evidence of indigestion. Not more than two glasses of water or other liquid should be taken at meal-time, and practically no water should be drunk when soup is served.

Pure water washes waste products from the system, but impure water, although it may be rendered safe by boiling, is of little use in removing waste from the system. The protracted use of hot water internally is debilitating, as is also its too free use externally. Ice-water, unless sipped slowly, retards digestion. Water that is refreshingly cool is best at all times when there is no good excuse or reason for the use of hot water.

Milk may be taken with fish, fruit, eggs, and cereals, but not with meat; and it should not be used as a beverage when vegetables are eaten. It should be sipped after any food in the mouth is swallowed. Coffee goes with meat, as do also cereal coffees and water.

Tea may be taken with eggs and fish, but should not be taken with meat. The tannin of the tea hardens the meat fibre. Water goes with everything, but is best taken in quantity on an empty stomach. Dypepsia often begins in childhood, and is due to allowing children to drink too freely with their meals, especially children who are recovering from diseases which affect the mucous membranes, such as measels, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and whooping-cough.

Stuttering.

Stuttering consists of a rushing together of consonants, and a knowledge of the relative significance of the vowel and consonant sounds will often cure it. The patient should be made to speak sentences with prolonged vowels and short consonants so that at the first lesson many sentences will be spoken easily and fluently. The effect will soon be apparent as the patient regains confidence in his ability to speak plainly. This method can also be employed with young children. Stuttering may be caused by an infectious disease, injury to the head, imitation of other children, or by heredity. Its more frequent occurrence in males than in females is to be explained by the greater motility of all the voluntary muscles in women than in men, the tongue included

The Hypochlorite Treatment of Water at Chicago.

The attention of the public, as well as health and municipal authorities, has been directed during the past few months to the purification of water by means of the addition of small, very small quantities of hypochlorite of calcium, otherwise known as chloride of lime. We have been led to believe the process is a very simple one; indeed so simple that a child might almost direct the treatment. It is true that in case of emergency, municipal and health authorities may, under the direction of a sanitary engineer, improvise the means for the application of the hypochlorite and thus prevent outbreaks of typhoid fever when the water is sewage polluted; but for the proper and scientific installation, as well as for the oversight and management, expert services give the best results, and where a municipality will pay for the services of an expert, the expenditure is more than compensated for by the results obtained. These facts are clearly shown by the work and operation of what is known as the Bubbly Creek Water Purification Plant of the Union Stock Yard and Transit Co. at Chicago, which has been in operation for nearly two years.

The following information, descriptive of it is taken from the report of C. A. Jennings, chief chemist and superintendent of filteration.

First, as to the class of water. Bubbly Creek receives the sewage of some 350,000 people—about the population of the city of Montreal, and a larger population than the city of Toronto. The normal size of the creek is not given but the bacterial results for a period of twelve months show the maximum to have been 2,350,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter (about 18 drops), while the minimum was 30,000—the average being 354,000 per cubic centimeter.

Without entering into the details, it may be said that the plant consists of pumps, a canal, now part of the sedimentation system, 3 pairs of settling basins and mechanical filters. From these latter the treated water flows into the clear-water well and from thence it is supplied to the stock yards.

Consequent upon the close and intelligent oversight maintained, various changes have been made both in the operation of the plant and in the chemicals used in the treatment of the water. These can be learned in detail by reference to the "Engineering Record" of September 24th, 1910. At the present time, the coagulant used in sulphate of alumina, a solution of a strength of 3.3 per cent. being used. Subsequently hypochlorite solution of the strength of 1.2 per cent. is added, after which the water passes through the filters and is then ready for use.

As regards the cost of operating this particular plant, the contract guarantee called for nothing in excess of twenty dollars per million gallons, this to include cost of chemicals, labour, and

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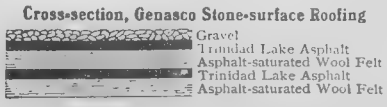

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power for pumping, but not depreciation charges and interest on investment. The cost of operation has averaged only $10.54 per million gallons, and a still further reduction in cost of operation will be shown, as, since the use of hypochlorite, a total reduction of some 60 per cent. has been made in respect to chemicals alone.

Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. C. A. Jennings for this practical demonstration of how water strongly polluted with sewage may be converted into a potable water of a high quality. The reporter states it was drunk by himself and his assistants in preference to the city water, and he significantly adds, "There has never been a single case of sickness or intestinal disorder caused by doing so."

Undoubtedly, municipalitiee having water supplies liable to contamination by sewage have much to learn from this interesting work and they certainly can have no excuse hereafter for serving out to the public a sewage-polluted water.—Bulletin of the Conservation Committee.

Health: Man's Greatest Asset.

The free drinking of hot water is useful in coughs and colds, stimulating the secretions and exciting free elimination.

Rubbing the neck with lemon juice will remove the dark line and rough appearance caused by wearing high collars.

Few habits are so pernicious as the one of drinking ice water. The cold fluid taken into the stomach retards digestion, and hinders, for a time at least, various functions of the body.

The common strawberry is a natural dentifrice. Its juice, without any preparation, dissolves the tartarous incrustations on the teeth, and also makes the breath sweet and agreeable.

Warm baths will often prevent the most virulent diseases. A person who may be in fear of having received infection of any kind should take a warm bath, and suffer perspiration to ensue.

One important factor often neglected in the care of children is fresh air. They should have a good airing out of doors at least once a day when the weather is favorable. Thus they get plenty of oxygen, so vital to growth and development, become hardened, and accustomed to the vicissitudes of a changeable climate.

As a remedy for an obstinate corn, bind a piece of lemon upon it, renewing every morning for three or four days. Then the corn will be easily removed. Bread crumbs soaked with lemon juice may be used for the same purpose. Rubbing with pieces of lemon will relieve sore and tender feet. Chilblains can be cured by rubbing with a sliced lemon that has been sprinkled with salt.

Teaching Cleanliness to Children.

Teach them not to spit. To spit on a slate, floor, or pavement is an abomination. Not to put the fingers in the mouth. Not to pick the nose. Not to wet the fingers with saliva in turning the leaves of books. Not to put pencils into the mouth or moisten them with the lips. Not to put money into the mouth. Not to put pins into the mouth. Not to put anything into the mouth except food or drink. Not to exchange apple cores, candy, whistles or anything that is habitually put into the mouth. Teach them to wash the hands and face often. Teach them to turn the face aside when coughing and sneezing.

A Beauty Secret.

The beauty of freshness, though not of feature, may be secured by any healthy woman, and it is certainly worth striving after. To secure a nice, clear complexion, bathe night and morning, using warm water and a good soap, which must be thoroughly rinsed off before drying. Eat in moderation, avoiding all indigestible foods, strong tea, coffee and alcohol. Keep as cheery and amiable as possible, for nothing causes uglier lines in the face than depression and ill-temper. When washing the hands, rub them over with a bit of lemon, for the juice has a cleansing and softening effect on the skin. Lemon juice, diluted with an equal quantity of water, is sometimes used to remove freckles, but for many people this remedy would be too drastic, and would cause a rash all over the face.

A Cook's Crest.

A quaint story from Persia is given in a book by Mr. James. The author had missed from his saddle the brass plate inscribed with the maker's name, Souter, and was wroth at his loss, since the name went for much in the judgment of the East.

"One day," he says, "I was sitting in my favorite teashop with my friend Hassan Ali, discussing, as usual, England's perfidy in abandoning North Persia to Russian machinations, when a most dignified Persian entered the auberge. He was preceded by a well-groomed boy carrying his dust-coat. The Persian bowed to me with great civility and passed into an inner apartment. As both man and boy bore burnished gilt crests upon their tall astrachan hats I took them to be public functionaries of no small importance. 'Who was that, Hassan Ali?' I asked. 'I do not remember having seen him before, yet, evidently, he recognized me.' 'That,' said my friend, with his small beady eyes twinkling, 'is your cook—yes!' 'My cook!' I answered in astonishment. 'I took him to be at least the Governor's chief-of-staff.' 'Well, he is your chief-of-staff, which, to him, seems a higher degree—yes!' And Hassan Ali smiled his inimitable smile. 'But what in the name of a good conscience, is the impertinence that he wears upon his hat?' 'That must be your crest. It is a badge of yours!' 'On my honor, Hassan Ali, you must not make fun of me! I have given the man no crest, and I have never set eyes on him before!' 'I have seen the badge!' Hassan Ali continued. 'It is undoubtedly your own. It has the motto—Souter—which is doubtless the old heraldic contraction for the word souteneur—and also the sub-title, "By royal appointment"—yes.'"

It was, of course, the missing saddle-plate, which the ingenious cook had "conveyed" as an heraldic decoration.

When potatoes have been slightly touched by frost soak them an hour or two before cooking, in cold water.

Remarkable Sale of Kootenay Fruit Lands.

Sixty Tracts of Edgewood Orchards Gone in Less than Month—No Irrigating Required—Land Sold on Surveyors' Reports.

Enthusiasm over the Big Red Apple prevails. At the close of this week sixty fruit farms in the Edgewood Orchard tract have been sold. As the sale of this land opened only upon the tenth of October, it will be seen what a keen demand there is for good fruit lands. This is doubtless due to the high price of land south of the International Boundary.

The sale of Edgewood Orchards has several unique features. Chief among these is the fact that the land is being sold direct from the surveyor's reports. In making this survey, the surveyors have given a careful report on each farm, and purchasers choose from these reports as satisfactorily as if they saw the land itself.

Vancouver and Calgary people have been large purchasers thus far, but one of the most extensive advertising campaigns ever conducted for Western Canada fruit lands is being carried on, and inquiries are pouring in from all over the continent. This part of the campaign has not gotten fully under way as yet. Mr. E. B. McDermid, the president of the Investors' Trust & Mortgage Corporaton, attributes the success of the campaign to good land and to a straightforward presentation of the facts about it.

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Mrs. E. Paris, No. 135 Berri Street, Montreal, writes: "I must say that "Actina" does all that you claim for it. I used different kinds of eye tonic without success, but could notice the good "Actina" was doing me in a short time."

"Actina" can be used by old and young with perfect safety. For any form of disease of the Eye, Ear, Throat or Head. One will last for years and is always ready for use.

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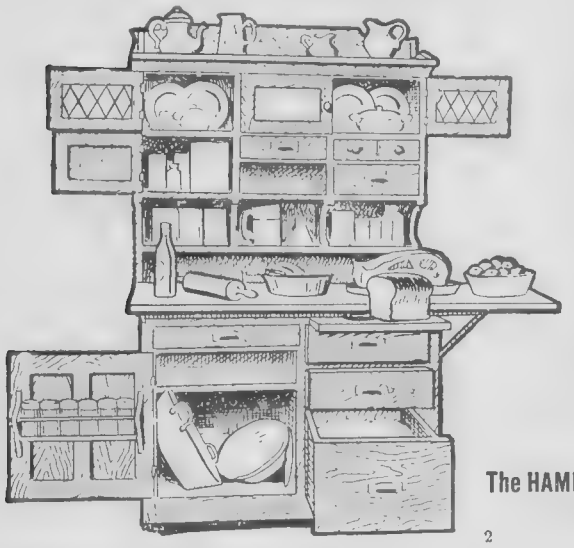

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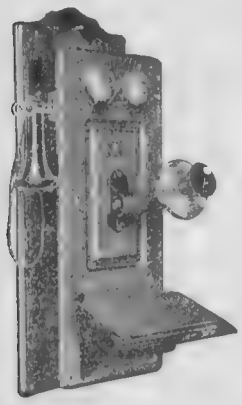

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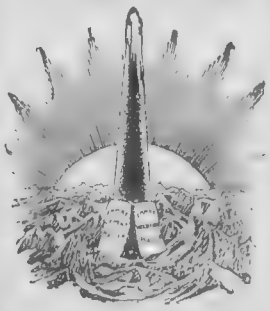

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About the Farm.

The Hen.

By Edmund Vonce Cooke.

We got a hen, we have, en he lays eggs.
He's lame bicause he only has two legs,
His front legs are just feathers, en he flies
If you chase him. Anyhow, he tries,
En flops en flops away up in the air,
En falls up on the back fence, or anywhere.

We got a claw-cat, en he's got four legs,
But he's so lazy he won't lay no eggs
Ner nothin'. He can fly right up the bark
Of trees, en nights, when it's all dark,
He stays outdoors en hollers like he's cryin',
En I p'tend to suster he's a lion
A-snoopin' round to eat us in our bed,
Till we git scared en cover up our head.

Our chicky-hen has got two tooths that sticks
Out of the front end of his face en picks
Up worms en bugs en ever'thing. En then
He swallers 'em. I'm glad I ain't a hen
En eat old, nasty worms. En I bet
I'm glad I ain't a worm, too, to be et!

Our claw-cat he can't rilly fly, because
He's got to have some place to put his claws,
But if he was a robin bird he'd fly
Clear to the moon, 'way upstairs in the sky.

A rooster ain't a hen. He just p'tends
To be. He's got a feather-duster where he ends.
En p'r'aps it gits made over when he's done
With it, 'cause our old hen has got a worn-out one!

In Healthy Pasture.

Poisoning Poultry.

The past season I had reasons for suspecting that some of my young stock had been poisoned, as quite a number died in a very peculiar manner and, having found a little feed at a distance from two of my colonies, my suspicions were aroused. As has always been my practice through life, I resolved to be certain of the peculiar deaths, so held a post-mortem with but little satisfaction. However, I took out the whole digestive and intestinal tract and with the food I found boxed them up and started for a laboratory, but while waiting for an interurban car I came across an old friend who was a veterinarian, to whom I related my little story and the cause of my suspicious trip. He listened attentively until I had finished, then simply smiled and said: "What, you been a poultry instructor in Wisconsin for twelve years and don't know you can't poison a fowl?" Well, if I had been tapped on the head with a policeman's club I would not have been much worse stunned. I asked him many questions in regard to the matter, to all of which he emphatically replied that, owing to the slow process of digestion it had to go through before reaching the vitals, the strength of the poison was exhausted, it being absorbed through the system with but little detriment to the bird. This, indeed, was a revelation to me. I asked him how much for the information and he again smiled. At any rate I thought I had learned something, but about how much the reader will see by the following experiment:

I abandoned my trip to the laboratory, but instead I resolved to satisfy myself if the learned veterinarian were right. However, I would like to say that in the meantime I ran across another learned veterinarian and after relating to him what I intended to do and of my resolution to experiment, he gave it as his opinion that one could poison with arsenic or all arsenical poisons, such as Paris Green, etc., but that he doubted whether we could poison with strychnine. Thus the reader will see that I had to subject the lives of three birds to the experiment in order to be certain about the matter, and although it grieved me to think that I must subject these chicks to such a torture for mere experimental work, yet I could see no other way out. I must be put right on this matter, especially when doctors disagree as these had. Furthermore, I must say that I slightly doubted the correctness of both, for I could not believe for a moment that such a powerful poison as strychine could be administered without a heavy mortality.

I captured three of my most worthless young birds, placed them in separate boxes with screen on the top, kept them there until quite hungry so they would take the poison with a relish, having a dish of water only, and the poison was administered with moistened bread crumbs and rolled oats. The dose was what would lay nicely on the point of a penknife, mixed dry into the feed and moistened slightly before giving. Each took their medicine to a finish, and just how long it took to kill the one the strychnine was given to I am unable to say, for it was dead when I first visited it, which was in about half an hour after the poison was given. With the other two, given arsenic and Paris Green, respectively, they died in about three hours, the Paris Green taking a little longer than the arsenic. They both died in great agony.

Thus it will be seen that both veterinarians were wrong, especially my old friend who said fowls were absolutely immune from all poison. This I hope

will throw some light on this matter and at an earlier date in the poultry life of many than it did with me. I had handled poultry all my ife and believed always, as I do now, that poultry of all descriptions could be poisoned, but not having any learning along the science of medicine I had no reason for doubting those who had such learning, and it was only at a slight cost that I obtained the correct information.

The Grain Ration.

It is a little too late in the year to compel the cows to live on pasture alone, and it is too warm to feed much corn grain or corn meal. The ration, whether principally grain or some of the by-products, should contain protein enough to maintain the usual flow of milk, but should not contain an excessive amount, as that would assist the succulent grass remaining in the pasture in making the bowels of the animals too loose. Bran usually makes an excellent feed if given dry, but on pastures where there is a great deal of clover it will have a tendency of making the bowels too free. In some instances it is the means of causing scours, which will greatly retard the flow of milk. Where there is white clover in the pasture, the soft feed should be equal parts bran and corn grain. It is best to crack the corn or feed it in the form of meal. The animal's teeth, because of eating so many weeds, are sometimes on edge, and it can not properly masticate the corn if it is fed whole. Where the pasture is principally blue grass, bran alone makes almost the ideal feed to balance the green feed. In either case, the soft feed should be fed dry.

Feeding the Geese.

How to Grow Good Oats.

The most essential point in raising good oats or any grain is to sow good seed. I have been in the habit of sowing only the large grain for some years. I clean my seed twice and screen out all small grain. Another important factor is to keep the land clean and free from noxious weeds. It is necessary, if one would have the best results to sow a variety of oats that have proved to be a good yielder and that has good stiff straw of medium length. For seed purposes one should let them get ripe before cutting; ripe oats will germinate better.

Pure seed alone will not solve the problem of better crops unless due attention be given to the cultivation of the soil and the maintenance of soil fertilty. It requires the judicious use of selected seed along with thorough cultivation of the soil. By suitable rotation of crops and the use of farm yard manure the farmer can materially improve the yield and quality of his crops.

I try to follow as near as possible to a four year rotation. The first year after sod I grow corn or peas; second year wheat or oats; third year, oats seeded to clover and a little timothy. I always do all my plowing in the fall. As soon as the land is dry enough in the spring I give a thorough cultivation with a spring-tooth cultivator, then one harrowing, then for oats, sow with the seed drill at the rate of about seven pecks to the acre. I put the seed down not less than two inches deep. Then I give another thorough harrowing, for it is essential to have a fine smooth seed bed.

Clean Water for Horses.

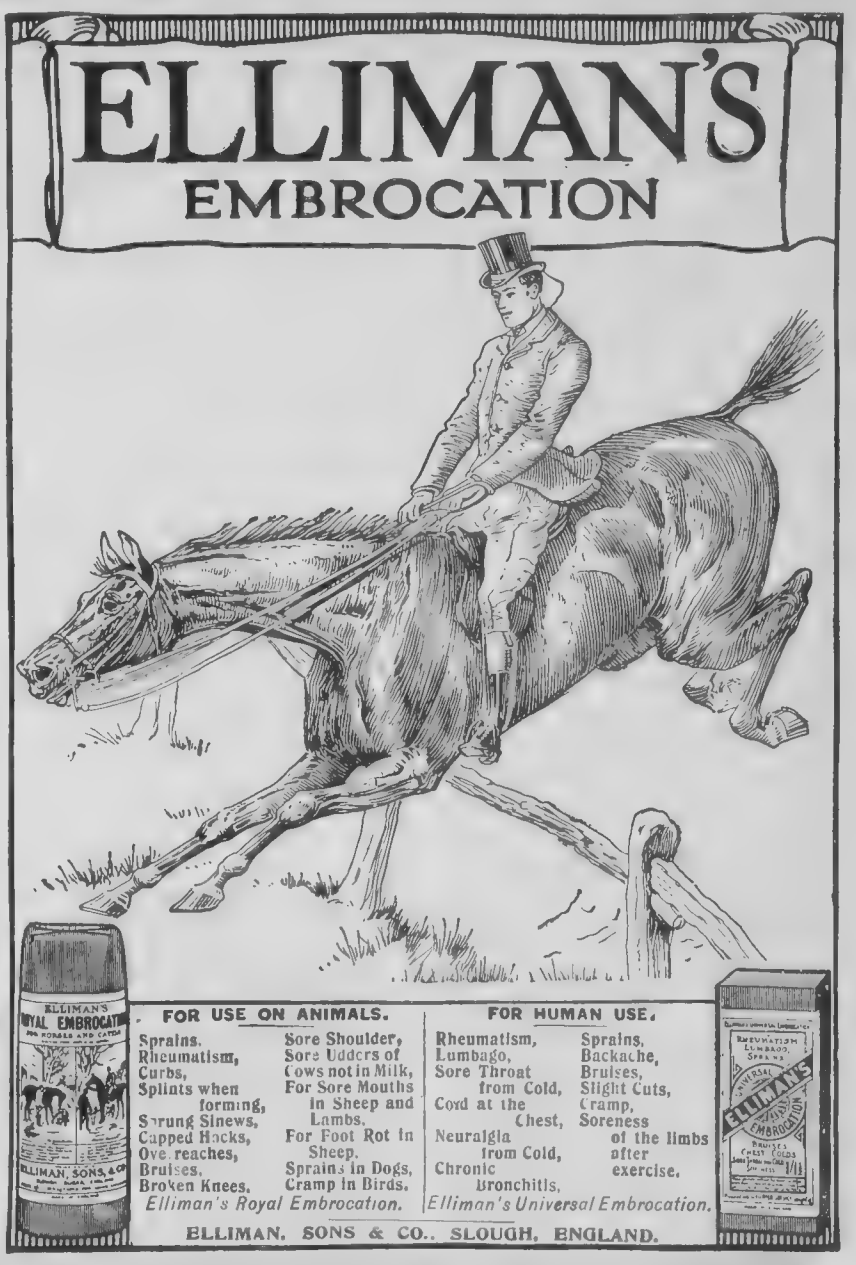
In foods the horse is very particular. It sniffs and rejects deceptions very quickly, and if fastidious in foods, it is equally so in drinks. It would almost rather die of thirst than drink unclean water. It only does so as a last resource, and those who insist on being careless and putting impure water before it subject it to a great hardship. The horse is a hearty drinker; water is enjoyed as much as food, and is just as necessary to its well being, and it is quite as satisfactory to study its water supply as carefully as foods. If given a variety of foods, some valuable and others cheap, the former tainted and the latter sweet, the sound will be accepted rather than the tainted. It has often a choice of this sort, but in water it has none. This may be in the brook, pond, tank, or bucket; if it drinks and is satisfied, well and good. If it refuses or indulges sparingly, it has no further opportunity and is bound to suffer. If a horse is given impure water, and drinks a little, and then has some which is pure and fresh placed before it, its enjoyment cannot only be seen but almost felt by all who observe it. Surely this is the strongest indication of what is wanted, and that the greatest efforts should be made to supply it.

Value of Farm Manure.

It is one thing to say that farm manure has a value, but quite another thing to say what that value is or to what it is due. The positive or intrinsic value of farm manure lies in the amounts of valuable plant food which it contains. It also possesses an important indirect value as a soil stimulant, due to its power as it ferments and decays, in contact with the soil, to liberate from the soil plant foor that would not otherwise become available so quickly. There is still another distinct value in farm manure, due to the fact that it makes the soil more porous and spongy and thus increases the power of the soil to absorb and retain moisture and to resist surface washing. In other words, this third value of farm manure is due to improvement in physical condition.

The value of farm manure for its physical improvement of the soil is commonly fully appreciated, and frequently overestimated by popular agricultural writers, while its value for the plant which it supplies and for that which it liberates from the soil is sometimes almost ignored.

There is no good excuse for erroneous teaching regarding these different val-



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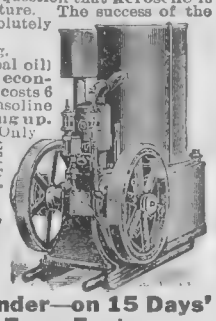

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ues, because there exists a vast amount of positive information both from practical experience and from exact scientific investigations.

Thus, organic matter from peat beds hauled out and spread on the land and incorporated with the soil produces no such effects on crop yields as are produced by good farm manure. Why? Because the peat does not decay readily so as to furnish plant food, either by its own decomposition of by liberating it from the soil; and yet the peat has a great power as farm manure for physical improvement of the soil.

Manure made from clover hay and heavy grain rations has much greater value than manure made from wheat straw. Why? It is because they affect the physical conditions of the soil in different ways? No; the greater differences in value is due to the difference in plant food and in rapidity of decay.

At the famous agricultural experiment station at Rothamsted, England, on a field to which no manure and no plant food have been applied, the average yield of wheat has been 12.9 bushels per acre for more than half a century. Land treated with a heavy annual application of farm manure has produced 25.5 bushels of wheat per acre as an average of fifty-five years. Another field, treated with commercial plant food without organic matter, has produced 37.1 bushels of wheat per acre as an average during the same time. The latter field received a little less plant food than was furnished in the manure, thus furnishing ample proof of the value of plant food supplied, and showing that the physical effect of the farm manure was by no means so important.

Nevertheless, the physical effect should not be overlooked. Under certain seasonal conditions this physical value may be very important. Thus, in the very dry season of 1893 at Rathamsted the land fertilized with commercial plant food produced only 21.7 bushels of wheat per acre, while the farm-manure plot produced 34.2 bushels the same year.

In semi-arid regions the physical condition of the soil and its power to absorb and retain moisture may be the controlling factor in crop yields, but where the average annual rain fall is twenty-eight inches (as at Rothamsted) or thirty-seven inches (as in Illinois), with a fairly uniform distribution during the growing season, the physical conditions of the soil in relation to crop yields may be compared to the shelter and other physical surroundings provided for live stock. In other words, under normal conditions the controlling factor is food, for crops as well as for live stock.

While manure has some value for physical improvement and a larger value for its power to liberate plant food from the soil, it should be clearly understood and always borne in mind that the great value of farm manure, especially in profitable systems of permanent agriculture, is due to the plant food it contains, and that the greatest problem in the handling of farm manure is to prevent the loss of plant food.

An English Prize-Winner.

The value of average fresh farm manure is about $2.25 a ton, either when determined by chemical analysis on the basis of present market values for the plant food contained in the manure or when determined by the value of the increased crop yields produced when the manure is applied to the fields in ordinary crop rotations.

This means that a pile of average fresh farm manure containing 100 tons is worth $225. If exposed to leaching from heavy rains during only two or three months in the spring the value will be reduced, as a rule, from $225 to about $150 by the loss of plant food without much reduction in total weight. Indeed, the total weight is frequently increased under such conditions because the rain water that remains in the manure may be in greater amount than the urine that has been washed out. Fermentation and additional leaching during the summer may easily reduce the value to $100 or less.

There are two satisfactory methods for handling manure. One of these is to haul and spread the fresh manure daily, or at least two or three times a week. For this purpose a manure spreader, or at least a wagon used for this work only, is very useful and almost necessary.

The other method is to allow the manure to accumulate in the stall or covered feeding shed while it is constantly tramped by the animals and kept moist by the liquid excrement, sufficient bedding being used to absorb the excess and to keep the stock clean, and then to haul and spread it on the land when conditions permit. It should not be left, however, to dry out and heat and decompose in the stalls or sheds long after the animals have been turned out to pasture.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

COWS GIVE MORE MILK

---cattle make better beef---Bulls are no longer dangerous when dehorned with the

KEYSTONE DEHORNER.

Cuts 4 sides at once---No crushing or bruising. Little pain. The only humane method. Write for free booklet. R. H. McKENNA

219 Robert St. Toronto, Ont. Late of Picton, Ont.

"SAVE-THE-HORSE" SPAVIN CURE.

REG. TRADE MARK

No half-way, temporary, break-down-to-morrow kind of cures. Instead "Save-the-Horse" produces a lasting and perfect cure.

Besides the indisputable evidence of actual and phenomenal results on every hand, we give a signed contract that absolutely protects you.

Fifteen years of success and evidence that is honest to the core will convince. Send for book on all lameness and copy of signed contract.

Port Deposit, Md., May 19, 1910. I tried "Save-the-Horse" on a valuable mare that was lame over a year with bone spavin. It effected a complete cure. She is as fast this year as she ever was. I am entirely satisfied. PHILIP R. BOND.

Still Sound Five Years After

Benton Harbor, Mich., May 22, 1910. Five years ago I got "Save-the-Horse" of you to use on a fine horse that had injured his hind leg, and it cured him when veterinary surgeons said it could not be cured. J. E. BARNES.

$5.00 a bottle, with legal written guarantee or contract. Send for copy, booklet & letters from business men & trainers on every kind of case. **Permanently cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone** (except Low), **Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Boil, Injured Tendons & all Lameness.** No scar or loss of hair. Horse works as usual. *Dealers or Exp. paid.*

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—even bad old cases that skilled doctors have abandoned. Easy and simple; no cutting; just a little attention every fifth day—and your money refunded if it ever fails. Cures most cases within thirty days, leaving the horse sound and smooth. All particulars given in

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FOR FARMERS, GAMEKEEPERS, SHEPHERDS, etc.

THE **FIFE** Is all a good boot ought to be

Nothing but the best and most pliable Waterproof Leathers are used in the making.

REAL BOOT QUALITY is never better emphasized than in the "FIFE"—The boot that is built to meet every demand of the farmer and country wearer.

The repeat orders received from all parts of Canada are the best evidence of the "Fife" merit.

MADE IN THE OLD COUNTRY

by a practical country shoemaker, the "Fife" is honestly built from finest Waterproof Zug, Beva, Chrome, Crup or Horseskin Leathers, and can be had with or without hob nails as desired.

PER PAIR **$4.75**, CARRIAGE PAID

Send size (or draw outline of foot) and Money Order payable at Strathmiglo P. O., Scotland.

SEND FOR THE "FIFE" FAMILY CATALOGUE. FREE.

A. T. Hogg, No. 103 **Strathmiglo, Fife, Scotland**

The Pioneer and Leader of "Boots by Post" trade.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.,

are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P. D. F. 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS for Ladies.

Are the acknowledged leading remedy for all Female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of WM MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores.

MARTIN, Pharm. Chemist, SOUTHAMPTON, ENG.

Keep the Records.

Those farmers who have been keeping record of the amount of milk their cows have produced during the past two or three years are now in the best of position to know which calves should be kept for breeding purposes. A calf from a cow that yields 7,000 or 8,000 pounds of milk per year is much more valuable than one from a 5,000-pound cow. Every farmer is aware of this fact, still but a very few put themselves in position to take advantage of it. It is the man who takes advantage of every opportunity for improvement that makes a success of farming. He is the fellow who buys his neighbor's farm at what seems an enormous price, but what may be a big price to one man may be a low price to another. It all depends upon the man's ability to get returns from the soil.

Producers' Prices Staying Up.

Most Profitable Branch of Agriculture Being Neglected—What Co-Operative Marketing Can Do For The Farmer.

Andrew Cottingham, a farmer to whom the cackle of the hen and the early morning salute of the rooster has such an appeal that he keeps from three to four hundred of them around his farm near Brantford the whole year round, visted St. Lawrence market this morning to make arrangements for autumn for his poultry, says the Toronto News, of Sept. 12th, 1910.

"The people of Ontario do like nice young chicken," was a statement Mr. Cottingham made, and they are willing to pay the price for it. The market for poultry is improving all the time, but Ontario farmers seem slow to realize this, and the consequence is that the supply never exceeds the demand. On a large scale, chicken raising is one of the most profitable branches of farming in existence.

"A good hen will pay 100 per cent. on the investment and often twice as much, while it is a good cow that pays 50 per cent. on the money invested in her. Chickens, however, need attention and should be studied."

Mr. Cottingham was reluctant to give an opinion as to about how much the poultry lovers of Ontario would have to pay this fall for their favorite dish, but that it would be in excess of the present price of 18 cents to 25 cents a pound he felt pretty sure.

This Christmas will be a bonanza for the chicken raisers," he concluded.

There is no doubt that Mr. Cottingham is absolutely right in his statements. Poultrying is unquestionably being neglected in Ontario—is not getting the attention that its enormous profits warrant.

In his recent "open letter" to Ontario's Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Flavelle called attention to this same state of affairs. He pointed out also that the demand far exceeded the available supply. "Last fall," he said, "one firm in a town in Ontario took orders in the Pacific Provinces and in British Columbia for 40 car-loads of poultry, in all, 1,300,000 pounds. They were sold at prices that netted the shipper 16 cents per pound on board cars in Ontario." Again, he says: "Recently, on a visit made to the east, a wholesale dealer from Victoria, B.C., made purchases of 23 carloads of eggs (10, 350 cases of 30 dozen each) at a price approximating 24 cents per dozen, f.o.b. cars in Ontario. Winnipeg merchants during this week have been enquiring for 20 car-loads of eggs for shipment this fall. Other wholesale merchants in Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver and Victoria have trade calling similar supplies.

A number of his critics practical farmers all of them—concur in one of Mr. Flavelle's statements, that is, that "the farmers of this and other provinces have been diverted from poultry raising." Why? Because they were being deprived of a legitimate share of the returns for their labors. This has unquestionably had a great deal to do with the small output. The farmer does not want to produce and then have his prices forced down to where there is no profit for him. Consequently, he has simply decreased production. But the farmer would increase production tomorrow were he assured of present prices continuing—were he assured that he would not be at the mercy of the cold storage firms and the grasping middleman.

Thus far, this country has seen only one practical effort to increase the producers' profits. We refer to the Peerless Way Co-Operative Plan that is being advocated by the Lee Manufacturing Co., Ltd., of Pembroke, Ont., and which plan has been in full operation on their big farm, the Poultry Yards of Canada. This firm is not trying to take the place of the cold storage house or the middleman; but is making a determined effort to teach the farmers how, by team-work, they can secure higher prices for their products. The Lee people realize that the bigger and more aggressive farmers have practically dropped poultrying because they have not been getting their fair share of the profits. This firm has already shown its 15,000 co-workers not only how great are these larger profits, but has also demonstrated in a very practical way how to get these profits.

From the success with which the Lee Mnufacturng Co., Ltd., has met and is meeting, it is perhaps not unsafe to prophesy that the revival of poultrying in a big way in Canada hinges strongly upon the Peerless Way idea—co-operative circles and co-operative marketing. This seems to be the solution of the farmer getting full price for his labors.

Cool enjoyment

Her Affinity—The man a woman travels all the way to South Dakota to get a divorce from.

Electric Insect Exterminator

The only practical dry powder sprayer--no water required. With this sprayer, one pound of Paris Green will cover an acre of potato plants. Our patented device regulates the quantity of powder and prevents waste. Machine works up, down and sideways, so every part of the plant is reached and every bug killed. Children can keep vegetables and flowers free of insects, without trouble, when you have the Electric Insect Exterminator.

Illustrated catalogue of Sprayers, Seeders, Planters, Drills, Wagon Boxes, etc., sent free on application. The Eureka Planter Co., Limited, Woodstock, Ont. 4

When You See How It Works

you will want a "CHAMPION" Washing Machine right off. The Momentum Balance Wheel, which almost runs itself—the up-and-down stroke of the Lever, which means greatest power with less effort—the absolute perfection of the "CHAMPION"—will make you want one for your home.

"Favorite" Churn gets all the butter out of the cream. Easy to churn, too. If your dealer does not handle these home necessities, write us. 78

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Make Big Money Training Horses!

Prof. Beery, King of Horse Tamers and Trainers, has retired from the Arena and will teach his wonderful system to a limited number, by mail.

$1200 to $3000 a Year

At Home or Traveling

Prof. Jesse Beery is acknowledged to be the world's master horseman. His exhibitions of taming man-killing horses, and conquering horses of all dispositions have thrilled vast audiences everywhere.

He is now teaching his marvelously successful methods to others. His system of Horse Training and Colt Breaking opens up a most attractive money-making field to the man who masters its simple principles.

Competent Horse Trainers are in demand everywhere. People gladly pay $15 to $25 a head to have horses tamed, trained, cured of habits—to have colts broken to harness. A good trainer can always keep his stable full of horses.

If you love travel, here is a chance to see the world, giving exhibitions and making large profits. You will be surprised to learn how little it costs to get into the Horse-Training profession.

Write and Prof. Beery will send you full particulars and handsome book about horses—FREE; also big *free circular* of Beery Exhibition. Address (11)

Prof. Jesse Beery, Box 26, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Seldom See

a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his Ankle, Hock, Stifle, Knee or Throat.

ABSORBINE

will clean them off without laying the horse up. No blister, no hair gone. $2.00 per bottle delivered. Book 8 D free.

Mr. R. M. McDermott, Edmonton, Alta, writes Nov. 19, 1907, "I used your ABSORBINE on a bog spavin on my two-year-old colt and have cleared it off."

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In order to make their home study courses known in every locality the famous International Institute of Music of New York will give free to our readers, 48 or 96 lessons for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo or Cornet. In return they simply ask you to recommend their Institute to your friends after you learn to play.

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It is not necessary that you know one note from another. The lessons are so simple and easy that they are recommended to any person or little child who can read English.

You will receive one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage, and the music you use, which is small.

Thousands have learned by mail and you can do the same. You and your friends should know of this offer. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get the Institute's FREE booklet, which gives full information.

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Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for the free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free.

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DO YOUR FEET ACHE?

Tired, aching feet, weak ankles, flat-foot, callouses, bunions, and pains that resemble rheumatism, are **instantly relieved** and **permanently cured** by wearing the Scholl **"FOOT-EAZER."** Scientifically supports the arch or instep in an easy, natural manner, removes all muscular strain and makes walking or standing a genuine pleasure.

The Scholl "FOOT-EAZER" Eases The Feet, Body and Nerves. Gives the foot a well-arched, even tread, and preserves the shape of the shoe.

10 Days' Free Trial

All shoe dealers and druggists sell the Scholl "FOOT-EAZERS" $2.00 per pair or direct by mail prepaid, on receipt of price. If not satisfied after 10 days trial, money refunded THE SCHOLL MFG. CO. 472 ½ King St., W., Toronto.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once. ROYAL IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 936, WINDSOR, ONT.

Don't Throw it Away

Have Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?

USE MENDETS A PATENT PATCH

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25C., POSTPAID. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. B. Collingwood, Ont.

Temperance Talk.

Help!

By Mrs. Wm G. Matheson, Port Morien, C. B.

Give him a cheery greeting;
Hold out a friendly hand.
The "Pharisees'" may censure you,
But God will understand.
He "Watch and Ward" is keeping
O'er every straying one.
Help! for by little deeds like this
A greater work is done.

Give him a word that's helpful!
Men preach, and rant and rave,
But oft some simple act may hold
The wondrous power to save.
You'll never reach a sinner
By gazing at the sky,
And you must never own defeat,
Till every means you try.

Help! Ah! you know of someone
Too easy led aside—
With spirits gay and winsome like,
Who walks where roads are wide;
Someone your heart aches over,
For whom you often pray
That one day he may clearly see
A saner, safer way.

Reach out for any victim
The "drink-fiend" holds in thrall;
Once he had just began to hear
The luring tempter's call.
Help! for that voice grows louder
With every flying year;
Grim Death may mock your tardy soul,
Beside a quiet bier.

Frances.

Testimonies Against Beer Drinking.

The professor of physiological chemistry in the University of Basle, Switzerland, says:—"Beer is the most injurious of alcoholic drinks because no other is so seductive. One can accustom himself more readily to the drinking of beer than any other intoxicant, and no other so readily destroys the appetite for normal food and nourishment. It is not only the concentrated alcoholic liquors that cause heart and kidney trouble, but pre-eminently the continued use of beer."

An American scientist says:—"The use of beer has been found to produce a species of degeneration of all organs. In appearance the beer drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease."

The late professor of physiology in the University of Wurzburg, Germany, said:—"It is quite beyond doubt that every dose of alcohol, even the most moderate, diminishes the strength."

Dr. August Forel, of Zurich, says:—"Is there any alcoholic drink which, taken moderately either as a supposed tonic or as a means of nutriment, is beneficial to human health? I answer the question with a decided 'No.'".

Dr. Alfred Wolff, in a remarkable article on the increase of cancer in Great Britain, which appeared in a recent number of the "Nineteenth Century," quotes figures to show that the deaths from cancer have risen in England from 67.6 per 100,000 in 1890 to 82.8 in 1900; and that in Prussia, Holland, and Norway there has been an increase of over 30 per cent. It is equally noteworthy, however, that the districts in which the cancer death-rate is a high one are just those where beer is largely consumed. Dr. Wolff says:—

"The evidence is extremely convincing. The amount consumed in the United Kingdom, which was twenty-seven gallons per head in 1885, was thirty-one and a half gallons in 1900, and in German Empire the consumption rose from ninety to 125 litres per head. In countries such as Italy and Hungary, in which the consumption of beer is small, the mortality from such diseases is small. In no country could any instance be discovered in which a large consumption of beer was accompanied by a low cancer mortality."

World's Temperance Congress

Summaries of Addresses by Distinguished Leaders—Statements Show Remarkable Progress.

Interesting summaries of some of the addresses delivered at the great International Temperance Congress in London have been sent out by the Associated Prohibition Press. The following are some of the most instructive statements:

Vice Admiral G. King-Hall, in an address on the topic, "Alcohol and Efficiency of Navy Service," declared:

"My experience after forty-four years' service, is that about 80 per cent. of the crime against discipline, such as leave-breaking and insubordination, is owing to excess in taking spirituous liquor.

"During the last thirty years great and growing advance has been made by temperance in the navy.

"There are now about 25,000 total abstainers belonging to the Royal Navy Temperance Society. The Lords of the Admirality, and most of our admirals and captains are patrons, and there are branches in nearly all ships.

"Small substitutes, such as tea and cocoa are given in the service to men who stop their grog, and many more would stop it if given a 1d day in lieu of their grog.

"Admiral Lord Charles Beresford writes that 'The marked decrease of crime in the service is due to decreased drinking habits, and marked improvement in temperance sentiments in the fleet, and to the support given to it by officers and men. Temperance habits add to the happiness, cheeriness, and manliness of the men and directly to the efficiency of the fleet.

"Admiral Von Muller, chief of the German Emperor's Naval Cabinet, writes 'In Germany navy grog rations are excluded from ships, and all canteens on shore and afloat, and to every recruit joining the navy is given a pamplet warning them against alcohol abuse.'

"Prince Bernadotte, Swedish Admiral, writes: 'Alcohol is the greatest cause of disobedience to discipline, and of all the puishment given to sailors in our navy, and it would be a great blessing to our naval forces if we could get rid of the use of alcohol.'"

Alcoholism Responsible For Inefficiency In Postoffice Service.

F. J. Brown, M. A. Sc., in his paper on "Alcohol and the Efficiency of the Postoffice Service," noted the fact that during the years of 1907 and 1908, the number of dismissals from intemperance was 114, which was 36 per cent. of the total number of dismissals, while the number of deprivations of "good conduct stripes" on account of intemperance was 158, and 66 per cent. of the total number. Three thousand men are members of the British postoffice service temperance organization, but they comprise but a small percentage of all abstainers in the service.

Contrast of Abstainers and Drinkers in British Navy.

"Twenty-five per cent. of the soldiers in the British army are now total abstainers, and in some depots sixty-six per cent. of the recruits before enlisting are total abstainers," declared Colonel L. G. Fawkes, R. A., Honorable Secretary of the Royal Army Temperance Association, in his address before the congress on the subject, "Alcohol and the Efficiency of the Army." "The consumption of drink in the British army is rapidly decreasing," declared Colonel Fawkes, who noted the fact that there are now 203 branches of the Royal Army Temperance Association in England and the colonies; that in India the temperance room is recognized as part of the regimental institutions. H. M. King Edward VII. is patron of the Association, and every encouragement is given the movement by Field Marshal

Was So Bad With Heart and Nerves Could Not Sleep At Night.

Many men and women toss night after night upon a sleepless bed. Some constitutional disturbance, worry or disease has so debilitated and irritated the heart and nervous system that they cannot enjoy the refreshing sleep which comes to those whose heart and nerves are right.

Mrs. John Gray, Lime Lake, Ont., writes:—"Last summer I was so bad with my heart and nerves that I couldn't sleep at night. There was such a pain and heavy feeling in my chest that I could not stoop, and at at times I would become dizzy and have to grasp something to keep from falling. I tried different things but never got anything to do me any good until I tried Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and I can now recommend them to all troubled as I was."

Milburn's Heart & Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or three boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Ten Years Younger in two minutes. For faded or grey hair, use **Hemple's Brilliania.** Highest awards Paris, Rome, Brussels, 1908. Neither a bleach nor like a dye. No washing. Dries immediately. Never unnatural tints. Defies the keenest eye. State color required. Send pattern of hair. Large sample with brush, 90c. A six times larger case, $2.85. Post free of Maison Max Hemple, 16 W. Glasshouse Street, London, England. Agents wanted.

Learn **Pitman's Shorthand** by correspondence in your leisure.

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHERS CO.

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Instruction conducted by expert reporter.

Write for Particulars

TATTOOING

Highest class workmanship by

ALFRED SOUTH, Tattoo Artist,

31 Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square, London, S.W. (opposite the Admiralty). Electric Instruments (own patents) and All Colors used. Unique Designs from 60c. Antiseptic Treatment. Crude tattoo marks obliterated with Artistic Designs. Tattoo Outfits sold. Price List free. Telegraphic Address—"Tattooing, London."

Watches FREE

We give all grades of Watches for selling our fine Art Post Cards at 10c per pkg. Order 20 pkgs. today. When sold, send us the $2.00 and we will send you an elegant 5 YEAR GUARANTEED WATCH, also a FINE SIGNET RING and a CHAIN, postpaid, as per our premium list. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. Write us to-day. BELMONT MFG. CO., Dept. 63, CHICAGO

Send Only 10 Cents.

For this beautiful 18 inch tray cloth on Fine Art Linen, your choice of Wallachian, Eyelet, Mt. Mellick, Violet, or Holly design, and we will include **FREE OF CHARGE,** one year's subscription to "Art Needle-work" Magazine.

The tray cloth regularly sells for 25 cents, and one year's subscription to our embroidery Magazine would ordinarily cost you 20 cents, thus making a total cash value of 45 cents.

The above Bargain Offer will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents and the names and addresses of five Lady friends. Send us your order to-day.

AVALLONE & CO., Inc., 2057-E Addison Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MEND THOSE HOLES

In your Pans, Kettles, Etc. Vol-Peek mends tin, iron, copper, brass, aluminum, granite and enameled ware. Mends holes up to ¼ inch. Stands temperature 500 degrees higher than solder. Easy, quick. No tools necessary. 25 cents postpaid—enough to mend 50 holes. *Agents Wanted.* H. NAGLE & CO., Dept. 15, La Prairie, Quebec.

LADIES BONNIE DOON HUNTING CASE LADIES WATCH

Gent's Watch with Ring & Chain, 31-piece Dinner Set, 6 Triple Plated Tea Spoons, 9-piece Kitchen Set with rack, 60 inches wide Lace Curtains, Willow Chair, Rings, etc., given for selling the handsomest line of Post Cards shown at 10c per pkge. Write us what you want and we will send you 20 packages Cards by return mail. We trust you. Premiums sent promptly when earned. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. Write for 20 pkges Cards and large colored Premium List today. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 71½ CHICAGO

Earl Roberts, and almost all others among the leading military men.

The Director-General of the Royal Army Medical Department says that in India, the hospital admissions have fallen from between fourteen and fifteen per thousand to between two and four per thousand within the last twenty years. At Sierra Leone, perhaps the worst climate the British soldier has to serve in, notes Colonel Fawkes, the following comparison has been received from the Senior Medical officer for the first ten months of 1908:

Total Abstainers—Strength, 60; admissions into hospital, 29.

Non-Abstainers—Strength, 213; admissions into hospital, 321.

Lord Kitchener states that in India with the diminution of drinking, the number of courts-martial is reduced one half. There were 33 courts-martial at Singapore in 1907 but not one among the abstainers.

The largest steamship afloat recently launched at Belfast. "Olympic" White Star Line.

Alcohol Enemy of The Railroad Man.

Chairman A. Faulkner, J. P., of the United Kingdom Railway Temperance Union, noted the fact that the movement organized in 1882 now has a membership of 44,000, in addition to which there are probably 60,000 more total abstainers in the service of the English railways who are members of other societies. This organization has its own official organ, "On the Line," having a circulation of 160,000 a year. In conclusion, Chairman Faulkner declared:

"The information which I have been able to put before you, gathered from the best sources, proves that in all civilized countries those who direct the railway services are awaking to the important fact that alcohol is not conducive to efficiency, and that in those countries which are comparatively new, and which are untrameled by ancient traditions and customs, the abolition of intoxicating drinks from the railway service is most drastic. The verdict, therefore, of the railways is, that alcohol is dangerous, and the signals are set against it, for without doubt it impairs the brain power and physique of the workers, and it is essential that it be abstained from by the railway men, that they may be as efficient as the service requires and the safety of the public demands."

Alcohol The Deadliest Enemy Of The Home.

One of the most suggestive and impressive papers of the whole congress was that written by Mr. and Mrs. Bramwell Booth, of the Salvation Army, and which was read by Mrs. Booth. The subject was "Alcohol in Relation to the Home." Significant points developed were as follows:

"The home is not only the seed plot of a nation's continued existence, but it is the spring from which proceeds all that is essential to the true patriotism of a people, to the real power of any community, and to the sustained influence of national life and institutions.

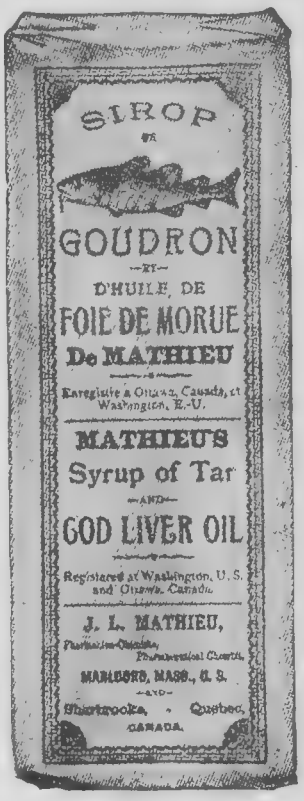
"Anything, therefore, which bears for good or ill upon the homes and upon the home life of a people is of supreme importance to every nation.

"A wide experience of the conditions of life in many countries and a somewhat close acquaintance with the inner facts of social progress among the working and peasant classes over a large part of the world, has brought an important body of information on this and kindred subjects to the officers of the Salvation Army. This paper is intended to present to the congress—as briefly as may be—some of the principal conclusions at which we have arrived as to the influence of strong drink upon the life of the people as that life is seen in their homes.

"1. And first we remark—alcohol in the home dissipates and wastes the substance and material resources of the family.

"2. Alcohol dissolves the vigor and

Stops the Cough and Builds up the System



When you are all "run down" you catch cold easily, and your cough "hangs on". By taking

MATHIEU'S SYRUP
of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

you not only cure the local trouble but also permanently strengthen the whole body.

The Beech Tar in the Syrup is soothing and healing while the Cod Liver Oil stimulates the appetite and increases the weight and bodily vigor. Both are united in the pleasant tasting syrup.

The most successful Cough Remedy known today is Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil.

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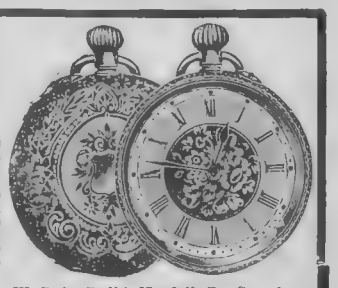

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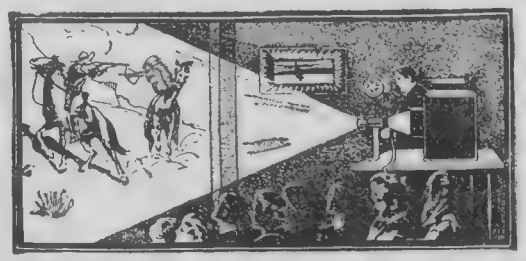

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Winnipeg, Man.

spirit which make and keep the home a living factor.

"3. Alcohol humbles and only too often destroys the natural dignity and prestige of home and family life.

"4. Alcohol tends to weaken and ultimately overthrow the authority of the family to the great injury of the children.

"5. Alcohol opens the door of the home to the most vicious form of self-indulgence and impurity.

"6 Alcoholism is the implacable enemy of all that belongs to the ethical advance of the community.

"For the reasons here briefly referred to, we of the Salvation Army say that strong drink ought to be banished from the home, from the church—which is the earthly home of the family of Christ—and from the use of all civilized peoples."

Decline in use of Alcohol by European Hospitals.

No paper was listened to with greater interest than that presented by Doctor Holitscher, of Carlsbad (Bohemia). Doctor Holitscher gave the results of an investigation which he conducted through inquiries addressed to a thousand institutions of Europe, as to the amount of wine, beer, spirits, milk and seltzer water consumed in the years 1895, 1900, 1905, 1906 and 1907, respectively. More than a hundred sheets came completely filled in and were collated. "The result," states Doctor Holitscher, " shows the twelve years. The diminution of the consumption of wine in the three countries taken together amounts to 57.2 per cent. per head in asylums, and 46.3 per cent. in hospitals. In the case of beer, the corresponding figures are 53.3 per cent. and 28.8 per cent.

"The consumption of milk, on the other hand, has risen by 12.7 per cent. in asylums, and 19.3 per cent. in hospitals. Very considerable is the rise in the consumption of seltzer water and lemonade, of which from 20 to 30 fold the amount was required in 1907 that was dispensed in 1895.

"Very large sums were saved through this diminution. Thus the hospitals paid £1,426 ($6,987.40) loss for alcoholic drinks in 1907, although the number of patients had risen 79 per cent. In German asylums the yearly saving amounts to £6,984 ($34,221.60), although the increase of patients here also was 79.6 per cent.

"In general, the average consumption of alcohol has considerably fallen during these twelve years, both in asylums and hospitals. From the communications of many doctors who have replied, we may conclude that this decrease will continue, and the consumption of alcohol be still further reduced."

Extraordinary Decline in Use of Alcohol In European Medical Circles.

No truer keynote of the whole world movement against the alcoholic curse was struck at the London congress than that uttered by Doctor Legrain, Ville Errarr, Paris, in his intensely interesting presentation of the subject of "Alcoholism and Brain Degeneration," on Wednesday, July 21. Noting the terrible ravages which the alcohol poison is everywhere making in the human organ, Doctor Legrain declared:

"Brain capital ought to have a vastly higher value in the eyes of the nations than financial capital has. Every nation ought to strive to protect this capital from every harm. It is most fitting that social poisons, such as alcohol and opium should be regarded with disquietude by all good citizens; and it is most reasonable that a movement shall be organized to bring about their gradual prohibition."

Doctor Legrain, continuing, pointed out that even temporary intoxication was in reality a brief attack of lunacy, and that after repeated doses of alcoholic drink, the brain changes have a tendency to become permanent.

"The transmission of the alcoholic evil,'" declared Doctor Legrain, "which sends out into the world dwarfed, degenerated, fallen beings for several generations before it is extinguished, is the most deadly blow against the mental capital of a nation." Analyzing the underlying causes of the present worldwide devastation made by alcohol, Doctor Legrain concluded:

"Greed of wealth, demoralization, political indifference, and the weakening of the social conscience, have today allowed alcoholism to spread terribly. This is why the number of the alcoholic insane has grown fearfully. Society is full of persons soaked to the very marrow with alcohol, either pure or adulterated. Alcohol intermingles with the public and private life of most persons. Such habits cause derangements which alarm those of the clearest vision.

"There seems no more hopeful cure than the voluntary giving up of this brain poison. There is no means of general safety of greater value than prohibition. United efforts are justly directed against such poisons as lead phosphorous, substances far less dangerous, with a view to their prohibition. With far more reason should similar efforts be put forth against alcohol. To refrain from doing this would be a distinct sign that we mean to bow before the modern deity, Mammon."

Once Too Often, Alas!

Here is a sad story from a physician's notebook. Give earnest heed, as the doctor tells it in his own words:

'Ten years ago,' he said, 'he got so bad that I had a job to get him through. When he was able to listen I told him that another spree would wind him up for a certainty. He told me there wasn't going to be another one.

'He lasted for six straight years, subjecting himself to a veritable torture of temptation all the time at that. On the day when he went back to work in his shop after that last spree he got a quart bottle of fine old Kentucky Bourbon whisky with a rich boquet.

'This, after loosening the cork, he placed on a little shelf immediately above his workbench. Then he went to work with that bottle of whisky right before his eyes. Every once in a while he'd reach up, take the bottle from the shelf, remove the cork and take long, gloating smells of the whisky.

'"You're never going to drown me again, blast you!" he'd say to the bottle as he smelled of the whisky. "I've got you beat—see! I can just fool with you, make a blooming toy of you, and still you can't nail me!" And then, with a final smell at the bottle, he'd cork it up again, put it back on the shelf, and resume his work.

'This sort of thing he kept up for six years without ever taking so much as a sip.

'I told the man frequently that he was torturing himself unnecessarily, that he was racking his nerves without any reason, and that eventually he'd become the victim of an irresistible impulse to drink the whisky.

'"No, I won't!" he'd protest. "The stuff made a fool of me for a good many years, and now I'm getting hunk."

'It was a sort of obsession, of course, but it was phenomenal that the man could have been able to carry it along for six years. I should have liked my prediction in his case to break against me, but it didn't.

'One forenoon in the seventh year of abstention he was going through his stunt of breathing the bouquet of the shelf bottle into his nostrils and gloating in his triumph over it, when the moment of irresistible impluse arrived. He put the bottle to his lips, and never stopped drinking until he had finished the whole quart.'

Actions are endowed with a kind of innate motion; once started, their progress cannot be arrested. We have only, therefore, to commence those actions which form character, and they will continue of themselves. This, unfortunately, is true of evil actions also, and their commission should be our greatest fear. Life is an infinite succession of actions, and whatever direction these actions take in the beginning they will continue to pursue for ever. It is as difficult to divert the course of a river that has been flowing for ages as to divert the course of actions that have been performed for years. Habit, then, may be made our best friend, but if we are not careful it will become our worst enemy. —Selected.

Correspondence.

Leola is Welcome.

Ena, Alta., Sept. 30, 1910.

Sir,—Have you any objections to another girl entering your correspondence column? I hope not. I live on a ranch in Western Alberta, and like it fine. I used to live in the city, but like the country best. I am a fairly good cook, and can drive a team, ride horseback and milk cows, and am very fond of dancing. I can play the organ and sing. I am learning to pla the accordion, and can play a few tunes on the violin. I prefer the violin to any other instrument. Well, I will close, hoping the paper has every success.

"Leola."

From the Old Country.

Leicester, England, Sept. 20, 1910.

Sir,—Through a friend of mine I have read several numbers of your magazine, and I have been greatly interested in the correspondence column. I am an English girl and live in a very busy town, so I cannot get lonely; but I feel sorry for the poor lonely bachelors in the West. This being my first letter I must not make it too long, but before I draw to a close I must wish your paper every success; also all the readers. I am twenty years of age, very fair, and have blue eyes, medium height and rather plump, but not fat. I should like to correspond with "Anglo-Franco" of the June number if he will write first. I would gladly write to anyone wishing to hear news from dear old England. They will find my address with the Editor. I hope I haven't taken too much space in your valuable paper. I will sign myself— "An English Girl."

May I help you?

Zealand on the Warpath.

Moosomin, Sask., Sept. 5th, 1910.

Sir,—I have been an interested reader of your valuable monthly paper for some considerable time. At first I took no interest in the correspondence columns, but after reading a few of the letters I began to look forward every month to the time when the next month's issue would arrive, and now I always perus the correspondence in your paper before reading any other part of it. I note the majority of the correspondents give a short description of themselves, and in this respect I may say I am nearly 19 years of age, and am 5 feet 10 inches hi h, and as for my looks I think I would pass in a crowd without anyone observing my curiosity. I would be much obliged if you would kindly forward the enclosed letters to their respective addresses.— "Zealand."

"Ted" Wants to Get Loved.

High Bluff, Man., Sept. 13, 1910.

Sir,—I am very much interested in your correspondence pages and would like to join. Of course, it is only for fun, but might become serious. Here is my description. I am eighteen, very jolly and light-hearted, brown hair, gray eyes, fair complexion, and am five feet five inches tall. I play and sing a little, skate a lot, play tennis, etc. I have been told that I might pass as far as looks go, and am an excellent cook. I don't mind work if it isn't too hard and steady. Now, is there any little boy, about six feet high and from nineteen to twenty-four years old who is in for fun, at least for the present, who would like to correspond with me? I cannot milk, and one dress a year will not do me, so "Archibald" need not answer. Someone jolly for me. Hoping to see this in print and that it does not take too much room, I remain— "Ted."

A Nova Scotia Bird.

Truro, N.S., Sept. 28, 1910.

Sir,—I am an interested reader of the letters in the W.H.M., and I think I

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SHOAL LAKE, MAN.,
JUNE 11th, 1910.

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We always stop the Paper at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month. That is to say if you want your address changed for the July issue, we must hear from you to that effect not later than June 20th.

When you renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

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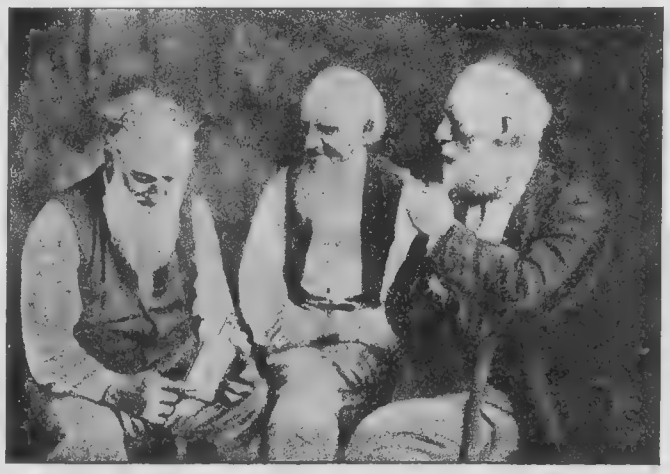

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CANADA

will join the "happy family" by writing a letter. I sympathize with the lonely bachelors in the West, "far away from home and mother." I intend to be out there, too, before very long, and I am sure I will like to get letters to keep me from getting lonely. I see a description is customary, so here goes. Am 17 years of age, 5ft. 4in. in height, weigh 125 lbs., auburn hair, and gray eyes. I am very fond of music, outside amusements, and am a great reader, my favorite books being Carey's and Holmes'. I would be pleased to hear from any who care to write, and will answer promptly. My address is with the Editor.— "Moon Bird."

Four of a Kind.

Arden, Man., Sept. 5, 1910.

Sir,—Hello, here we are at last, but it took a lot of cheek, as we are dreadfully shy. We all came from Ontario when we were kiddies, that was years and years ago. We have always lived on a farm, and there is no place like it. We don't object to milking a few cows, or feeding pigs, or to a man smoking (liquor strictly prohibited). We are very fond of music and fun, and our singing is simply magnificent. We will try and describe ourselves. First—Daisy Dell—I am 5ft. 5in. tall, and weigh 140 lbs. I have brown hair and blue eyes. Second—Shoo Fly—I am 5ft. 4in. high and weigh 105 lbs. I have black hair and blue eyes. Third—Little, but Oh My—I am 5ft. 2in. high, and weigh 108 lbs. Brown hair and brown eyes. As for our ages, we are all on the sunny side of twenty. We have no notion of matrimony; we wish to correspond for pastime. We would like to correspond with "Laughing Joe," "A Shy Guy" and "A Yankee Boy" in July number if they will be so kind as to write first. Our address is with the Editor. Hustle up, boys, if you are lonely. Wishing the W.H.M. much success, We remain—"The Triplets."

"Daisy Dell," "Shoo Fly," "Little, but Oh My."

Mike and Dick Want Correspondents.

Victoria, B.C., Sept. 21, 1910.

Sir,—We have been very interested in your correspondence column, and wish to try our luck with some of your blue-eyed maidens. We are not in the matrimonial line, but would like to correspond with lady writers. We are known in Victoria as "Mike" and "Dick." "Mike" has dark hair and blue eyes, is five feet eight inches tall. "Dick" has blue eyes, dark curly hair, and is about five feet six inches tall. We are considered good-looking, and are very fond of sports and jokes. "Mike" would like to correspond with "Victoria Kid." Would you kindly send her address? Closing, we wish the Western Home Monthly success.—We are "Mike" and "Dick."

"Cheyenne Bill" Is Shy.

Taber, Alta., Sept. 9, 1910.

Sir,—I have been an interested reader of your most valuable paper for the past two years and like to read it very much, especially the correspondence. I am a little shy, so you know the reason I have not written before. I will fall in line with the rest of the lonesome bachelors and describe myself. I am 21 years of age, dark complexion, 5ft. 7in., and weigh 160 pounds. I would like to correspond with any of the fair sex just to pass the lonesome hours away. Please send the enclosed card to "Snowdrop."—I remain, "Cheyenne Bill."

An idle moment

A Chance for the Bachelors.

Sir,—I have been a reader of your correspondence columns for some time, and have found some very amusing, but interesting letters. I will describe myself as being 5ft. 6in. in height, weight 135 lbs. I have brown hair and brown eyes, and will leave it to the bachelors to judge whether I am good looking or not. Like a number of our lady writers, I am a farmer's daughter, though for the past three years I have been an out and out pedagogue. This is a bad failing, as many of the boys will say, "for school ma'ams are all cranks," but I find I'm not as cranky as many who never entered a school door. "Peaches and Cream" were never school ma'ams, for look at the nice description they gave of themselves. Like "Curiosity," I don't like drinking and chewing in young men. I am very fond of music, and can play a little. I also like dancing, and am fond of all outdoor sports, although I like housekeeping equally well, and every chance

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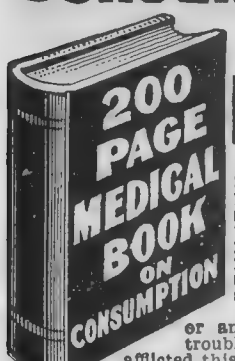


This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1602 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait — write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

Superfluous Hair Secret, harmless formula that removed it beautifully from my face three years ago—no return—mailed on request. Address: ALICE SMITH, 2908½ Richmond Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

GOITRE

Have your Goitre removed without taking medicine or having it cut out. We have a convenient, soothing appliance which is worn on the neck at night and cures while you sleep. It checks the growth, reduces the enlargement, and stops all pain and distress in a short time. 18 years success. Write today for free booklet and full particulars, including testimonials from every State, price, etc. Address the **Physicians Remedy Co. 206 Sinton Bldg., Cincinnati,**

I get I practice housekeeping from Friday to Monday. If any of the Western bachelors would care to write, my address is with the Editor. Hoping to see my letter in print, I will not sign my name "Schoolma'am," but—

Brown-Eyed Molly.

A Breezy Letter.

Kelowna, B.C.

Sir,—I have been an interested reader of the W.H.M., and think it is ripping! And the correspondence column is a splendid idea! I wrote once before, but my valuable epistle missed fire—the right kind anyway—so I am trying again. I should like to correspond with a nice young lady about my own age, which, if I remember rightly, is about 20. I am dark and of medium height, neither handsome nor ugly, am "T.T.," but shall own up to smoking a little. At present I have not a place of my own, but I hope to start in next spring. I have tried two or three things in the way of professions in my time, which includes two years at sea, but I like your Canadian life and farming better than them all. So wishing your jolly paper every success, and hoping to see this in your next issue, I remain—

Roaming Along.

Three flowers among the Ferns.

Trials of Homesteaders.

Sir,—Having read a number of your valuable and inspiring papers, I would like to trespass on your kindness if you would insert my letter in your columns. Having been in the Northwest some time and latterly taken up a homestead, I might inform you that this is the place for good domesticated women. I might say that around where I am located there are a good many hard working sons of the soil striving hard for the way to success. These men (I can speak from observation) are deserving of a good worthy partner in life. As I am penning these lines I am in a shack, watching a lonely homesteader patching his overalls. Now, readers, is it natural for these cheerful men to do this sort of work, and does it not appear to you to look out of place to see a man do women's work? These last two years have been awfully trying to these men of grit. Numerous, unforeseen misfortunes have cropped up, viz., losing horses, prairie fire and hail, in fact, we very nearly got cleaned out by fire early this year. The whole settlement turned out willingly and put it out after many hours of hard and trying work. In spite of all, you see those men plodding along as though nothing had happened. I think you will agree that these men of grit and muscle are deserving of a good honest woman to share their misfortunes all through life. I may say in conclusion my age is 29, and if any young woman between 25 and 30 would write I would be pleased to correspond with her. Hoping your paper will always be a success. I will sign myself—

Cheerful.

Brief But to the Point.

Winnipeg Man., July 14th, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a subscriber to your valuable paper for nearly a year now, and I thought I would like to correspond with some of the readers of this paper. I am seventeen years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. tall, blue eyes, auburn hair, etc. I would be very pleased to correspond with "Unknown" and "Canadian Lassie." You will find my address with the editor. Wishing the W. H. M. every success of the season, I will sign myself "Jim Jeffreys."

Another Recent Arrival.

Parkfield, Sask., July 14th, 1910.

I have been reading the letters in your valuable paper for some time and enjoy them very much, so I resolved to "butt in" myself. I have only been out in the West since January, so I guess I will be considered a tenderfoot yet, or, as they are called in this locality, a "Tight-skin." I like the country fine however, more especially as I am fond of outdoor sport. There is certainly all kinds of room for a fellow to expand himself out here. I am fond of music and sometimes attempt to sing (having

Recipe for 16 Ounces of Cough Syrup

No Better Remedy at any Price
Fully Guaranteed.

Make a plain syrup by mixing two cups of granulated sugar and one cup of warm water and stir for two minutes. Put 2½ ounces of pure Pinex (50 cents' worth) in a 16 oz. bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup. This gives you a family supply of the best cough syrup at a saving of $2. It never spoils. Take a spoonful every one, two, or three hours.

The effectiveness of this simple remedy is surprising. It seems to take hold instantly, and will usually stop the most obstinate cough in 24 hours. It tones up the jaded appetite and is just laxative enough to be helpful in a cough, and has a pleasing taste. Also excellent for bronchial trouble, throat tickle, sore lungs and asthma, and an unequalled remedy for whooping cough.

This recipe for making cough remedy with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) is a prime favorite in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada. The plan has been imitated, though never successfully. If you try it, use only genuine Pinex, which is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in quaiacol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this recipe.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

LIQUID CURES ECZEMA WHERE SALVES FAIL

In regard to skin diseases, medical authorities are now agreed on this:

Don't imprison the disease germs in your skin by the use of greasy salves, and thus encourage them to multiply. A true cure of all eczematous diseases can be brought about only by using the healing agents in the form of a liquid.

WASH THE GERMS OUT.

A simple wash: A compound of Oil of Wintergreen, Thymol, and other ingredients as combined in the D.D.D. Prescription. This penetrates to the disease germs and destroys them, then soothes and heals the skin as nothing else has ever done.

A trial bottle will start the cure, and give you instant relief. Write for it today to the D.D.D. Laboratories, Dept. M, 49 Colborne St., Toronto.

For sale by all druggists.

Every Size Maternity Skirt

The Every Size Maternity Skirt is Stylish at all times.

It adjusts itself, by invisible, patented attachments to any size waist, hangs perfectly flat in front, never wrinkles and is always even around the bottom. In appearance the EVERY SIZE Skirt is just a well tailored, stylish skirt and has no strings, elastics, straps, buckles or bands.

Doctors and nurses recommend the EVERY SIZE because of the comfort it gives. EVERY SIZE Maternity Skirts sell retail at $6.00 to $13.50 according to material.

The EVERY SIZE is well described in a booklet sent free on request (together with names of local dealers who sell it) by the sole licencees and makers in Canada.

The Victor Mfg. Co., - Quebec, P.Q.

Wanted Energetic Farmer

or other good man to represent us in every township. Exclusive territory given to the right party to handle our combination Lifting Jack and Wire Fence Stretcher. It has a dozen different uses and is so useful, convenient and labor saving that every one wants one. Farmers praise it at first sight. Thousands being sold. Agents make from $5.00 to $10.00 per day. Write before your territory is taken. No experience needed. Full particulars given. Investigate. Ask for booklet F, and full particulars. Send post card now. Handy Jack Mfg. Co., Sarnia, Ont.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhœa or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 86 • • • • WINDSOR, Ont.

BEAUTIFUL TEA SERVICE WITH ENGLISH TEAPOT
COMPLETE BREAKFAST SET
HANDSOME COMPLETE BERRY FRUIT OR SALAD SET

All Three Sets ARE ABSOLUTELY FREE

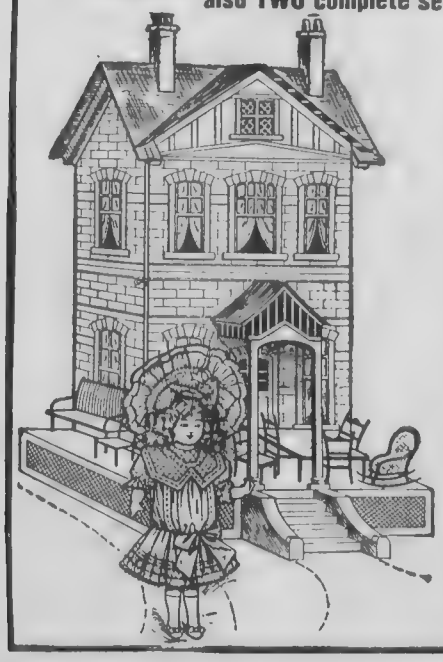
THIS IS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME—AN HONEST OFFER

We will give away, absolutely without cost, 1,000 of these magnificent combination sets of dishes, each combination set consisting of all three sets as stated above. The china is beautifully decorated and embossed in magnificent floral designs, underglazed, the newest patterns, latest designs, and guaranteed full size for family use. These magnificent sets will be a useful addition to your home and are so beautiful you will be proud to own them. TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS WONDERFUL OFFER AND SECURE THREE BEAUTIFUL SETS OF DISHES FOR YOUR HOME, ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Just send us your name and address and we will send you, postage paid, only 14 boxes of our famous New Life Blood Tonic and Nerve Pills to sell for us at only 25c. per box. They are the greatest remedy on earth for the cure of weak and impure blood, nervousness, constipation, stomach trouble, to stimulate the appetite, regulate the bowels and clear the complexion. A grand tonic and life builder. You will sell them very quickly, as each customer who buys a box from you at only 25c. can receive free from us a handsome present of silverware, gold-finished Cuff Links or Ring.

When sold send us the money, only $3.50, and we will promptly send you ALL THREE SETS exactly as represented, ABSOLUTELY FREE. We carefully pack free and arrange to stand payment of all freight charges to your nearest station. Don't miss the chance of your life. Write us to-day. Address—THE NEW LIFE REMEDY CO. DEPT. 73 TORONTO, ONT.

FREE THIS MAGNIFICENT DOLL'S HOUSE AND HANDSOME IMPORTED DOLL
also TWO complete sets of beautiful furniture for the house
and this lovely gold-laid jeweled ring



GIRLS, THIS IS A CHANCE OF A LIFE-TIME. DON'T MISS IT. This magnificent doll house is a perfect little palace, EXACTLY LIKE THE DRAWING IN EVERY DETAIL, with its quaint gothic roof with two chimneys, fine porch, lovely verandah and broad handsome front steps. The outside of the house is finished in red brick and the inside is beautifully papered throughout, and every window has curtains. IT IS FURNISHED COMPLETE with the loveliest furniture you have ever seen—two complete sets, including sofas, chairs, tables, beds bureaus, wash-stands, etc.

THE HANDSOME DOLL WE GIVE YOU WITH THE HOUSE is a little beauty. Fully jointed so that she can sit down, turn her head, move her arms and legs, and she is dressed with fine underwear, shoes, stockings, etc., complete from hat to shoes.

Girls, if you want to secure ABSOLUTELY FREE this handsome doll house, lovely doll, the two sets of furniture and the beautiful jeweled ring, send us your name and address at once and agree to sell only 25 of our handsome jewelery novelties at only 10 cents each. They are handsome novelties, everybody wants them and you can sell them very quickly in a few minutes after school. When sold, return us the money, only $2.50, and we will promptly send you all 5 handsome presents carefully packed, exactly as represented. We arrange to stand payment of all charges on these presents right to your door. DON'T DELAY, write us to-day, and in a few days you can have the magnificent house and all the beautiful presents.

Address—
THE MUTUAL CREDIT CO.
Dept. 74 Toronto, Ont.

previously locked the doors to keep the audience in). Not being on the matrimonial list I will not describe myself but I will leave it to your imagination. If any of the nice girls would like to correspond with me for pastime I would be pleased to write. My address is with the editor. I have no objection to red hair or fiery temper in a correspondent. Please send the enclosed letter to "A Sporty Lass," Mr. Editor. I will now close with wishes for your success, from "A tight-skin from the East."

Alone Amongst the Indians.

MacLeod, Alta, May 26, 1910.

Sir. I have been an interested reader of your paper for many months but have not had nerve enough to write. I am 5 ft. 11 in. tall, auburn hair, fair complexion, and as to whether I am good-looking or not it will have to be decided by the public. I am especially fond of dancing and skating but can take a good quantity of anything in the amusemen line. I live in a little town a short way from MacLeod, where there are no white people but myself, only Indians; so you see I am pretty lonesome. I would be very pleased to hear from "A Farmer's Girl" or "Snowdrop," if they will only write first. Wishing the paper every success, I will sign myself "Diago."

Stub is Lonely.

Olds, Alta.

Sir.—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for five months while out on my uncle's ranch, and since coming to town have subscribed for it. I am 20 years of age, have brown eyes, dark brown hair, and stand 5 ft. 5 in., weight 130 lbs., and have only been here for 5½ months from Winnipeg. I would like to write to some sensible girl about my own age, who is a farmer's or rancher's daughter, who can play piano as I am fond of music. I am a good singer. I have not any bad habits but smoking, which I do a little. I am a protestant and belong to the Presbyterian church. Anyone wishing to write will find my address with the editor, and will answer all letters. I remain "Stub."

An Eastern Lassie.

West Branch, N.S.

Sir.—Once more I am going to ask space for a short letter in your valuabe paper. I wrote once before but did not see it in print. I enjoy reading the correspondence column and would like to receive letters from either sex, simply for pastime. I am a farmer's daughter and my home is situated right at the foot of a mountain. It is rather a pretty place during the summer months, and, as a rule, I am generally very well satisfied with my home. But when I see the harvest excursion posters out, then My! how I long to go out and see the great "West." But as I am the only child at home, my parents don't want me to leave. Will western girls and boys please write me some nice letters, telling me all about western life, as I cannot go to see for myself. My address is with the editor. "Bonnylin."

A Pinewood Lassie Who Feels Lonely.

England.

Sir.—I have taken a great interest in your correspondence column lately. Would you spare me a little space? I have been referring to my book of April last and I feel as though I should so much like to know, or rather, hear from "Maple Leaf Jack," if he does not already correspond. I am an English girl of eighteen and very fair. I have been taking the duties of housekeeper to my father for two years. Am considered a good pianist and singer. I should so much like to see this in print. Think this is all for the present. With my best wishes to yourself and dear book, which cheers me so, may I sign myself "Grey Eyes."

A Woodland Maiden.

England.

Sir.—Having been a reader of your magazine for over a year now I feel as though I should very much like a space in your correspondence column. I am an English girl of twenty-one. I have always taken a keen interest in farm life, although I am not a farmer's daughter. Have taken a great delight lately reading the bachelors' letters, and I feel more than interested in "Zephyr's" letter which appeared in the July number. I liked his idea about a pipe, although I do not indulge in smoking myself. I suppose I must tell you my chief pleasures; first, I am more than fond of singing, but, unfortunately, I am no pianist. Secondly, the gymnasium hall has a great attraction, and lastly, but not least, comes the needle, this being my one delight. I think there is nothing so rare as sitting in the hay fields with my darning; for I never object to sock mending when the holes are not too large. Now, if this catches the eye of any nice young man who happens to have a few "peep-holes" in his socks, just write and send them along to me. (Darned gratis). Trusting that I am not occupying too much of your time and space, and that you, yourself, Mr. Editor, are in the best of health, and with heaps of good luck to your western boys, I sign myself "Honeysuckle."

Sailing at Kenora.

A Son of Erin.

Sir.—I have much pleasure in reading your matrimonial columns. I am an Irishman, twenty-one years of age, and am the proud possessor of 320 acres of the finest land in the province of Saskatchewan. I am also beautifully situated, right amongst picturesque scenery, being only a short distance from a fine lake, where swimming, boating and canoeing may be heartily enjoyed. Now, if any of the fairer sex would like to correspond with me, I should be very delighted to answer. I will now sign myself "Shamrock."

A Very Sensible Letter.

Pine, Ont.

Sir.—Will you kindly allow me just sufficient space for an epistle founded on some of the letters published in your worthy magazine?—Thank you—A perusal of the pages headed "Correspondence" shows a general sameness to pre-

vail, as month after month the same items are gone over. Mr. Editor, are not these pages to be considered rather a bureau for matrimonial purposes? or, in a general, friendly way, might we all contribute something of interest, which might tend to make the columns genuinely appreciated by one and all? One question of note has been given rather a one-sided discussion, viz., habit, and the usual abhorrence of any addicted to even the minor habits. Everybody's looking for a somebody unencumbered by habits, and after all, even our daily existence is largely habit, from that of looking forward to the W.H.M.'s arrival monthly, to our daily routine of work or pleasure, it's a case of having acquired the habit. Here I see are two or three girls looking for a perfect man. Ah, me! Game out of season. Three they will not find. Should one turn up, what a bore he would be—poor, miserable creature. Soon, very soon, the thought of the taint around would drive him to smoke, the coming in contact with our own faulty natures would extract a "Great Scott!" occasionally. Could anybody tolerate a faultless, habitless creature? A specimen who stood continually with accusing eyes fixed on the world's shortcomings? Well, I couldn't, if such a one exists, though I feel doubtful. What matters about the outward garb—'tis but the worldly covering up of God's creation, and the broad mind seeks 'neath the exterior for the ideal. Ask not do you smoke, chew, play cards, etc.; rather, are you a man, upright and clean, for such will not violate the gifts God has trusted them to keep bright. I feel our western homesteaders are men of ability and undaunted courage, and only by their perseverance and sticktoativeness are they winning out. Not a list of "should nots" for them, girls, but cheery words, bits of sunshine, that will make the day wholesome. A bit of encouragement, easy to bestow, yet valueless. 'Tis half the battle to know we are appreciated, and a helpful hand works marvels. Thank you sincerely, Mr. Editor, for your long-suffering patience and space. May continued success be yours. It's just a girl who's speaking; a very human girl of 19, and should any one feel in need of a cheery word or jolly chat, come to "Only a Mere Girl."

The Other Side of the Question.

Chinook, Alta

Sir,—I have had the pleasure and edification of perusing your magazine the last few months at the shack of a neighboring settler, and I note its marked improvement in substance and appearance as each number "materializes"—as the spirit folks say. More power to your arm! You ask your readers' suggestions. You are the doctor and put up the mixture, but I would prescribe the greatest care about those love letters, as we have been ordered to not only "avoid evil, but the very appearance of evil," and there are noses twisted to scent foul air in every breath just as a tin tinker sees only the holes in the kettle, and the proof-reader only notes the mis-prints. One thing more: for any additional "features" I should say, gradually increase the quality of the stories and give more practical science and advanced philosophy to the other articles. Because your readers are largely rural is no reason they should not be good reasoners. Milk for babes is all right for babies, but men and women should have rich meat and not rice broth. Many of our farmers and mechanics and even laborers are college bred and library learned. Besides, the less facts the people know the more they need be taught. True instruction is of more moral and practical value than are faked-up imaginings and more interesting to the sensible. Seek and save those in the dark by giv-

Instant Relief After 20 Years of Suffering

The King of Dyspepsia Cures
The Greatest Cure of the Age

A Safe Household Remedy for Adults and Children

Mrs. E. M. McTavish, 202 Bennington St., East Boston, Mass., writes: "I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia for over twenty years, at times not able to work, vomiting almost everything I ate. A friend recommended K.D.C. I sent for some. The first dose gave almost instant relief. Three packages cured me. I cheerfully recommend it to any suffering from dyspepsia. I know of quite a number in this city who have been cured by the use of K.D.C.

Price 35c. and $1.00 a Bottle; Tablets 25c.; Pills 25c.

USE K.D.C. PILLS FOR CONSTIPATION. THEY CURE.

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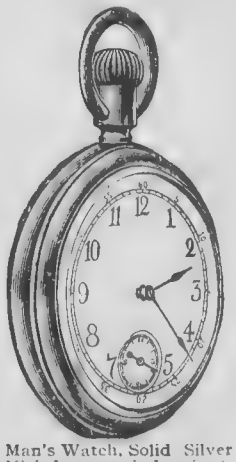
CANADA'S GREATEST PREMIUM HOUSE

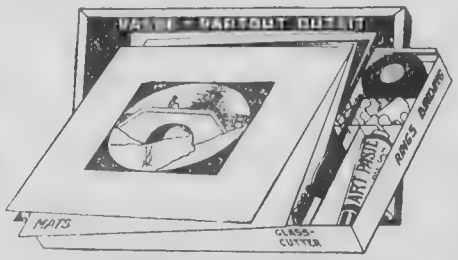
These Grand PREMIUMS Are Given FREE

By Canada's Greatest Premium House
For selling Beautiful Picture Post Cards at 6 for 10c.
All put up in valuable REDEEMABLE COUPON ENVELOPES

YOU just ought to see the lovely **Picture Post Cards** we send agents to sell. Our assortments are made up of the most beautiful **Seasons** and **Birthday Greetings, Floral Cards** in natural colors, **Views** and provokingly funny **High Grade Comics**. Many of these cards are sold even in the big city stores at 3c. and 5c. each. It's the **easiest thing in the world** to sell them at our **wholesale price of 6 for 10** cents. You have simply to show them to your friends and take in the cash. Just try it. We are telling you right. **Choose the Premium** you want. **Send us** your order. The **Cards** will be **sent postpaid.** Sell them at 10c. a package, then send us our money and your Premium will be sent you **at once. WRITE NOW.** Address as below.



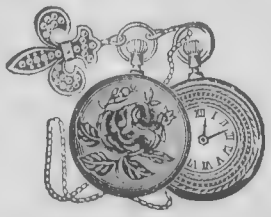
Man's Watch, Solid Silver Nickel, stem wind and set, guaranteed Swiss works. Given for selling only **$3.00** worth.



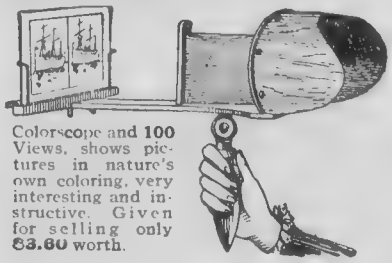
Complete Picture Framing Set, everything necessary to make them ready for Wall or Mantel. Given for selling only **$2.40** worth.

Beautiful Black Warm Fur Ruff, over 50 inches long. New York style. Given for selling only **$3.00** worth.

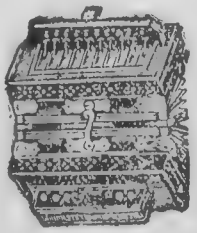
Beautifully dressed fine French Doll. She is nearly 1½ feet tall, has natural curly hair and pretty eyes, which close when she goes to sleep. Given for selling only **$2.40** worth.



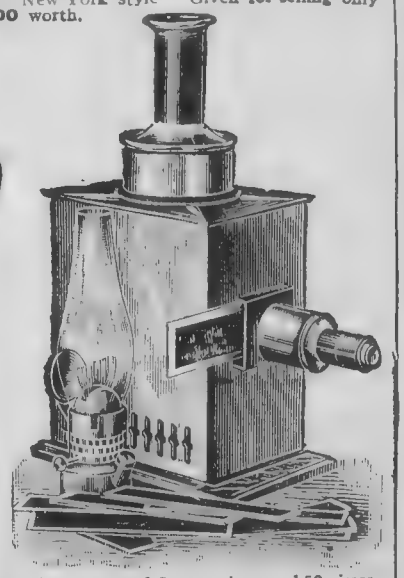
Lady's Beautiful Enamelled Watch; guaranteed Swiss works. Given for selling only **$3.60** worth.



Colorscope and 100 Views, shows pictures in nature's own coloring, very interesting and instructive. Given for selling only **$3.60** worth.



10-Key Accordeon. Full Concert Size. Rosewood Case, Nickel Trimmings. Given for selling only **$4.00** worth.



Genuine Imported Stereopticon and 50 views. Has powerful magnifying lens and reflecting lamp. Just the thing for evening entertainments. Given for selling only **$3.60** worth.

Catalogue giving full description of these and other valuable Premiums sent with every order.

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CANADA'S GREATEST PREMIUM HOUSE

It's the Strength, Body and Flavor that the Families Favor

The Flavor of

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CONSTIPATION

CURED BY THE USE OF MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Constipation is one of the most frequent, and at the same time, one of the most serious of the minor ailments to which mankind is subject, and should never be allowed to continue.

A free motion of the bowels daily should be the rule with every one who aspires to perfect health.

Mrs. Fred. Hall, 299 Hibernia Road, Montreal, Que., writes:—"Having been troubled for years with constipation and trying everything I knew of, a friend advised me to use Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I used four and a half vials and I am completely cured. I can gladly recommend them to all who suffer from constipation.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents per vial, or 5 vials for $1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

FAT IS FATAL

Fat is fatal to Health, Comfort, Happiness and often fatal to Life.

Let me send you a trial treatment FREE OF CHARGE. You can get rid of your fat safely, surely and quickly.

What my treatment has accomplished in hundreds of cases. It will help you! Try it!

E. A. Richards, Mayor of Holly Hill, Fla., says: Your treatment cured me permanently, it has been two years since I stopped taking it and have not regained a pound.

Rev. Mary Kimball, 112 So. Jackson St., Janesville, Wis., says: Have tested and proven the merits of your reduction remedies, none of my garments fit me; they seem made for another woman.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER I have had such wonderful success with my method of reducing superfluous fat that I have decided to offer for a limited time **—free trial treatments.** Hundreds of testimonials on file show that my treatment **takes off fat at the rate of 5 to 7 pounds a week** and what is more, that the fat **does not return** when the treatment is finished. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without starving, exercising or in any way interfering with your customary habits. My treatment is endorsed by physicians, because of its easy, natural elimination of abnormal flesh and its beneficial effect on the whole system. Perfectly harmless; easy and quick results. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. **Don't take my word for this;** I will prove it at my own expense. Write to-day for free trial treatment and illustrated booklet on the subject; it costs you nothing. Address Dr. J. Spillenger, Dept. 1307E. 41 West 25th St., New York City.

BUST and HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on" method, with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORMS do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting and render the work of dress-making at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to fifty different shapes and sizes, bust raised or lowered; also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order and will last a life-time. Write for illustrated booklet containing complete line of dress forms with prices. Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. R, 70-76 Pearl St., Toronto, Canada.

ing them to-day's sunlight, not last year's bottled moonshine. Yours, for the West, the Home and the Monthly

"Prescott."

Here's a Chance, Bachelors.

Russell, Man.

Sir.—Being very much impressed by your interesting paper, especially the corresponding columns, we take great pleasure in anticipating a small space therein. As we read these correspondence pages, we wonder why it is that a young man in Vancouver will write to a girl in Quebec or Ontario. Are there no girls in Vancouver? or are they just like us, who want to correspond merely to help pass the time away. But we don't believe in making love matches when neither parties have seen each other. We sincerely hope that this will not keep the boys from writing to us, as we will certainly answer all letters or post cards received, and photos too, if they like. Now look bright, you "western bachelors," and see if one of these don't suit your tastes. Cinderella comes first as she is a jolly good cook. Now, that's what you boys are after. She has light brown hair, blue eyes, a good complexion, is 5 ft. 6 ins. tall, and weighs 110 lbs. She can play the piano, sing, dance, play cards and skate. Rosebud comes second. She has dark hair, blue eyes and the sweetest little mouth you ever saw. She is 5 ft. 3 ins. tall, weighs 103 lbs. She plays the piano, sings, skates and dances. Jolly Girl is last but not least, and I certainly am jolly. The man that I marry will certainly never die from lonesomeness. I have dark brown hair, dark eyes, fair complexion and rosy cheeks, not bad looking, and would exchange photos with any. I am 5 ft. 4 ins. tall and weigh 115 lbs. I can keep house, play cards, skate and go to dances about once a year, as one foot is a Methodist and the other a Presbyterian. We three girls are all sweet eighteen and would like if some of you boys and girls would answer this so as not to discourage us at the beginning.

"Cinderella," "Rosebud" and "Jolly Girl."

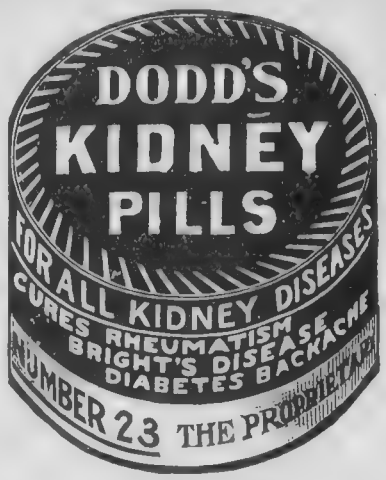
A Typical German Settler's Wife.

Times Are Changed.

Meskanow, Sask., July 15, 1910

Sir.—We have taken the W. H. M. for nearly ten years and like it very much. I enjoy reading the correspondence pages and find some of the letters very interesting. I do not approve of writing with a view to matrimony, but think it a pleasant pastime and a very good way of learning more about different parts of the globe. I am a farmer's daughter and think there is no place like the farm. I have lived in different towns and cities, but prefer the farm any day. When first we moved on the farm we had no neighbors nearer than eight miles, but now have plenty, and can always manage to have a good time. My father came to the country from the East when you could count the white people between Winnipeg and Prince Albert; before there were any railroads in the West and the travelling had to be done by stage in summer and either stage or dog train in winter, when the country was full of buffaloes and Indians. If anybody would like to write I could tell them quite a lot about the country in the early days. My father was through the rebellion as he was a Hudson Bay Company man and had charge of different posts throughout the West and in B.C. I will close now, with all good wishes for your paper. I am

"Daddy's Girl."



The Great English Remedy GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT and PILLS

TRY IT IF YOU HAVE A BAD LEG

a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitus, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not, for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label.—Prepared by ALBERT & Co., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England (copyright).

Wholesale Agents. The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

EXCURSIONS TO Eastern Canada

Daily During December

Three Months' Limit

Via ST. PAUL or DULUTH, CHICAGO AND GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

The Double Track Route

Reduced Fares for Steamship Passengers

NOVEMBER 11 to DECEMBER 31

Agency for all lines and Cook's Tours.
Write for full particulars

A. E. DUFF,
General Agent Passenger Dept.
260 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.
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SEND NO MONEY.

Just your name and address and we will send you 24 packages of our NEW style EASY-TO-THREAD GOLD EYE NEEDLES and 12 SATIN FINISH Pure Aluminum Thimbles, all postpaid, with New premium List. You sell the needles at 5cts. a package and to each person that buys 2 packages you give a thimble FREE. Your success is certain. When sold send us the $1.20 and we will send you the Premium you select and are entitled to in the Premium List. Order at once and get extra presents FREE. Address UNITED SUPPLY CO., Dept. 52 Toronto, Ont.

Cure Your Rheumatism

50,000 BOXES FREE

Deformity of the Hands in General, Chronic Articular Rheumatism.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pain in the Back have been cured, in the real meaning of the word, by a little Stillingia, Iodide of Potassium Poke Root, Guaiac Resin and Sarsaparilla. Any person can take these remedies in any reasonable amount with perfect safety, and the results have been found to be astonishing. It has been proven that this combination makes up the best rheumatism remedy in existence, having actually cured many stubborn cases of over 30 and 40 years' standing—even in persons of old age.

The five ingredients mentioned above prepared with great accuracy and skill not only in regard to proportion, but also in selecting the best material, have been put up in compressed tablet form, and are called

"GLORIA TONIC,"

and fifty thousand boxes are offered free to introduce it.

If you suffer from any form of uric acid in the blood, and have Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, this is the way to drive it out of your system in quick time. Simply send your name and address, **enclosing this advertisement,** to JOHN A. SMITH, 760 Laing Building, Windsor, Ontario, and by return mail you will receive the box absolutely free. It is only in "Gloria Tonic" that you can get the above combination ready for use.

Champion of all Belts

An Unprecedented Offer

For $5.00 we will sell, during a limited period, our $40.00 Electric Belt.

This offer is made to any man or woman who wishes to regain their energy, strength and vitality

This Electric Belt is the best electric belt on the market. It is fully guaranteed to cure all organic weakness and to supply vitality.

Ask for booklet and literature. ADDRESS

DOCTOR McDONALD

No. 12 Bleury St. Montreal

Your Name in gold on twelve beautiful Xmas or New Year post cards, for twenty-five cents. Norman Peel Co., London, Ont.

In Lighter Vein.

Apt Adulteration's Artful Aid.

Once chicory composed a half
Of the morning cup we're wont to quaff.

But now in coffee, whole or ground,
Small trace of chicory is found.

Have coffee-sellers changed their ways
In these uncertain latter days?

Alas, no! they are just the same;
But the chicory chaps are in the game.

Which, being here translated, means
That chicory s now half peas and beans.

The coffee-dealers all complain
Pure chicory they can't obtain.

And now—it need not cause surprise—
The bean men, too, are growing wise.

Crushed peas and beans of late, we're told,
Fifty per cent. of sawdust hold.

The chicory-vendor's loudly cry
Pure beans and peas they cannot buy.

When sawdust profits shall decline
The sawdust men will get in line;

And we shall see the fact disclosed
Sawdust of clay is half composed.

The bean men then will sadly own
Pure sawdust is no longer known.

Then will the clay men take a hand,
And mix their wares, perhaps, with sand.

Whereat the sawdust folks will say:
"Alack, there is no more pure clay!"

Nor will the sand men lag behind—
Some cheaper stuff they'll surely find.

And so on back, ad infinitum;
There isn't further space to cite 'em.

At breakfast, then, let's not look glum;
If comfort there's at least one crumb,
To wit: The worst is yet to come.

—Hayden Carruth.

Cutting

A young student who took the service at a chapel one Sunday was approached at the end of the service by one of the deacons, who said:

"Well, Mr. Jones, you preached from the same text as your dear father preached from the last time he was with us before his death."

"Really," replied Mr. Jones. "Well, I am glad you did not have the same sermon."

To which the deacon replied:

"Oh, no; your father was a splendid preacher."

A Slight Mistake.

The tram-car conductor stopped at a seat on which was a small boy, kneeling so that his shoes were covering it with mud. A woman was seated next to him, and she handed the man the amount of her own fare and then folded her hands as if her duty was done. But the conductor was not satisfied. His official glance took measure of the boy, whose back was turned to him, and who was staring at the landscape through greasy finger-marks with which he had decorated the window. "I shall have to ask you to pay for that boy, ma'am." "I think not." "He's too old to travel free." "That's all right." "He occupies a whole seat, and the car is crowded." "That's not my fault." "And there are people standing up." "Well, that's not my affair." "Well, ma'am, I haven't time to argue the matter." "It wouldn't do you any good to argue it with me." "You'll have to pay for that boy!" "I never have yet, and I'm not going to begin now." "Don't you expect to begin some time?" "That's not the question now." "If you haven't had to pay for him you've been mighty lucky, or else you don't do much travelling." "Oh, yes; I travel for about six months every year!" "You'll have to pay for him, ma'am, or I shall be obliged to put him off." "That won't help you to get any money out of me." "You know what the rules of the company are, ma'am?" "No, I never read them." "How old is that boy?" "I don't know. I never saw him before. You'd better ask the old gentleman who's asleep three seats up. They got on together at Beckenham Street!"

Original Philosophy,

Little Johnny had been gazing thoughtfully at his book of animal pictures when suddenly he looked up and asked—"Say, father, does it cost much to feed a lion?" "Yes." "How much?" "Oh, a lot of money!" "A wolf would make a good meal for a lion, wouldn't it, father?" "Yes, I guess so." "And a fox would be enough for the wolf, wouldn't it?" "Yes, yes!" "And a fox could make a meal off a hawk, eh?" "I suppose so." "And the hawk would be satisfied with a sparrow?" "Of course!" "And a big spider would be a good meal for the sparrow, wouldn't it? father?" "Yes, yes!" "And a fly would be enough for the spider?"

An Awkward Headgear for the Woods.

"Yes." "And a drop of treacle would be all the fly would want, wouldn't it?" "Oh, stop your chatter!" "But wouldn't it?" "Yes." "Well, father, couldn't a man keep a lion more than a year on a pound of treacle?"

Somewhat Confusing.

An old country woman travelling to Leeds had occasion to change at York. Going up to a porter, she asked:

"Where does the train depart from for Leeds?"

"On the left," said the porter.

"Oh, right; thank you," said the woman.

"The left," cried the porter. "If you go to the left you will be right; but if you go to the right you are sure to be left."

Mixed Relationship.

A daily newspaper tells the story of a lawyer who received a call from a new client, a man bent upon recovering a sum of money advanced upon a note and not repaid. "Who is the client?" asked the lawyer. "Oh, she's a relative of mine!" "How nearly related?" "Very nearly." "But, my dear sir," persisted the lawyer, "you must be more explicit." "Well, she may be my mother-in-law." "May be? Then you are likely to marry her daughter?" "I've already married the daughter." "Then of course the defen-

WRITE TO THIS WOMAN

IF YOU WANT TO STOP A MAN FROM DRINK

She Cured Her Husband, Her Brother and Several of Her Neighbors and Prompted by Her Restored Happiness, she Generously Offers to Tell You of the Simple, Inexpensive Remedy that she so Successfully Used.

For over 20 years the husband of Mrs. Margaret Anderson was a hard drinker, but nine years ago, by using a simple remedy, she stopped his drinking entirely. He has not touched a drop since.

MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON
She Will Tell You How To Stop a Man From Drink

The remedy can be given secretly, so there is no publicity of your private affairs. She wants every man or woman who has drunkenness in their home to write to her so she can tell them just what remedy she used. Hundreds have freed their homes from drink by using the information she gave them, but there are still hundreds of others who need and should have it, so we earnestly advise every one of our readers who have a dear one who drinks, to drop her a line to-day.

The proofs of the hundreds of really remarkable cures are too strong to be doubted or denied. Yet she makes no charge for her help, (she asks for no money and accepts none) so there is no reason why you should not write her at once. She only requests that you are personally interested in curing one who drinks. Send your letter with confidence to her home. Here is her address:

Mrs. Margaret Anderson,
195 Home Avenue, Hillburn, New York.

Note: (Write your full name and address plainly—do not delay.)

NEURALGIA

TOOTHACHE HEADACHE RHEUMATISM

CURED INSTANTLY WITH

NERVOL

This wonderful remedy which removes instantly all pains coming from the nerves

PRICE: 25 CENTS

If your druggist has not it, write to

Lyons' Cut Rate Drug Stores

8 Bleury St., Montreal

Sole Agents for Canada.

Winter Suits and Overcoats

We make the cloth and we make the clothes. You save enormously and secure the finest materials in dealing direct with us. Suits and overcoats to measure from $5.10 to $14.10. Cloth supplied 49c. per yard up. Value and fit guaranteed. Write for Cloth Samples, Measurement Charts and Style Books. Mailed free to any part of Canada and particulars of duties and carriage.

C. E. BRIERLEY & CO.
52 Station Street, Huddersfield, Eng.

Cure Catarrh at Home

A Practical Remedy So Simple and Pleasant That Even a Child Can Use It.

A neglected cold lays the foundation for catarrh; neglected catarrh lays the foundation for consumption. Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy will break up the cold, or cure the catarrh and prevent consumption.

The symptoms of a catarrh are a discharge, which is either blown from he nose or runs back and drops into the throat; a dull headache; a stopped-up feeling in the nose and head; extreme liability to take cold, etc. These conditions often lead to noises in the head, deafness, sore throat, bronchitis, asthma, indigestion and consumption.

If you suffer from any of the above troubles you should begin the proper treatment at once.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh remedy is the best Remedy known to medical science for these diseases. It cures 95 out of every 100 cases.

Samples Mailed Free.

In order to demonstrate its virtues, a five days' trial treatment will be mailed absolutely free to any interested sufferer. The price of the Remedy is $1.00 per box (one month's treatment), sent postpaid. Address Dr. J. W. Blosser, 151 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada.

50c Package Free

Remarkable New Flesh-Builder, Protone, Builds Up Flesh Fast and Makes You Plump and Strong.

Protone Keeps You Nice and Plump

Thin people suffer a good deal of embarrassment and ridicule. As people poke fun at a bony horse, so are bony people the target for many humiliating "flings." The plump, well-formed man or woman is a magnet; Protone makes you plump, strong, well-formed, normal, puts color in your cheeks, a happy twinkle in your eye, and a fine poise to your whole body. It keeps you that way. It is the most scientific and effective flesh and strength builder so far known, barring none.

FREE PROTONE COUPON

It will cost you nothing to prove the remarkable effects of this treatment. The Protone Company will send to anyone a free 50c package of Protone if they will fill out this coupon and enclose 10c in stamps or silver to help cover postage. They will also send with it full instructions and their book on "Why Are You Thin." THE PROTONE COMPANY, 3084 Protone Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

ANTI-NICOTINE PIPE

"Get the Pleasure Without the Poison" (TRADE MARK REG.)

40c Three for $1.00

The pipe they let you smoke at home

Looks and colors like meerschaum. Absorbs the nicotine and keeps on tasting sweet.

You never had such an enjoyable smoke. Sent prepaid anywhere. Money back if not satisfactory.

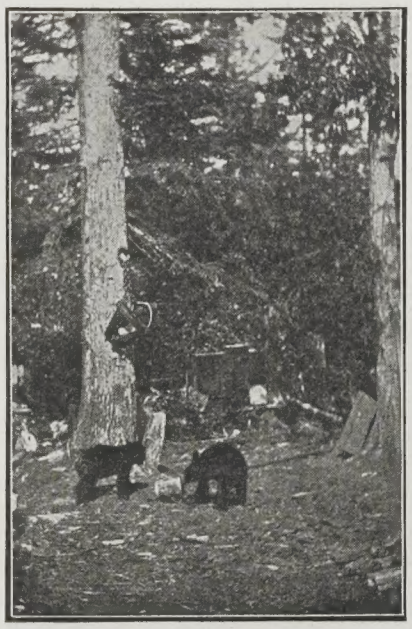
Order 3 or More Today

H. MENGES, The Smokers' Friend
410 Menges Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

dant is your mother-in-law!" "Perhaps you'd better hear the whole story," returned the client. "You see, a year ago we lived together, my son and I. In a house across the way lived a widow, Mrs. Foster, and her daughter, Mary. Well, I married Mary, and my son married the widow. Now perhaps you can tell me whether my son's wife is my mother-in-law or my daughter-in-law." But the lawyer could not.

How it is Done in America.

Mr. John Burns tells the following story of his visit to the United States. After a busy day the democratic member for Battersea went to bed at his hotel and was just falling asleep when the electric light was suddenly turned up and he heard the boots say—"Mr. Burns, here's a reporter to see you." The reporter, who had entered the room, explained—"My editor has laid me on to have a talk with you. The press is waiting, and I'd like you to fire off two 'sticks' about your views of the States and the Union Hall meeting." "If you don't clear out," replied Mr. Burns angrily, "I'll fire my boots at your head!"—and he looked over the side of the bed for those specimens of the shoemaker's art. "That will do for me," exclaimed the journalist—"a 'shirt-tail' interview! Good night!"—and he went. The next day his paper published a column in which, among many other passages relevant and irrelevant to Mr. Burns, was this one—"The British labor leader reached for his boot with a brawny arm and a huge fist that might have felled Hercules. I went!"



Bears Squaring Up with the Hunter

What Amused Him.

The attendant at a boys' club noticed that a small negro who was a regular visitor at the reading-room always asked for the same book, and always turned to the same place, at which he would look eagerly and then laugh heartily.

The attendant's curiosity was aroused by a performance so many times repeated, so he followed the little fellow one night, and, looking over his shoulder, saw that he had opened the book to a picture of a bull chasing a terrified negro across a field. He was just about to ask what the joke was, for the laugh had again come rippling up to him, when the boy looked around, grinning:

"Golly, he ain't kotched him yit!"

She Won her Uncle.

Uncle Harry was a bachelor and not fond of babies. Even winsome four-year-old Helen failed to win his heart. Every one made too much fuss over the youngster, Uncle Harry declared.

One day Helen's mother was called downstairs and with fear and trembling asked Uncle Harry, who was stretched out on a sofa, if he would keep his eye on Helen. Uncle Harry grunted "Yes," but never stirred from his position—in truth his eyes were tight shut.

By-and-by wee Helen tiptoed over to the sofa and leaning over Uncle Harry softly inquired:

"Feepy?"

"No," growled Uncle Harry.

"Tired?" ventured Helen.

"No," said her uncle.

"Sick?" further inquired Helen, with real sympathy in her voice.

"No," still insisted Uncle Harry.

"Dus' feel bum, hey?"

And that won the uncle.

Couldn't Fool the Boy.

A physician was annoyed by a small newsboy, who would run into his office and yell "Evening papers?" in a way to startle the patients. Thinking to break him of the habit the doctor stretched a wire across the room, arranging it so that a skeleton hanging in a closet would slide out by pulling a string.

The next day, when the boy appeared in his usual noisy way, the skeleton danced out in front of him, shaking its bones in a most terrifying manner. The boy gave one yell and disappeared down the stairs. Thinking that the trick might have been rather too severe, the doctor went down to the street to reassure the boy, whom he found hiding behind a tree. He called to him to come back, but the boy shook his head.

"No, you don't," he yelled. "I know you if you have got your clothes on."

Navigable Soup.

Captain Charles Gerolomich, the millionaire skipper of the Martha Washington, said one night in the steamer's saloon, as he ate some very rich and fragrant tcrtle soup:

"This soup reminds me of something that happened to my old friend, Capt. Jeremiah Gotschalk, of the brig Scud.

"Capt. Gotschalk and his first mate were doing London. On a fine summer morning tney walked in the Row and saw the fashionable horsebacking; they strolled in Picadilly, where all the great clubs are: they looked over the guns and men's things in Bond Street; and lastly they got hungry.

"For lunch they entered a smart-looking restaurant. A maid in a white cap took their order. The things in the little restaurant were rather cheaper than they had expected. Still, that was all the better, provided the quality was good.

"In a few minutes the maid put two plates of thin, transparent fluid with a somewhat salty taste before Capt. Gotschalk and his mate.

"The mate tasted it and coughed.

"'Put a name to this, Cap'n, will ye?' said he.

"Capt. Gotschalk tried a spoonful, and then beckoned the waitress to him.

"'What might ye call this here, my lass?' says he, lifting up a spoonful, and letting it fall back into the plate.

"'Soup, sir,' said the waitress.

"'Soup!' cried Capt. Gotschalk.

"'Yes, ignorance,' the waitress answered, flushing up.

"The captain turned to the mate.

"'Soup! he said. 'Soup! By tar, Bill, just think o' that! Here's you and me been sailin' on soup all our lives and never knowed it till now.'"—Washington Star.

Anything to Oblige.

President Eliot, of Harvard, is not a believer in spelling reform. Not long ago there was a student who was a candidate for the degree of doctor of philosophy. This student had adopted spelling reform as his particular line of work, and as commencement day drew near he went to President Eliot with a request. "You know, Mr. President," he said, "that you are proposing to make me a Ph. D. Now I have made a specialty of spelling reform and I always spell philosophy with an 'f.' I therefore called to ask you if you could not make my degree F. D., instead of Ph. D."

"Certainly," replied the President. "In fact, if you insist, we shall make it a D. F."

A BAD COLD

Developed Into

BRONCHITIS.

Neglected Bronchitis is very often the direct cause of Consumption, and on the first symptom appearing Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup should be used and the Bronchitis cured.

The symptoms are, tightness across the chest, sharp pains and a difficulty in breathing, a secretion of thick phlegm, at first white, and later of a greenish or yellowish color, coming from the bronchial tubes when coughing, especially the first thing in the morning.

Mrs. Dan. J. McCormack, Cleveland, N.S., writes: "My little boy two years old caught a bad cold which developed into Bronchitis. He was so choked up he could hardly breathe. Reading about your wonderful medicine, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I decided to try a bottle and with such good result I got another which completely cured him, without having a doctor. I cannot say too much in its praise; I would not be without it in the house as I consider it a sure cure for Colds and Bronchitis."

The price of "Dr. Wood's" Norway Pine Syrup is 25c. It is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three pine trees is the trade mark. Be sure and accept no substitute for Dr. Wood's.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

ANNUAL

EASTERN CANADA EXCURSIONS

Low Round Trip Rates to

Ontario, Quebec and Maritime Provinces

Tickets on sale Dec. 1 to Dec. 31, inclusive, good to return within three months.

Tickets issued in connection with Atlantic Steamships will be on sale from Nov. 11 and limited to five months from date of issue.

Finest Equipment. Standard First Class and Tourist Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars on all Through Trains. Compartment — Library — Observation Car on "Imperial Limited."

3 Through Express Trains Daily 3

THE "TORONTO EXPRESS"

leaves Winnipeg daily at 22.10k, making connections at Toronto for all points East and West thereof.

The **"Imperial Limited"** leaves Winnipeg daily at 8.25k, and the **"Atlantic Express"** at 19.00k daily, making connections at Montreal for all points East thereof.

APPLY TO NEAREST C.P.R. AGENT FOR FULL INFORMATION

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

WHAT greater achievement can there be than the saving of a man who cannot save himself!

The purpose of this full page advertisement is:

- To lighten hearts made heavy by another's helplessness.
- To bring into darkened homes the sunshine of real hope.
- To assist in reuniting loved ones estranged by that insidious foe of human happiness—over indulgence in strong drink.
- To help save men.

We might write page after page about the genuine need for, and splendid work accomplished by the now celebrated Neal Cure; but the salient fact that will appeal strongly to those who have any member of the family afflicted with the uncontrollable appetite for intoxicating liquors is that it is possible in the short space of three days to perfectly cure the most obstinate drink-habit sufferer at a moderate cost. What glad tidings these words will convey to thousands of homes.

THE DRINK-HABIT CURED IN THREE DAYS
BY THE NEAL TREATMENT

The vast importance of the work that is being done by the Neal Institutes in every locality where they are established can be understood in part when it is known that at this institute the most pronounced cases of the Drink Habit are cured in three days' time; men that have been cured with the appetite for alcohol are cured just as easily as is the young fellow just starting out as a social tippler, while the inebriate and the man who takes an occasional "spree" are quickly and permanently cured as readily as the two other cases mentioned above.

Drinking men are not wanted in modern business and professional life. It is recognized and admitted, even by those who are not opposed to the use of liquor, that the man who is affiicted with the craving for strong drink or alcohol in any form cannot hope to compete with the man whose brain is clear—the man who does not drink liquor in any form. Naturally, the man who does not drink is fast outstripping the man who does, and self preservation is driving many a man to seek help from the awful craving and overwhelming appetite for alcohol.

The best and most intelligent treatment is at hand. The Neal Institute Co. now have fully authorized branches at Winnipeg, Brandon, Calgary and Regina, which will take charge of any case and give a guaranteed bond to cure to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned in the short period of three days. Read the enthusiastic endorsements of the Neal Treatment which are both authoritative and sincere.

FROM ATTORNEY GENERAL BYERS

Attorney General of Iowa says The Neal Three Day Drink Habit Cure makes a man strong physically, clear, bright and strong mentally:

To Whom It May Concern:

I had a friend in Des Moines who, because of his drink habit his business went to pieces and he became what might be termed a complete wreck and failure. About three months ago he took The Neal Cure and he seems to have fully recovered. He is not only strong again physically, but clear, bright and strong mentally.

H. W. BYERS.

W. E. COFFIN OF DES MOINES

President Iowa Loan & Trust Co., says The Neal Three Day Drink Habit Cure is successful.

Hon. James E. Bruce,
Atlantic, Iowa.

About three months ago a friend of mine took The Neal Cure. The treatment was very successful, indeed, in an incredible short time, as it seemed to us, he was attending to business in his usual prompt and efficient manner, with a clear eye and declaring that he never felt better in his life.

W. E. COFFIN.

Neal Institute, Winnipeg.

DRANK WHISKEY FOR 20 YEARS

Dead Drunk for 7 Weeks—Cured by The Neal Cure in 3 Days—A Patient's Convincing Statement.

Indianapolis, Ind., June 4, 1910.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that I, Charles E. Wheeler, after the constant use of whiskey for the last twenty years, and after being completely intoxicated for the last seven weeks, entered The Neal Institute while intoxicated and began treatment at 7 o'clock on the morning of June 2 and was dismissed at 7 o'clock June 4, in the evening, by the Institute's physician, the actual time consumed in my treatment being just three days. And furthermore, after leaving said Institute, I positively had no appetite, desire or craving for liquor of any kind, and that I have left the institution in a No. 1 physical condition and feel like a new man in every respect, I find the conditions of treating the patients exactly as advertised by The Neal Institute in every respect, and feeling that I might be the cause of saving the life of some poor unfortunate man who may be afflicted with the drink habit, I heartily and positively recommend The Neal Three Day Drink Cure. I am one who has been saved by The Neal Institute.

(Signed)

CHARLES E. WHEELER,
1027 Ashland Avenue,
Indianapolis, Ind.

(This testimonial published by the authority of the signer.)

A Prominent Iowa Banker Endorses Neal Cnre

Neal Institute, Brandon.

To all Bankers and all Interested:

About the first of December, 1909, I was instrumental in inducing a very close friend of mine to take the NEAL THREE DAY CURE and treatment for the drink habit. He took the cure at the Neal Institute, No. 802 Fifth Street, Des Moines, Iowa, commencing the treatment on Wednesday, Dec. 8th, 1909, and discharged as cured and returned home on the following Saturday evening, having been in the said Institute under treatment just three days. This man I personally know had been a hard drinker for several years—in fact, had reached a point where I am sure he could not control the appetite for liquor. Since taking this cure the man has greatly improved both physically and mentally, the habit and desire seems to be entirely eradicated, and I feel that a cure is permanent. His general health is good and nervous system wonderfully improved. I also know of four other very bad cases and the results of same publicly treated in this city at our Hospital in the early part of January this year by Dr. Neal, and they all seem to be perfectly cured, and are leading sober and industrious lives and supporting their families as they had not done before for years.

I gladly write this letter, and authorize the Neal Institute Company to use same in any way that they may desire, hoping that it may be the means of inducing some unfortunate man afflicted with this awful habit to try the Neal Cure.

Respectfully submitted, J. A. McWAID.

Neal Institute, Calgary.

Each of the handsome Neal Institutes has been selected for its home-like surroundings in general. There are handsome residences and fine drives close by. The rooms afford every comfort to the patients who enjoy the privacy of home, club or hotel. Each patient is always under the direct charge of a regular physician. Every Neal home is modern in every respect.

That the **NEAL** Treatment does cure alcoholism—and in **THREE** short days—no one will doubt after reasonable investigation. Testimony to the truth of every claim set forth is offered in abundance from every place where the **NEAL** Treatment has made clear the gospel of helpfulness to those who once required help. There are available thousands of testimonials from professional men, clergymen, business men, bankers and others who have witnessed the wonderful work of redemption in their own communities.

Names of guests are never divulged, and all communications are strictly confidentially treated. Phone, call or write for copy of descriptive book and contract to

A Guaranteed Bond to Cure in 3 Days

NEAL INSTITUTE COMPANY

Branches at WINNIPEG, BRANDON, CALGARY, REGINA

Write to the Branch nearest you

A Guaranteed Bond to Cure in 3 Days

Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man
Roll it and bake it as fast as you can
It is bound to be light, it cannot be sour
Because it is made of **PURITY FLOUR**

PURITY FLOUR

"MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD"

OFFICES: GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG